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NEW AGE EQUIPMENT
RECYCLING

Blair to help Clinton recover

BY COLIN BROWN
Chief Political Correspondent

TONY BLAIR is to help President Bill Clinton's fight back in the United States by joining a special summit of world leaders on developing a "third way" for politics in the Western world.

The Prime Minister has provisionally agreed to attend a one-day summit at New York University on 21 September, to develop ideas for a shift away from the traditional political ideologies of right and left.

It could coincide with the delivery of the report to Congress by Kenneth Starr, the independent counsel, on the Monica Lewinsky affair, when the President might be facing demands for him to face criminal proceedings.

Mr Clinton's advisers believe that playing the role of world statesman at home, with popular leaders such as Mr Blair in attendance, will help to restore confidence in his capacity to continue as President to see out his present term.

That could help to defuse the calls for further action after the Starr report, and sway Congress to give Mr Clinton the benefit of the doubt over his confession to having had "an inappropriate relationship" with the former White House aide, while denying asking her to lie on oath.

Mr Clinton and Mr Blair have established a close alliance, underlined last week by the speed with which the Prime Minister backed the US bombing raids, in spite of misgivings by the Foreign Office.

That close working relationship will be underlined next week with Mr Clinton's visit to Northern Ireland to show solidarity with the Irish and British governments in the peace process and in defeating the terrorists. The President will be accompanied by Mr Blair on a visit to Omagh, the town devastated in the bombing by the Real IRA, and it is expected Mr Clinton will warn those associated with the renegade splinter group from the IRA that they will not be allowed to raise funds in America.

Hillary Clinton, the President's wife, is to arrive two days before him for a women's conference in Northern Ireland, hosted with Mo Mowlam, Secretary of State for Northern Ireland.

Downing Street last night said Mr Blair wanted to attend the conference with Mr Clinton, if it could be fitted into his diary, a few days before Labour's annual party conference in Blackpool.

In an interview for *Saga* magazine, the house journal for 'older people', she revealed that she was still smarting from her departure at the

BARONESS Thatcher deepened

Tory party misery yesterday with a prediction that Labour will win the next general election. She also

launched an attack on William Hague's stance on Europe.

In her first public comments for months on the state of the nation's politics, the former Prime Minister also blamed the massive Conservative defeat at the last election on the Tories who removed her from office.

Lady Thatcher said that the Labour landslide stemmed from the actions of those colleagues who deposed her with the clear implication that the party would have avoided defeat if she had remained leader.

In a statement to *Saga*, which has a circulation of 900,000, it was unlikely that she would return as leader to the party. Lady Thatcher said that she could act as a 'back-

stop, always there for anything anyone may want', but no-one should ever try to 'go back'. Young people were always ready to take over, she added.

And she confessed that even if she had remained Prime Minister, she is 'not sure if it would have been right for me to go on even after another successful election', although

there were things she had in hand which needed finishing.

Lady Thatcher re-entered the row within the Tory party over its European policy with a statement that it should go into the next election with a pledge never to join the European single currency.

Mr Hague has infuriated pro-Europe MPs within his party with a commitment to rule out joining the euro for two parliaments, but Lady Thatcher clearly believes that he

should go further. She said that membership should be ruled out for ever.

A spokesman for Mr Hague, said: 'Obviously we suffered a massive defeat at the last election and there is no doubt that divisions over Europe played a major part in that.'

'Our task is to turn that big disadvantage around for the next election. Lady Thatcher would be as happy as anyone if her prediction turned out to be untrue.'

A Central Office source said that it was clear that the attack was not upon Mr Hague but on Michael Heseltine and his supporters who toppled Lady Thatcher. Lady Thatcher also disclosed that her husband, Sir Denis, 83, is getting arthritis in his hands and 'hasn't been able to grasp a golf club for about a year now.'

Police raid a drag for Roddick

By GLENDA COOPER
Social Affairs Correspondent

POLICE HAVE seized beauty products containing hemp seed oil from a Body Shop store in France, claiming that the products encourage illegal drug use.

The founder of the Body Shop Anita Roddick said yesterday that she was "amazed" by the action of police in Aix-en-Provence who took products including lip conditioner, hand oil and elbow grease in the Hemp range as well as promotional material.

The products contain industrial grade hemp seed oil which in turn contains very small amounts of THC (tetrahydrocannabinol) the "mind altering" compound in marijuana.

But according to Ms Roddick: "You'd have to smoke a hemp joint the size of a telephone pole to get the least buzz and you'd die from carbon monoxide first."

The chain has launched the Hemp range in the UK, the US and other markets over the past few months, it says with great success. In the UK it accounted for 5 per cent of total company sales in the month after it was launched and almost 7 per cent in the US. The range was launched in France on Monday and the French police mounted their raid on Wednesday.

However when the Body Shop launched the range in Britain in March the Tory MP Ann Widdecombe accused the retailer of "making a joke of drug-taking" and said Ms Roddick was "wholly irresponsible" in introducing the products because they are made from the Cannabis Sativa plant.

A spokesman for the Body Shop said the range did not promote drug use and its aim was quite the opposite. He claimed that by being the first retailer to bring hemp to the high street, the chain was trying to instigate an "educational process" distancing industrial grade hemp from marijuana.

"It is ridiculous that industrial grade hemp which is a wonderfully versatile crop, ecologically sound with an extensive history - the first drafts of the US Declaration of Independence of the USA were on hemp paper - and one of the best natural moisturisers in the world should be tarnished by its sister plant," he said.

"France is in the forefront of the hemp revolution, in fact the hemp seed oil in The Body Shop range comes from France," said Ms Roddick.

Thatcher backs Labour to win

BY PAUL WAUGH
Political Correspondent

hands of Michael Heseltine and Kenneth Clarke.

The people who brought about that incident (her phrase for the circumstances of her downfall) are responsible for the biggest defeat the Conservative Party has ever had. They have let the Labour Party in, and big! You won't turn that round in one election."

She said that the Labour landslide "was catastrophic for me because I got things right and that defeat stemmed from that incident".

However, the former Tory leader told the magazine, which has a circulation of 900,000, that it was unlikely that she would return as leader to the party. Lady Thatcher said that she could act as a "back-

stop, always there for anything anyone may want", but no-one should ever try to "go back". Young people were always ready to take over, she added.

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BRITAIN TODAY

HIGH TIDES

LIGHTING UP

EXTREMES

SUN, RAIN, MAX, MIN

WINDS

HUMIDITY

PRESSURE

TEMPERATURE

WAVE HEIGHT

WAVE DIRECTION

WAVE PERIOD

WAVE SIGHTING

WAVE FORECAST

Police raid a drag for Roddick

Rouble crisis: As analysts predict Russia will turn away from market forces, an army veteran offers survival tips

The day capitalism died in Russia

BY RUPERT CORNWELL

ENFEERED he may be, but Bill Clinton none the less arrives in Moscow next week as the embodiment of global capitalism. He will find a Russia whose bastard version of capitalism, implanted at Western urging and largely on the basis of Western money, may be in its death throes.

Whatever the outcome of the present turmoil, analysts believe it will shift Russia perhaps decisively away from the global economic mainstream. After the virtual default on \$40bn of foreign loans and the freefall devaluation of the currency, foreign investment is likely to dry up.

Yesterday, for the second successive day and as markets tumbled around the world, the central bank cancelled foreign currency trading and refused to fix an exchange rate for the rouble. Barring renewed international credits, this step is likely to be precursor of a formal decision to end the convertibility of the rouble. This will mean a step back towards late Soviet times - of a fixed rate for trade and other official transactions and a black market rate, more or less tolerated, for the rest.

In this way Russia would insulate itself from market storms. But by making its currency convertible, Russia would be in breach of a basic rule of the International Monetary Fund, and become ineligible for loans. The IMF therefore faces a dilemma. It and the Western community believe no more money should be lent until Moscow puts its house in order. But unless it makes more resources available, the Fund will bring about precisely what it was set up to prevent - and perhaps watch the world crash into recession.

The crisis is not entirely of Russia's making. Its misfortune is to be a supplier of commodities when commodity prices are plunging. The flip side of the record low petrol prices in the US of which President Clinton is so proud - down to barely 80 cents (50p) a gallon in some places - is a steep drop in the price of oil,



People queue to get money at a cash dispenser in GUM, Russia's leading department store in Red Square, Moscow

Viktor Korotayev/Reuters

Russia's main source of foreign exchange.

The West is sympathetic, but insists it will not help until the introduction of economic reforms, including an end to vast state subsidies of various sectors and the efficient collection of taxes to reduce a budget deficit that in practical terms is out of control. But this sort of

change requires huge political will. Thus Russia's plight is as much political as economic. So what will happen?

To rule out the most apocalyptic vision, military takeover is out of the question, given the present organisational disarray and dismal morale of the armed forces, and their long tradition of non-interference

in politics. But some kind of political realignment seems inevitable.

Conceivably this could involve the departure of President Boris Yeltsin, precarious in health, and who has long since forfeited all confidence, at home and abroad alike, that he could impose effective government. His spokesman yesterday again insisted he would not resign. "He is at his dacha but will be back at his desk at 9am tomorrow," an aide said last night. But the clamour could become overwhelming.

His weapon is rule by decree. But these days, their writ mostly does not run beyond the Kremlin walls. For it to do so, a Russian President must have

a Parliament which basically supports him.

A first sign of an emerging coalition emerging was the declared agreement yesterday between Alexander Lebed, former general and aspiring President, and the re-appointed Prime Minister Viktor Chernomyrdin on a way out of the crisis. But any deal credible in domestic

terms would probably have to embrace the Communists, the largest party in the Duma.

Democratic purists would see this as consigning Russia once again to the dark ages. In fact such an outcome would probably be welcomed even in unlikely places. Who knows, mused Algirdas Sutardas, Foreign Minister of Lithuania which suffered

50 years of unwilling annexation by Soviet Communism in London yesterday: "A few Communists in the Government could increase stability." Also to be factored into any guess about Russia's future is the capacity for suffering of its people. Anywhere else, a financial meltdown of current proportions would have led to a popular uprising. But under Communists and post-Communists alike, Russians have frequently experienced currency chaos.

The wiser ones this time will have put their savings into dollars. The rest will once more, almost certainly, put up with it. Perhaps at last they will be paid, even in devalued, inflation-eroded rubles. For the miners of Novokuznetsk, Kemerovo or the Don Basin, that is what matters - not the unlikely prospect of another \$4bn from the IMF that would vanish into the black hole of a crumbling banking system and to reimburse foreign lenders who arguably should have known better in the first place.

For the rest of the world, the long-term effects of this crisis should logically be small. The present contagion is mostly psychological, the impact on world markets out of all proportion to the size of Russia's economy and its marginal role in global trade. Only for its immediate neighbours is the risk of infection founded in the realities of trade and financial flows.

Those most at risk are the countries still economically yoked to Russia, like the Ukraine and Belarus, and other former Soviet Republics and some former members of the Warsaw Pact perceived, rightly or wrongly, as somehow "linked" economically with Moscow.

Take Lithuania for instance, enjoying 7 per cent growth and whose currency, the litas, is pegged to the dollar and 100 per cent backed by foreign currency reserves. None the less it conducts 25 per cent of its trade with Russia. And that may be a dangerous percentage, at a moment when Russia is proving the global capitalism Mr Clinton represents does not have all the answers.

Leading article, Review, page 3

'Forget the vodka - just spend all your money'

BY PHIL REEVES
in Moscow



Col Koulakov: Took to translating to boost his income

THIS IS not about all-out panic, coups or tanks on the street. And it is not really about starvation, beyond a tragedy or two. The crisis sweeping through Russia is about survival, and that's a subject in which Colonel Oleg Koulakov is an expert.

A kind, rather formal man, the colonel has this week calmly watched his national wealth shrivel like a weather-wrecked vineyard beneath the winds of an economic hurricane, a storm which has sliced the street value of the rouble almost in half.

Yet he betrays little emotion as he describes how the value of his three-month back-pay from the military has tumbled from \$1,200 - a veritable fortune for the average Russian - to about \$700.

Why should he fret about that? After all, he never really expected to see the money in the first place. "When you have been wounded three times in Afghanistan, as I was, you learn not to worry about these matters," he said, sitting in his tiny, dark central Moscow flat.

Like most Russians, Col Koulakov, a professor of geopolitics at Moscow's Military University, is weathering this crisis because he lost trust in officialdom long ago. "That money was always lost. I never expected them to keep their

promises, and they didn't. I know this country well."

Seven years of post-Soviet life - years which have been accompanied by the near-collapse of the military - have taught Russians to be highly suspicious, cautious and resourceful. They have seen four-figure inflation wipe out their savings. They have been ripped off on masse by crooked pyramid investments schemes and

people send the proceeds of their ill-gotten wealth abroad by the bottle of vodka.

The 39-year-old colonel has seen all this, and has responded in a manner that typifies the small group of Russians who would be members of the middle class, if only market economics could take root long enough in Russia to allow such a category to develop. He dislikes what Russians call "kitchen-table complainers", those who sit around moaning about their helplessness over a bottle of vodka.

He adopted a different strategy. First, he has spent whatever cash he had. Second, he decided to supplement his income by working on the side. As a trained military interpreter, fluent in Farsi and competent in English, he took private students doing translations, and interpreting.

He has, it must be said, been lucky. Thousands of other Russians wait patiently outside banks, anxious to get access to bank accounts, or to change roubles for hard currency. The unpaid and under-employed strike, and protest, and march. Yet somehow most of them have so far got by, by turning to the land. Russians have a hardness and resourcefulness that Boris Yeltsin understands, and has badly abused. In the coming months, as the country goes into both economic and literal refrigeration, those properties will be severely tested.

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TOSHIBA

But Walker still betting on Russia

BY JOHN WILLCOCKS

GEORGE WALKER lost one fortune in the last recession and was in the process of building another one, in Russia, before the rouble crisis hit. Speaking on his mobile phone from Moscow yesterday the former boxer was philosophical about the impact of the Russian currency crisis on his new business, beaming British and Irish racing TV to Russian betting shops. "There is no hard currency

leaving the country at all the moment," he said.

"Everything is very normal here. I've just left 20 punters in one of the shops happily betting on the Folkestone racing," he said. He does admit however that the suspension of currency trading in Russia means there is no way he can get his profits out of the country.

Russian guys running one of the shops was running around trying to change his roubles into dollars," Mr Walker said. Mr Walker was worth £50m on paper at one point, before the last recession sent him into bankruptcy. He concluded on an upbeat note: "It's an established fact that Russians like to bet on English racing. It's better than anything they've got here."

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Henry Moore sent back to his office

ONE of Britain's most respected art gallery directors yesterday derided a test-case ruling by the Deputy Prime Minister that a Henry Moore sculpture must be returned to the office building of which it was "an integral part."

Timothy Clifford, director of the National Galleries of Scotland, where the sculpture, *Reclining Figure*, is now displayed, said the ruling was ludicrous and would rob the public of the chance to see great works of art.

Mr Prescott has ruled that works commissioned from Moore, Ben Nicholson and other artists for the Time & Life Grade 2 listed building in New Bond Street, London, were an integral part of the architecture and should never have been taken away.

English Heritage said yesterday: "It is extremely useful that this area of listed-building law has been tightened and it will have significance for cases up and down the country."

But Mr Clifford said the

BY DAVID LISTER
Arts News Editor

Moore piece was not designed for the Time & Life building at all but was "bought off the peg." He added: "This opens a whole can of worms. The Henry Moore is not a one-off. It is an edition bronze. Over 700,000 people have seen it on display in Edinburgh. In the Time & Life building hardly anyone will see it. Henry Moore would have been appalled... He would have preferred his work to have been seen next to his drawings and maquettes, as it is in Edinburgh."

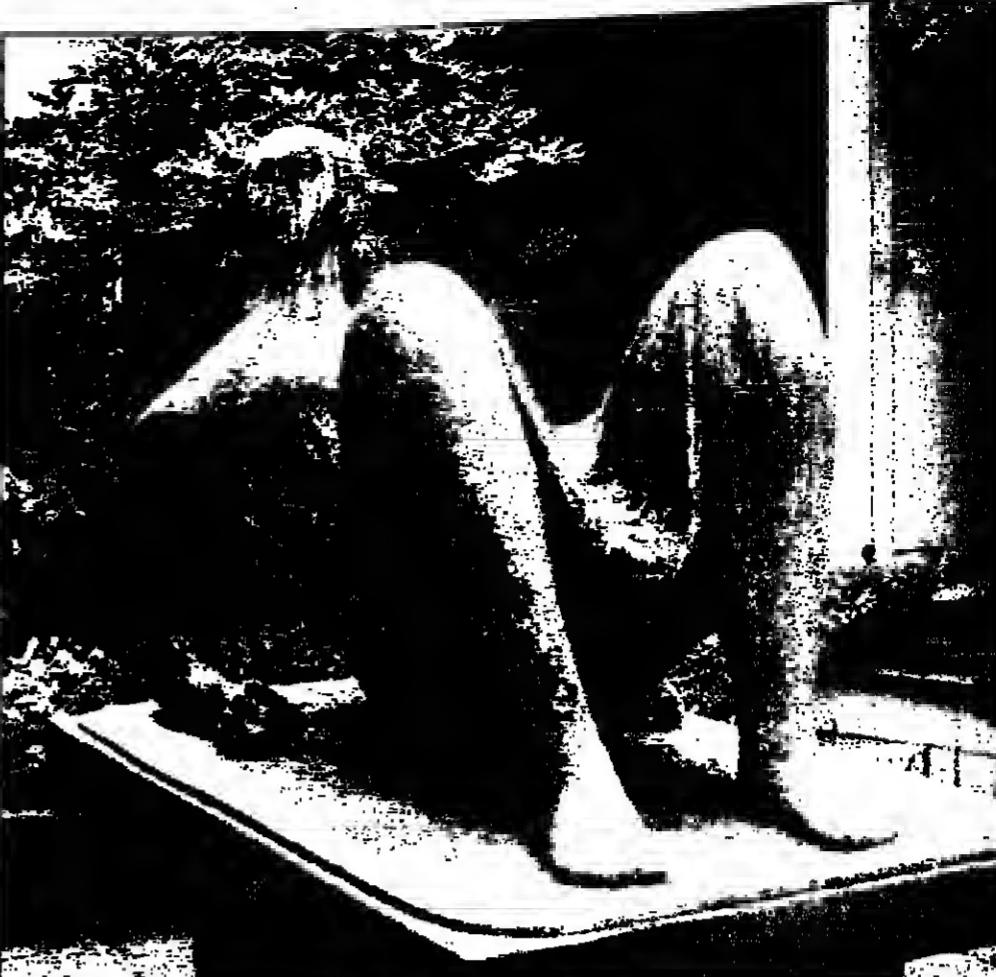
Mr Clifford said that where a work was an integral part of the building, such as the Rubens cycle in the Banqueting Hall in Whitehall or the Van Dyck at Wilton House, in Salisbury, it was clear the works should not be removed. But that did not apply in this case, nor to Canova's *Three Graces*, which was allowed to leave Woburn Abbey and has been

exhibited at the National Gallery of Scotland and at the Victoria & Albert Museum in London.

In his role as Secretary of State for the Environment, Mr Prescott decided the Moore should never have been removed. Mr Prescott, whose ruling follows a long planning battle by Westminster City Council, also issued a two-month deadline for the sculpture's return.

And he ruled that other works must be returned to the Time & Life building. They are a Nicholson, *The Spirit of Architecture*, a clock made by the Ironside brothers and a Geoffrey Clarke sculpture called *The Complexities of Man*.

Westminster council said: "Important works of art can now be protected and preserved in settings for which they were designed, regardless of value and ownership. The owners cannot assume they can take them away, which is what they have done in the past."



Moore's *Reclining Figure* (right), which, like Van Dyck's *Children of Charles I* (top left), at Wilton House in Salisbury, and Rubens' Banqueting Hall ceiling in Whitehall, has been deemed to be an integral part of the building in which it was sited Bridgeman Art Library

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Cake designer Michelle Fleet, from Halifax, with the £4,000 wedding cake that took nine months to make. Steve Forrest

Surgeon faces inquiry over 'bungled operations'

BY GARY FINN

THE GENERAL Medical Council is to investigate a surgeon for his role in more than 30 allegedly bungled operations and diagnoses, including one procedure that led to the death of a patient.

Christopher Ingoldby, a consultant surgeon based at Pinderfields Hospital, Wakefield, West Yorkshire, was suspended last January amid allegations that his techniques had claimed at least one life and left others needing corrective surgery...

It prompted his employer, Pontefract and Pinderfields NHS Trust, to commission an independent clinical review by the NHS Executive, which has led to at least 50 complaints.

Earlier this month, Mr Ingoldby launched a High Court challenge to the inquiry seeking a judicial review.

Now the inquiry team has referred the three cases it was investigating to the GMC's Fitness to Practice Directorate.

And *The Independent* understands that a further 30 complaints involving Mr Ingoldby have been submitted to the GMC for consideration.

Mr Ingoldby faces the added



Christopher Ingoldby: Was suspended from his post

burden of a second investigation, which could see him struck off the medical register if evidence of serious professional misconduct is established.

The NHS Executive investigation into Mr Ingoldby's work has focused on three cases, including that of Susan Wainwright, who won a six-figure sum from Wakefield Health Authority after a keyhole technique to remove her gall bladder conducted by Mr Ingoldby, left her with liver damage.

Brian McDermott, 64, a former Wakefield rugby league player, died four hours after Mr Ingoldby removed his stomach and spleen. A verdict of misadventure was recorded.

Trevor Pearson, 62, needs constant care after his spleen was allegedly torn during bowel cancer surgery.

These three cases will form the basis for the GMC inquiry. If it feels there is a case to answer, the GMC's Preliminary Proceedings Committee will take one of four courses of action, including no further action, a warning letter; a referral to its health unit

or for full consideration by the Professional Conduct Committee. If the matter does go before the conduct committee, it will have to decide whether Mr Ingoldby can continue to practice.

Philip Hanson, a spokeswoman for the GMC, said: "We do not comment on any individual case while it is ongoing."

A spokesman for the North East and Yorkshire NHS Executive said: "We can confirm that the report has been sent to the General Medical Council. But as a result of a hearing in the High Court on July 29, the NHS Executive and the individual review panel members will, at this stage, be making no further comment about the progress of the current independent inquiry."

performance or one motivated by health problems."

Mr Ingoldby, who lives in Roundhay, Leeds, has been a surgeon for more than 20 years. He also worked privately until his suspension at the Methley Park BUPA Hospital in Leeds. He has previously defended his work claiming his death and injury records were "no different from my colleagues".

Last night his lawyers, Le Brassem & Trickie, of London, said he was on holiday and unavailable for comment.

A spokesman for the Medical Protection Society, the medical insurance fund to which Mr Ingoldby subscribes, said: "We do not comment on any individual case while it is ongoing."

A spokesman for the North East and Yorkshire NHS Executive said: "We can confirm that the report has been sent to the General Medical Council. But as a result of a hearing in the High Court on July 29, the NHS Executive and the individual review panel members will, at this stage, be making no further comment about the progress of the current independent inquiry."

Raise personal tax allowance to £10,000, say LibDems

BY PAUL WAUGH
Political Correspondent

POLLUTION TAXES and a new "super-tax" on the rich should be used to take more than 10 million low-earners out of the income tax system altogether, the Liberal Democrats said yesterday. The party unveiled its latest economic policy proposals with a pledge to raise personal allowances from just over £4,000 to £10,000 over the lifetime of two Parliaments.

In a policy document to go before next month's party conference, the Liberal Democrats also confirmed they would keep their election promise to impose one penny on income tax to fund improvements in education.

The key policy, to free millions of people from paying any income tax at all, would be funded by a £30 billion package of tax

would be introduced, and the Chancellor allowed to vary employees' contributions in accordance with the overall health of the economy.

The party would introduce a new Public Services Act to introduce performance-related pay for chief executives of all government departments.

Mr Bruce said the proposal to take 10 million people out of the tax system contrasted starkly with unfilled Tory and Labour promises to cut the basic rate to 20p or 10p for low earners.

"We should allow people to earn much more before they pay tax. After the Second World War, a married man without children could earn almost 50 per cent of average earnings before paying income tax. Now it

is only 25 per cent." The proposals would help the poor, have a "broadly neutral" impact on middle earners, and hit the rich who had been allowed to escape the system for years, Mr Bruce claimed.

The carbon tax would raise £7 billion a year, but unlike the last government's imposition of VAT on fuel the money would go back into low earners' pockets rather than Treasury coffers.

"The last government gave environmental taxes a bad name. Our policy is designed to alter people's behaviour, while the money raised is used to offset other taxes. I think it will make the introduction of environmental taxes much more acceptable if people can see the direct benefit," he added.

Compulsory second pensions

VANESSA FELTZ, the doyenne of daytime television chat shows, is a woman of big ambitions. No sooner was it announced that she had secured a megabucks deal with the BBC than she declared she wanted take on the heaviest of heavyweight presenting jobs - *Newsnight*.

Speaking yesterday from her holiday hotel in Rimini, Miss Feltz said the BBC contract has edged her closer to realising her aim: "I'd be great on *Newsnight*, and really good on subjects like Bosnia-Herzegovina." Having recently allowed her-

leash her intellect. Yesterday the BBC said it knew nothing of Miss Feltz's ideas - and emphasised her contractual obligation to 500 live daytime shows over the next two years.

Acknowledging that their new star will have some evening series, a BBC spokesman described Miss Feltz's plans as "a little premature". Miss Feltz will not comment on reports that she demanded £27,500 from Anglia. Nor will she say what her BBC contract is worth. But insiders reckon the figure is certainly more than £1m a year.

Compulsory second pensions

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Middle East: Lebanese security forces arrest 19 agents as rush-hour explosion rocks Tel Aviv

Israeli spies exposed by defector

LOVE, IT seems, has cracked the latest Israeli intelligence operation in Lebanon. And if the young Beirut woman involved in the affair is not exactly Mata Hari – she is the daughter of supporters of the small leftist Syrian National Socialist Party in Beirut – her Lebanese boyfriend's defection from Israel's South Lebanon Army (SLA) militia has provided another body-blow to the Israeli intelligence services.

Lebanese military security men claim they have identified by name 52 of Israel's agents in Lebanon, arresting 19 of them. The break-up of the ring is the most serious blow to Israeli forces inside Lebanon since a Lebanese double-agent hired 10 Israeli commandos to their deaths in a minefield in September last year.

Identified here only by two initials – RW – the love-stricken Israeli-paid militia officer was joint head of security for the SLA in the Druze town of Hasbaya, inside Israel's occupation zone in southern Lebanon. According to military sources here, he fell in love with the Beirut girl, only to find that her parents – disapproving of his work for the Israeli occupiers – banned him from their home. In desperation, he sought to keep her love by deserting his post and fleeing to Beirut – with a notebook containing the names of every Lebanese working for the Israeli Shin Beth intelligence organisation in Lebanon.

According to criminal charges against all 52, four of whom are young women, they worked for an Israeli intelligence-gathering organisation known as Shabbat Section 501 – Shabbat is the acronym for the Hebrew words for "security service" – which specialised in gathering military information in Syria as well as Lebanon. Individual charges state that the accused were asked by Section 501 operatives to draw up lists of Syrian and Lebanese military positions in Lebanon, the location of gun batteries, and offices

BY ROBERT FISK
in Beirut

In Beirut's southern suburbs occupied by officials of the pro-Iranian Hizbullah guerrilla movement, which is fighting Israeli occupation troops in southern Lebanon.

Intriguingly, the 52 come from both Muslim and Christian communities. Several decided to work for Section 501 after making secret visits to northern Israel – where they were asked not only to gather military information but to recruit agents within the Syrian army which keeps 22,000 troops in Lebanon. Hani Khattar, for example, was allegedly told to persuade a Syrian officer –

assault of Israel's 1996 bombardment of Lebanon was against Hizbullah's headquarters in Beirut; the Israelis bombed the wrong building, killing an old man.

The 34 named Lebanese who are still on the run have been offered a chance to give themselves up before a court hearing on 7 October – in the hope, no doubt, that they will divulge more information by surrendering voluntarily, hoping for a lighter sentence. Most would probably face between three years and life imprisonment although several could be executed if judged guilty.

After the Lebanese last year arrested and put on trial a man who admitted trying to assassinate Imad Mugniyah, one of the principle Lebanese kidnappers of the 1980s, he was hanged. At his trial, it was stated that he had been recruited by an Israeli intelligence unit in occupied south Lebanon – almost certainly Section 501, which was formed in 1995.

Israeli undercover operations have been steadily collapsing in southern Lebanon for more than two years. A Lebanese working for the Shia Muslim Amal militia in the southern Lebanese village of Haris was discovered by Hizbullah to have an Israeli cellular telephone and a two-way radio installed in his television, along with hair spray canisters containing maps of routes through the wadis used by Hizbullah guerrillas in their attacks on Israeli military positions in Lebanon. In recent attacks on the Israeli occupiers, the Hizbullah have been using new night-vision equipment to identify their targets – and, so the Israeli suspect, have received tips off by mobile phone from other supposedly loyal SLA men.

All in all, then, a bad day for Shin Beth, a good day for love – although we don't know the present status of RW's affair with the young Beirut lady – and another sign that the Middle East intelligence war flourishes as never before in Lebanon.

Identified as Haytham Zeinedin – to work for Shin Beth (the Syrian refus), Naji Abu Toumeh, and Housam and Ghalem Massoud were ordered to map all major Syrian army concentrations in Syria and Lebanon.

Another of the arrested men had been trained in explosives by the Israelis while three of the accused are shepherds, presumably taken on by the Israelis for their knowledge of guerrilla infiltration trails. Two Lebanese communist guerrillas were betrayed to the Israelis by a shepherd earlier this month.

One of the women prisoners has apparently told Lebanese security officers that she three times visited Israel where she was asked to draw maps of Hizbullah positions. The first air

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Israelis help a woman to an ambulance after a nail bomb exploded in Tel Aviv yesterday, injuring 21

Nairobi bomb suspects flown to US

BY ANDREW MARSHALL
in Washington

THE UNITED STATES brought two suspects in the East African embassy bombings to New York yesterday and charged one of them with murder.

Following swiftly after American missile strikes on Afghanistan and Sudan, the charges demonstrate that the US wants to show it can and will prosecute those who attack its citizens abroad. But the standards of proof required for a criminal investigation will be much higher than those that the US used for its missile strikes.

Mohammed Sadig Odeh was arrested in Pakistan the day of the bombings, interrogated and then sent back to Kenya. He had given interrogators numerous details of the operation, they said, leading to other arrests. It was unclear what charges had been brought against him. Mr Odeh said he had left Kenya before the attack, entrusting it to lower-level subordinates.

Mohamed Rashed Daoud Al-Owali, also known as Khalid Salim Saleh Bin Rashed, the second suspect, was arrested in Kenya, and then turned over to the FBI. He admitted throwing a grenade at an embassy guard, and is thought to have been injured in the blast after the bomb in his truck went off.

The "operation was supposed to be a martyrdom operation, which he did not expect to survive," the FBI complaint against him said. He was expected to appear in court in New York yesterday afternoon.

Mr Owali was treated in hospital for his injuries, and threw away evidence linking himself to the blast, including three bullets and keys fitting a lock on the back of the truck. This evidence was later recovered by hospital employees.

He was charged with 14 counts of murder, murder conspiracy and the use of weapons of mass destruction, according to the FBI. He is said to have confessed to training at camps run by Osama bin Laden, and with having appeared at press conferences with him.

Officials in Washington said that the two suspects were only the first to be brought to the US, and that others would follow. The US has already issued an indictment against Mr bin Laden, whom it considers responsible for the blasts. The indictment was issued weeks before the embassy blast, and is believed to charge Mr bin Laden with conspiracy to murder. American investigators opened an inquiry on Mr bin Laden three years ago, in the aftermath of the World Trade Center bomb and abortive attempts to bomb bridges and tunnels linking New York City to New Jersey.

South African police yesterday stopped three people from boarding a flight from Cape Town, and detained them for questioning in connection with a bomb blast at a Planet Hollywood restaurant this week.

Resignation casts doubt on inspections in Iraq

THE FUTURE of the United Nations weapons inspection regime in Iraq was clouded last night after the sudden resignation of one of its most senior inspectors, Scott Ritter, in protest over what he says has been inaction by the Security Council in Iraq and interference by Britain and the United States in his work.

In a hasty press conference yesterday, Richard Butler, the chairman of Unesco, the special commission responsible

for the inspections, yesterday insisted he still believed in the resolve of the Security Council to hold Iraq to the post-Gulf War UN resolutions. He said he and his officials would continue their work in spite of Mr Ritter's dramatic departure.

Looking uncharacteristically tired and nervous, Mr Butler made his appearance amid a

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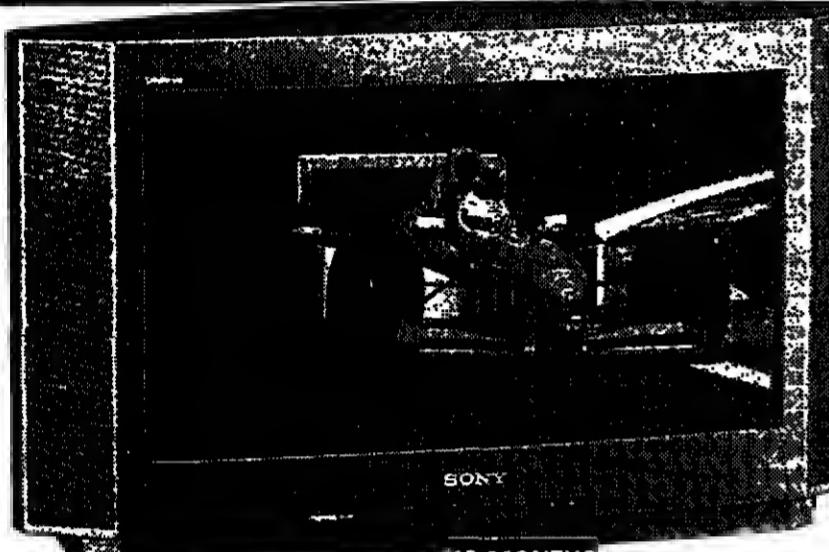
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Clinton goes visiting as support fades



Bill Clinton leaving to address yesterday's special meeting of party faithful AP

PRESIDENT BILL CLINTON yesterday went among the American people for the first time since his televised admission of a "not appropriate" relationship with Monica Lewinsky in a short excursion to test whether he could still work his personal magic on the voters.

The exercise, in a city described as the most Democratic in the country, came amid signs that senior Democrats and members of Mr Clinton's administration fear his conduct will be an electoral liability.

His re-emergence coincided with more bad news for the Democrats after the announcement by the Attorney-General, Janet Reno, that she was launching a new investigation into the legality of fund-raising by Vice-President Al Gore before the last election. It supplements an existing fund-raising inquiry and will consider new and damaging evidence that Mr Gore may have lied to investigators in an earlier investigation.

While the new inquiry means Ms Reno is still resisting Republican pressure to ap-

point an independent prosecutor into Mr Gore's activities, it adds another wave to the tide of dubious conduct and sleaze lapping at the Clinton presidency.

Mr Clinton's appearance began in mid-morning, when he left his borrowed holiday estate on Martha's Vineyard for Worcester, a half-hour flight away. The occasion was a hastily arranged forum on school safety and juvenile crime, and a party fund-raising event.

The previous day his Democ-

atic hosts had dominated the airwaves to elicit unalloyed delight that he was to honour their city with a visit and said there had been no difficulty filling the 2,000 seats, even at two days' notice. During his brief address, largely a pastiche of speeches given in recent weeks, Mr Clinton looked tired and at times slightly distracted. He had bags under his eyes, and, unusually, stumbled twice over his words.

Preparations for his trip

came amid speculation that he was preparing to say something more, perhaps even apologise for his affair with Ms Lewinsky. While accepted, according to polls, by most voters, his admission 10 days before was assailed by many advisers as a

economic collapse and accompanying fall of the US stock market.

Mr Clinton's silence on his relationship with Ms Lewinsky was seen as a victory for his lawyer and his wife over White House advisers who were said to have argued strongly for a fuller and more robust statement that would dispel memories of the earlier admission.

Mr Clinton's personal lawyer, David Kendall, was said to have strongly opposed any further statement because of the legal risk. Mrs Clinton was also said to be opposed on the grounds that it would simply perpetuate public discussion of a hurtful episode that she would prefer to keep private.

But the arguments said to be raging in the White House over a further statement were being replicated up and down the Democratic hierarchy. Republican contenders for seats in November's mid-term congressional elections are already starting to campaign on a "morality and credibility" platform. Barbara Boxer, one of California's senators, who is re-

lated by marriage to Mrs Clinton and faces a close contest in November, was berated repeatedly on the subject during a televised candidates' debate on Wednesday.

The White House is simultaneously increasing pressure on leading Democrats to toe the official line more enthusiastically in public. This boils down to indignation about the "violation of the President's private life", regret for what happened, and determination to "get this matter behind us and get back to running the country".

Dick Gephardt, Democrat minority leader in the House of Representatives and a possible rival of Mr Gore for the presidential nomination in 2000, has shifted his ground on Mr Clinton's conduct. He initially condemned it as "reprehensible" and said he could not immediately rule out impeachment hearings. Since then, Mr Gephardt has given two interviews, stressing the need to "get this matter behind us" and wait for Mr Starr's report.

Suzanne Moore,
Review, page 3



Gore: Faces new inquiry

failure. Their main criticism was that it had lacked conviction and exhibited defiance towards the independent prosecutor, Kenneth Starr.

In the event, Mr Clinton said nothing yesterday about the affair or the other pressing

'Turandot' to be staged in Forbidden City

BY JAMES ROBERTS

TURANDOT IS going home. For nine glorious nights, Puccini's best-loved opera (at least since the Italia '90 World Cup) took "Nessun Dorma" to the top of the charts! It will be performed by a cast of thousands in the Forbidden City, the vast imperial compound in the heart of Peking.

Zuhui Mehta, who will conduct the extravaganza, said the only difference between this production and the *Turandot* he conducted last year in Florence would be the lack of specially built sets and, appropriately for the world's most populous nation, rather more extras on the stage.

Mehta is bringing the chorus and orchestra from the Florence Opera House, but about two-thirds of the cast of 1,000-dancers, members of a children's chorus and extras - will be Chinese.

"Puccini remains Puccini. But it does inspire you," Mehta said, indicating the gold tiled roofs and red walls of the 500-year-old Temple for Worshiping Ancestors, now part of the Working People's Cultural Palace, just east of the popular tourist sites of the imperial grounds.

The temple is built on a huge stone platform that makes a natural outdoor stage.

IN BRIEF

Libya seeks to delay transfer

LIBYA SAID it wanted a delay in handing over two suspects in the 1988 bombing of a PanAm flight over Lockerbie, but would stick by its agreement to hold their trial in the Netherlands. Officials said the government of Colonel Muammar Gaddafi "needs some time to prepare" for the men's transfer to the Netherlands.

Hurricane batters Carolina coast

MORE THAN a million people living in the coastal areas of North Carolina were without power yesterday after Hurricane Bonnie battered the southern shoreline. Strong winds and torrential rain caused extensive flooding of the barrier islands along the coast but there were no reported casualties.

More surgery for bomb family

THE BRITISH family wounded in the Planet Hollywood restaurant bomb blast in Cape Town have undergone further surgery to remove shrapnel. Tony Giddings, 38, from Southampton, had more serious head and leg injuries than first thought. Doctors operated on the spine of Jacob, three, after amputating the foot of Laura, eight.

Chinese halt clergyman's services

CHINESE POLICE prevented a defiant Protestant minister from holding services in his popular underground church yesterday after he conducted a mass baptism of 300 in a factory pool on 1 August. The Rev Yuan Xiangchen was stopped by police as he left his suburban Beijing home.

Serbs block UN aid convoy

THE UN refugee agency has accused the Serbs of blocking an aid convoy in Kosovo. The UNHCR said it was the first time since the start of hostilities in Kosovo that a humanitarian convoy had been turned back. The convoy had been en route to two villages - Brolic and Skivjan.

HELEN LIDDELL

'After every trip by Tony Blair to Scotland, our morale is boosted'

— THE FRIDAY REVIEW, PAGE 5 →

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BUSINESS

BRIEFING

Setback for Millar

Dr ANDREW MILLAR, the whistleblower sacked by British Biotech, suffered a setback in his legal fight against the drug development company yesterday when an industrial tribunal turned down his request for an unfair dismissal case. The tribunal ruled that the High Court case between Dr Millar and British Biotech former head of clinical research, and the company took precedence over any other proceedings. Dr Millar, who was sacked in April after voicing concerns about two of the company's drugs, had argued that the case should be heard in the tribunal "in the interest of justice". The company had applied for a stay until the end of the High Court case.

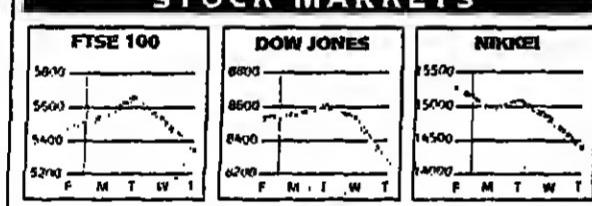
Megalomedia movie slowdown

 THE slowdown in the movie industry in recent months has damaged one of Europe's biggest digital effects and computer animation companies, it emerged yesterday. Shares in Megalomedia, whose chairman and majority shareholder is Lord Saatchi, fell 30 per cent to 22.35p after the company warned that the downturn in the volatile industry would affect its interim and full year results. The company's core subsidiaries Forward Publishing and effects production company Framestore, which is famed for its work in the James Bond film *Tomorrow Never Dies* and summer blockbuster *Lost in Space*, were still performing "well up to expectations," it said. But CFC, Megalomedia's film special effects unit had experienced a fall in orders. The London-based company said its profits would be significantly lower in the first half ending 30 September 1998, compared with the same period last year. However trading and profitability in the second half would be stronger but the results for the full year would be likely to be lower than last year, it said.

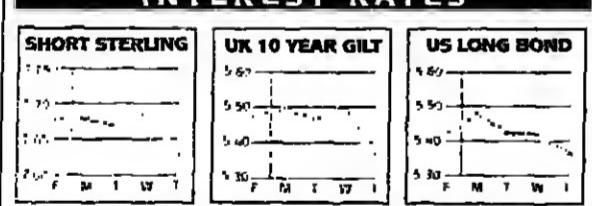
Hogg Robinson buys pension firm

HOGG ROBINSON, the business services group, is strengthening its pensions arm by buying the outstanding 70 per cent stake in Electronic Data Systems for £17.8 million. It bought an initial stake of 30 per cent in April 1997. Paymaster is a pensions administration business which pays 1.2 million pensions a month, including those of former civil servants. It made profits of £4.1 million in the year to March and is expected to be earnings-enhancing from this year.

STOCK MARKETS



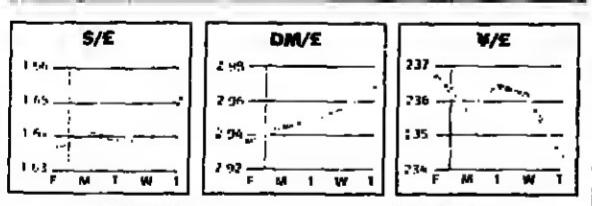
INTEREST RATES



MONEY MARKET RATES

	1 month	3 months	Yr chg	1 Year	Yr chg	10 years	Yr chg	Long bond	Yr chg
UK	7.75	0.44	+1.25	5.66	-0.41	5.36	-1.74	5.06	-1.96
US	5.69	-0.04	-0.04	5.66	-0.41	5.04	-89.49	5.36	-79.78
Japan	0.63	0.05	0.64	-0.04	-0.04	1.38	-0.90	1.91	-0.90
Germany	3.40	0.18	3.67	-0.01	-0.01	4.18	-1.54	4.98	-1.39

CURRENCIES



OTHER INDICATORS

	Class	Chg	Yr Ago	Index	Chg	Yr Ago	Wk Ago	Wk Ago
Brent Crude	1511.98	-0.17	18.16	GDP	115.40	2.60	112.48	Sept
Gold (\$)	279.05	-6.80	325.45	10-year	3.60	3.50	3.50	Aug
Silver (\$)	4.98	0.01	4.66	Euro Rate	7.50	7.00		
www.bloomberg.com/uk								

TOURIST RATES

Australia (\$)	2.8151		Mexican (nuevo peso)	14.01
Austria (schillings)	20.21		Netherlands (guilder)	3.2410
Belgium (francs)	59.38		New Zealand (\$)	3.2342
Canada (\$)	2.5065		Norway (krone)	12.81
Cyprus (pounds)	0.8404		Portugal (escudos)	250.80
Denmark (korone)	11.01		Saudi Arabia (rials)	5.9790
Finland (markka)	8.8076		Singapore (\$)	2.7572
France (francs)	9.6455		Spain (pesetas)	243.56
Germany (mark)	2.8853		South Africa (rand)	9.9774
Greece (drachma)	496.68		Sweden (krona)	13.33
Hong Kong (\$)	12.32		Switzerland (francs)	2.4050
Iceland (kurus)	1.1428		Thailand (bahts)	62.09
India (rupees)	64.10		Turkey (lira)	43954.00
Israel (shekels)	5.6271		USA (\$)	1.6018
Italy (lira)	2848			
Japan (yen)	230.94			
Malaysia (ringgit)	6.5258			
Malta (lira)	0.6270			

Rates for wire transfers, purchases only.

SOURCE: Thomas Cook

Output plunges as pound rises

THE POUND made sharp gains against leading currencies yesterday, piling on the misery for manufacturers who, according to the latest CBI survey, expect output to plunge in the months ahead.

The CBI reported that manufacturers' expectations for their output in the next four months were the most depressed since November 1992. Export orders were at their weakest since January 1983.

Sudhir Jumarkar, the CBI's head of economic analysis, said the survey results showed that "the manufacturing recession is certainly on the way".

Concerns for exporters in particular were compounded by events on the currency markets yesterday. The pound gained around 2 pence

BY STEVE LEVINSON

against the German mark and is once again threatening to break through the 3-mark barrier. Against the dollar it gained over a cent. Its value measured by the Bank of England's trade-weighted index closed at 106.7, its highest level since 3 July.

The industrial weakness revealed by the CBI, and the organisation's call for an immediate cut in interest rates, initially depressed sterling on the foreign exchanges. But the pound soon resumed its recent upward momentum, boosted by global uncertainties.

"The pound is rising strongly once again on the grounds that it is the most obvious safe haven," said Adam Cole, economist at HSBC Securities. "The

dollar is being affected by worries

about Latin America, the yen is depressed by events in east Asia, and the mark is under pressure because of Eastern Europe."

The CBI monthly survey was conducted between 23 July and

19 August, before the latest bout of market turmoil. Since then, the pound has gained 19 pence and 2 cents.

Questioned about their output expectations, 33 per cent of manufacturers said production would fall, while 17 per cent

expected a rise. The negative balance of 15 per cent was sharply worse than a negative 8 per cent in July. A year ago the survey showed a positive balance of 16 per cent.

The survey also found 60 per cent reporting that their export orders were below normal, with only 9 per cent reporting above-normal demand. As would be expected, there was a sharp rise in the number of firms saying that their level of stocks was more than adequate.

While warning about the downturn in manufacturing, the CBI is not yet forecasting a recession for the economy as a whole. It still sees a growth of sorts for next year.

Kate Barker, the CBI's chief economic adviser, said: "We have sharply downgraded our

forecasts for the next 18 months. We now expect that economic growth over the next three quarters will almost grind to a halt in the UK. So we believe that an early cut in interest rates is vital to help prevent the economy slipping further than necessary, while still hitting the Government's inflation target."

The CBI's forecasts showed GDP growth next year of 1.2 per cent, with manufacturing output flat. Manufacturing investment is set to drop 5.8 per cent, but government spending is expected to rise by 3 per cent.

Inflation is expected to be on target at 2.5 per cent by the end of next year. Despite the depressed outlook, unemployment is forecast to rise only modestly from 1.780,000 next year to 1.910,000.

Markets face meltdown as Russian losses reach £70bn



Anxious traders on the New York Stock Exchange after the Dow Jones index plunged more than 300 points yesterday as the fiscal crisis in Russia sent markets tumbling across the globe for a second

14/MANAGED FUNDS

THE INDEPENDENT
★ Friday 28 August 1998

Markets hit the Russian buffers

FINANCIAL MELTDOWN in Russia has already rattled Western markets very badly. As our news analysis below shows, we are now very definitely in a bear market for equities, both in the UK and the US, even though there isn't much selling going on. But what is the long term meaning for Western markets and economies of this ghastly implosion?

The view that gets the greatest mileage is the comforting but complacent one - which is not very much at all really. Since time immemorial, Russia has been a land and law largely unto itself, and, except in times of war, its perennial miseries and the hopelessness of its condition rarely impinges on us. Why should it be any different this time round? The pathos of the food queues, the resigned and endless suffering of the Russian people - no one can have anything but sympathy for Russia's plight. But it doesn't really affect us, does it?

Well not directly and immediately, of course, but like Asia, it may be a slow burn and the long term impact could be profound. This is not simply because, as has often been said, Russia is Indonesia with mines. The geo-political conse-



OUTLOOK

quences of the collapse are certainly worrying in the extreme, but they are not the main point here. Nor is it because rash investment bankers and Brooklyn born speculators seem to have lost their shirts playing these markets.

No, the real point is that this may be a defining moment. The steady advance of American style capitalism, led from the front by the shock troops of capital markets and supported by the prop of the IMF, seems suddenly and decisively to have brought to a grinding halt. All over the City and Wall Street, investment bankers are saying Russia has had it, it's on its own and we'll never touch the place again.

One leading emerging markets specialist was quoted in yesterday's *Financial Times* as saying "I don't think anybody's going to lend these guys a dime". Russia may be an extreme example, but after the traumas of the last year, much the same thing is happening in the Pacific Rim countries and to other developing economies all around the world.

As fast as Russia and others can impose exchange controls, it's only a realistic option given the scale of the flight of money, the international capital markets are in any case packing up their stall and sticking their money into Western bonds. And there appears nothing the IMF or anyone else can do about it.

What we may be witnessing is the end of globalisation, or at least a severe setback in the process, lasting possibly many years. Globalisation is all about the free movement of capital; that's its big driving force, and over the last ten years, financial markets have pushed out the boundaries as never before, feeding the great US bull market on a wave of American triumphalism in the process.

Is this now all coming to an end?

That's the real significance of Russia. We must all pray that this alarmist take on events turns out to be wrong or exaggerated. But it's the reason why equities are plummeting, bonds are soaring and the pound is once more climbing back to the three D-mark level. These are frightening times we live in and the end game is still a long way off. No wonder there's such a fight to safety.

A very strange sort of recession

THE 20 PER CENT of the British economy that is represented by manufacturing is sounding more and more desperate. Everything seems to be conspiring against it. The turbulence on the world's financial markets is driving sterling ever higher. It will soon no doubt be back above three Deutsche marks. On the currency markets where there are doubts about the dollar, yen and mark, the pound has become everyone's favourite. If you can get 7.5 per cent interest as well, it's a one-way bet. Even before this latest bout of global anxiety,

manufacturers were squealing loudly. The CBI survey shows their expectations for output have collapsed to their weakest level since 1982. Orders are at a five-year low and export orders at a 15-year low.

With survey results like this and the CBI's economists warning the economy is grinding to half, one would expect the new forecasts from Centre Point to show at the very least a hard landing. But that's not the case. Oddly enough the CBI is not forecasting much of a recession at all. Admittedly, it is more gloomy than it was a few months back, but it still sees growth this year of 2.2 per cent, and next year of 1.2 per cent. Earnings growth next year is forecast to be 4.3 per cent, more than double the rate of inflation. So, with disposable incomes rising, the consumer remains the main engine of economic activity. Oddest of all, the CBI sees little if any increase in unemployment next year. So it's a very strange sort of recession - almost a non-recession - that's on the way.

Despite this the CBI wants an immediate cut in interest rates with more to follow next year. The Bank of England monetary policy committee, however, might well

spot an inconsistency here. If, as the CBI claims, the economy is grinding to half, why does it not expect unemployment to rise? And if unemployment does not rise, how can the Bank be sure it is time to start cutting interest rates?

Exchange must tighten rules

HERE WE go again. Two months and a day after Imperial Chemical Industries was accused of issuing a profits warning to a chosen group of analysts, National Power is involved in a row over selected briefings. The electricity generator appears to have told a few City experts that their forecasts for the company's international division were way off line and needed to come down sharply.

It is also thought to have advised

this inner circle to leave predictions for group profits unchanged, as a rise in the UK business would more than offset the overseas shortfall. The company yesterday admitted to the briefings but vigorously denied, just like ICI, that the analysts had received price-sensi-

News Analysis: It's already too late for investors to take profits, and many factors now point down

How big is the bear this time?

By TREVOR WEBSTER

INVESTORS who have not begun taking profits on shares this summer have left it too late. We are in some sort of bear market, with the Footsie down nearly 13 per cent from its July peak of 6,179 and falling 100 or more points every other day.

The real fall in blue-chip shares is even bigger than that - over 15 per cent - for two reasons. The Footsie always exaggerates on the upside because it expels losers and succumbs in every three months. This year its two biggest members, Glaxo and BT, with a combined weighting of 12 per cent, have sharply underperformed.

You get a more balanced picture of the market if you look at shares such as HSBC, Standard Bank, ICI, Siebe, Smiths Industries, Rio Tinto, BT and Billiton, all down 40 or 50 per cent from their peaks. Holders of these shares have borne the brunt of the bear's claws.

Even a fall of 13 to 15 percent suggests some sort of bear market rather than just a "healthy correction". At this stage it is best regarded as a baby bear market, like those of 1990, 1992, 1994 and 1997 - a sudden but limited fall that interrupted a Goldilocks scenario.

If the fall extends to more than 20 per cent it will become a mummy bear market. If it stretches to 30 per cent or 40 per cent, as it did in 1987, it will be a daddy bear market - and a drop of 70 to 80 would make it the

A repeat of that isn't likely. Tony Blair and Gordon Brown are more in the tradition of Margaret Thatcher than Karl Marx, and the Footsie is still well up on the year. It has to fall 400 points before it threatens its January low of 5,069. Inflation looks fairly benign, interest rates may have peaked and shares are not overvalued outside bonds.

But the world outlook, the strength of the pound and the valuation of shares suggest that the biggest pressures are on the downside as we approach the autumn, traditionally a testing time for shares.

The Russian crisis rumbles

on and the domino effect in emerging markets has yet to impact fully on Latin America - or on British and American companies. So far our shares and those on Wall Street have seen some benefit from the crises as hot money seeks safe havens. But stock markets and economies are in a chicken-and-egg relationship, and many emerging markets have already suffered economic damage from stock market falls. It could happen here.

The strong pound has already damaged exports, jobs and profits. But it continues strong, and many companies

have yet to count the full cost of a finger in that direction.

Even after the summer shakeout, the valuation of many shares remains worryingly high. The market average p/e multiple is 20 and some pricier hi-tech stocks are paying for 20, 30, 50 or even 80 years' earnings. The average yield is 2.7 per cent or 3.7 per cent, depending on what view you take on tax. These statistics are all demanding by historical standards. Wall Street's stats, and those in Europe, are even more frightening.

What can investors do if

they haven't done any selling so far this summer? Or if they have taken some profit and are looking for somewhere to switch their money?

The first thing to bear in mind - if that's not too bad a pun - is that the long-term trend is your friend. Stock markets go up in the long run and almost always rise over any five-year period. A fall over a calendar year occurs only once in 10 years, and severe falls like that of 1987 look like no more than a blip 10 years on.

The other comforting thought is that companies don't like to cut their dividends, even

in times of recession, and over the long term dividends account for over half the total returns on shares. The outlook still suggests rising dividends over the next two years. So investors can simply grit their teeth, hang on and dream of the next bull market.

But it has proven wise to take some profits this summer, and it will remain so if shares keep on falling. The technique is to take some profits on shares that have risen a long way and are still near their peaks. Try to sell the bounces - days when the index jumps 100 points or so.

Good alternative homes for savings are hard to find, but it does pay in hard times to invest for income to compensate for lack of capital profits. That means building societies, government stocks, convertible stocks and high-yielding shares. After the summer shakeout there are plenty of shares in the Footsie 100 yielding 5 or 6 per cent or more.

But don't be in a rush to sell low-yielding shares simply to buy higher yields. That way you could simply be swapping one problem for another. It's safer to make those kind of decisions three to six months from now.

IN BRIEF

Firms ignore ACT credit

FTSE 100 companies have largely ignored the effects of the Chancellor's abolition of the advance corporation tax (ACT) credit, according to a survey of accounts by consulting actuaries Lane Clark & Peacock. The firm's Richard Abramson says most companies have either made no mention of a change that amounts to a 20 per cent fall in dividend income or have concluded it had little effect.

Canada rates up

THE BANK OF CANADA raised its benchmark interest rate by 100 basis points to 6 per cent, sending Canadian rates above those in the US for the first time in two years, in an effort to bolster the Canadian dollar, hurt by falling commodity prices. Asia's and Russia's economic crises and the investment flight into the US dollar and bonds. The currency, which overnight plummeted to a historic low of 63.39 US cents, recovered to 64.10 after the bank's announcement.

US holds ground

THE US economy, struggling to hold its ground as the Asian crisis intensified, grew at a faster pace in the second quarter than previously estimated. Corporate earnings crept higher and inflation remained under wraps.

Gross domestic product - the total output of goods and services - rose at a revised 1.6 per cent annual rate in the second quarter, in line with analysts' expectations, the Commerce Department said. That is above the initial GDP reading of 1.4 per cent gain released on 31 July, but still a shadow of the first quarter's performance.

Novartis profits

NOVARTIS, the world's largest healthcare company, said first-half earnings rose 14 per cent as rising income from investments more than offset stagnant operating profits. The company said it will sell low-margin nutritional brands to raise profitability.

Net income at the maker of blockbuster transplant drug Neoral and Ciba Vision eye-care products rose to \$14.8m (£1.5m) from \$13.1m. Investment income jumped fivefold, while operating profits were little changed on higher marketing costs.

Gold price falls

GOLD MATCHED its 18-year price low of last January in Europe. London gold fixed at \$278.50 a troy ounce in the afternoon, down on the morning's \$280.90, a fixing level last seen on 29 June 1979. Dealers attributed the bulk of gold's fall to producer sales.

Boost for ING

ING GROEP, Europe's fifth-largest financial-services company, indicated that second-quarter profits rose 63 per cent, boosted by US and Belgian acquisitions and as life insurance offset weakness in banking. First-half profits rose to 1.70bn guilders from 1.17bn last year.

Losses cut at 'Independent' titles

LOSSES at *The Independent* and *Independent on Sunday* have been curtailed since it was acquired by Independent Newspapers of Ireland, it was revealed yesterday.

Announcing another sharp rise in group profits, Independent Newspapers said that losses at the two titles had been reduced on a like-for-like basis despite significant investment in the newly-formatted products.

Since acquiring control of the two titles, Independent Newspapers has embarked on a re-vitalisation of the business, appointing new editors and senior writers to both titles.

The company said results so far from the British titles were "encouraging and in line with expectations", with both circulation and advertising revenue showing significant improvement.

In the group, a strong operational performance in all territories was marred by the

chaos in world currency markets. Independent Newspapers has substantial newspaper interests in New Zealand, South Africa and Australia, all of whose currencies have been savaged over the past six months.

Despite this, the group achieved an increase in operating profits in the half year to the end of June of 12 per cent to £1.2m. Profit attributable to shareholders after tax and minority interests rose 16.6 per cent to £12.18m, helped by continued buoyancy in the group's core Irish market.

Liam Healy, the group chief executive, said he was upbeat about the group's operational performance which continues to make strong progress.

"Currencies are beyond our control," he said. "We will continue with the progress we are making in all our companies regardless of this turmoil, so that when currencies settle down, the benefits will accrue to us."



Liam Healy (right) and Brendan Hopkins reported a strong first-half group performance Peter Macdiarmid

Sainsbury caves into Nike threat

SAINSBURY YESTERDAY caved in to pressure from Nike when it agreed to remove stock of Nike polo shirts from its Sainsbury stores which the American sportswear group claimed were fake.

The climbdown staved off threats of legal action by Nike, which had planned to go to the High Court yesterday to seek an injunction banning sale of the shirts. Sainsbury's agreed to remove the stock "to protect our customers' interests". Though it did not admit that the shirts are counterfeit, it said evidence provided by Nike raised questions about their "authenticity".

The issue is part of an ongoing battle between branded goods companies and supermarkets which are securing supply-piles via the "grey market". Jim Tucker, general manager of Nike UK, said: "The fact that part of an organisation as

large as Sainsbury can be caught out by the counterfeiting cartels just goes to show how heavily infected with fake goods the markets are."

Lawyers from the two sides are now meeting to decide whether or not the garments are genuine. Nike said it reserved its right to continue with the High Court injunction if it is not satisfied that Sainsbury's has complied with its demands.

Nike said the polo shirts were part of a consignment of about 25,000 fakes which arrived in Britain from the Philippines last month. It then tracked the shipment as it reached the shops. Sainsbury continues to stock Nike items, including socks, even though the American giant refuses to supply them direct to the chain.

BY NIGEL COPE
Associate City Editor

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From Nashville to Hollywood with a bullet

They used to be a joke, but now movie soundtracks boast both kinds of music - Country and Western. By Tim Perry

IT SHOULDN'T surprise you to learn that Nashville has never considered itself a kick town. One of the major education centres of the South, it even built itself a replica of the Parthenon to symbolise its role in learning. This was, of course, where the final scene took place in Robert Altman's 1975 film *Nashville*, a warts-and-all poke at every aspect of the city's life - in particular its role as the manufacturing centre of country music. In addition to Altman's epic, the Tennessee capital and its music have had a rough ride from Hollywood.

Think of country music in a film, and jokes spring to mind. "We play both kinds of music here - Country AND Western" is one such line from *The Blues Brothers*. Also kitsch: think Dolly Parton in *9 to 5* and *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. Neither Burt Reynolds nor Clint Eastwood enhanced the genre's credibility in *Smokey and the Bandit* and *Every Which Way But Loose*. And then there was the 1980 box office smash *Urban Cowboy*, starring John Travolta and Debra Winger. Its soundtrack comprised mundane MOR country, and started the irritating Urban Cowboy Movement, launching the likes of the excruciating Mickey Gilley and Ronnie Milsap to stardom.

Of course, there were genuine high points, such as *Coal Miner's Daughter* from 1980, with Sissy Spacek playing the role of Loretta Lynn - a woman who came out with at-the-time revolutionary sentiments, such as the self-written "Don't

'Last year, around 50 million soundtrack albums were sold in the US alone. This year, thanks to the 'Titanic' soundtrack, the figure will be very much higher'

Come Home A-Drinkin' (With Lovin' On Your Mind)", and "The Pill", the latter a song from 1975 celebrating the use of contraceptives.

But Lynn, now ignored by country radio, was depicted as a hillbilly, and hillbilly is not the slick image Nashville music chiefs want anymore. Like any other corporate entity, they want to expand their market. They want the white collars in middle America to pick up their records in the strip malls and gas stations, but need more than country radio and television to achieve the crossover.

It was relatively easy for them to look west to Hollywood and see that soundtrack albums are big business, and can build artists. Last year around 50 million such records were sold in the US alone. This year, largely thanks to the *Titanic* soundtrack, which topped the charts for over three months, the figure will be much higher. For Nashville, there's a risk involved in paying out money to elevate an artist beyond the country fold, but they know that if someone loves a movie there's a good chance of them buying the soundtrack, clicking into a particular artist, and buying their records.

The first success this decade was *Seconds*, starring a bull-riding Luke Perry. The soundtrack, featuring Reba McEntire, Vince Gill, Brooks & Dunn and other contemporary country icons, went platinum. Then, at the end of last year, Celine Dion was originally slated to do a song for *Con Air*, but as the song was set in Alabama, the film makers felt that a Nashville artist would be more appropriate. Two cuts were made of "How Do I Live"; one by teenage sensation LeAnn Rimes, and the other by the more polished but less enigmatic Trisha Yearwood. It was Yearwood who got the nod from the filmmakers but in many countries, including Britain, it was Rimes' version that hit the Top Ten.



We'll see more film directors coming to Nashville and shaping a movie soundtrack around some of the mainstream music here. Maybe the more edgy mainstream,' says producer Tony Brown, bottom right. From top left: Garth Brooks, Steve Earle, Dwight Yoakam (*Redfern*) and Alison Moorer edge towards the Hollywood hills

Thanks to their unlikely bedfellowship with Hollywood, Nashville was now able to cross over two whitebread divas to rival Dion and Mariah Carey in the pop market.

This year sees no less than five significant movie tie-in CDs with a distinct Nashville aroma. The critically-acclaimed *The Apostle*, starring and directed by Robert Duvall as a southern preacher, features a gorgeous mix of gospel, country, and contemporary Christian music, with Johnny Cash, the Carter Family and Emmylou Harris among those credited. *Block Dog*, starring Patrick Swayze, Randy Travis and Meat Loaf, boasts an album of hard-driving trucker songs from the likes of Steve Earle, Patti Labelle and exciting newcomer Chris Knight.

The forthcoming DreamWorks big-budget drama *Prince of Egypt* has two "music inspired" albums out later in the year. One is R&B, the other features multi-platinum country heavyweights, including

Vince Gill, Reba McEntire, Wynonna, Clint Black and Randy Travis - a significant figure he was the first signing to the new DreamWorks Nashville record label.

Travis has around 20 movie acting credits, and his deal with DreamWorks Nashville prompted suggestions that the firm's Hollywood connection was a major reason for his signing. To date, both camps have denied this, and Travis maintains that there's no mention of movie work in his DreamWorks contract.

Hope Floats is a sugary-sweet, romantic, smalltown drama starring Sandra Bullock and Harry Connick Jr, due for release here in October. Don Was might have been the executive co-producer but his songs for the most part, with the 15-song soundtrack bookended by Garth Brooks and Trisha Yearwood. However, in America, it's spent almost two months at the top of Billboard's country chart.

By far the best of the five is *The Horse*



producer Tony Brown, bottom right. From top left: Garth Brooks, Steve Earle, Dwight Yoakam (*Redfern*) and Alison Moorer edge towards the Hollywood hills

Whisperer, which opens in the UK today. Although its soundtrack is not in the same commercial league as the *Hope Floats* cheese, its story reveals plenty about the relationship between Nashville and Hollywood. In essence, it's a mix of Nashville's best mavericks, overseen in hands-on style by the film's star and director, Robert Redford, who sought to pay tribute to what he calls "the uniquely American sound of traditional western music". Some artists, such as Dwight Yoakam and the avuncular Texan yodeller Don Walser, covered classics from yore, while others wrote new material in fitting with the movie's sentiment. Steve Earle turned in "Me and the Eagle", one of the best songs he's ever written. Another standout track on the album is by Lucinda Williams, whose career was dormant for the best part of a decade; her track on *The Horse Whisperer* certainly helped to raise her profile sufficiently to

make her new album easily her biggest record ever.

The most incredible, indeed Hollywood-like story involves newcomer Alison Moorer, who is the only artist to actually perform in this love story set in Montana. Until last year, Moorer's extraordinary voice was being used only for harmony back-ups (most notably on the alternative country classic by Lonesome Bob). According to Tony Brown, MCA Nashville chief and one of the movers behind the soundtrack: "For Alison to get an opportunity to have her first release on a soundtrack and also get to sing in the movie - I mean, this is like an artist development dream. And guess what: we didn't hustle it."

Brown did, in fact, half hustle it. Redford had asked for a Joe Ely track and, according to Moorer, Brown just stuck on her song at the end. The reply from the Redford camp was "yeah, we like the Ely song, but who's the girl?". The rest will soon be

history as Moorer is heavily tipped to be the first girl from the wrong side of the Nashville musical alley to make it big in the country charts and possibly beyond.

It's the kind of thing that would probably bring a smile to the face of the double-dealing protagonists in Altman's *Nashville*. This year has also seen a Nashville delegation going to LA to show the film world what they've got on offer. Brown reckons "we'll see more directors coming to Nashville and shaping a movie soundtrack around some of the mainstream music here. Maybe the more edgy mainstream". The edgier the better, really.

While *The Horse Whisperer* is an excellent conceptualized compilation, there's still the likes of *Hope Floats* around and if, say, Tim McGraw or Faith Hill, the crassest country pairing Nashville has or current offer, get a foothold, then even the horrible *Urban Cowboy* deal would not have seemed too bad.

Moving, but little commotion

POP

LLOYD COLE
DINGWALLS, LONDON

IT IS AN incessant beat. Hands clap and feet march on the spot, shoulders knock despite the deserted bar area. After a long show of audience anticipation, the stage is still empty. Lloyd Cole turns up, puts down his can of brew, picks up a harmonica and does a passable Bob Dylan rendition, struggles with some chords, forgets a line and looks suitably strained. But this was the encore. Thirty seconds earlier, he had taken a breather after a longer than usual - and almost immaculate - set.

Back in 1988, the singer-songwriter left Lloyd Cole and the Communions

after three acclaimed albums in as many years. Alongside The Smiths and The Cure, Cole's memorable one-liners and the Communions' melodies that refused-to-end-with-the-chorus were the perfect combination for an off-kilter pop experience. Add scintillating subjects, believable narratives dealing with intoxicants, depression and weird relationships and these were clever and modishly ironic takes on popular culture.

Which appealed to the critics. They compared Cole to Lou Reed and the band to the Velvet Underground. The final album was the most successful in terms of reviews, yet Cole decamped to America, where he has spent the last 10 years working on a solo career. The resulting three solo albums have been largely ignored.

Which explains why he spent half of the evening at Dingwalls playing either cover versions or songs from the Communions era. It was a long time before the triumphant encore that Cole declared the remainder of the set would be

made up of his solo efforts. Hearing the two sets of songs together it is a wonder why these have not received equal amounts of praise - they certainly sound remarkably similar.

The melodies benefited from a simple, acoustic set. With only former Communion Neil Clarke accompanying Cole, the absence of a hand made the slithering of his fast-fingered chords more notable. Furthermore, the gentleness of the arrangements suited Cole's languid intonation, ensuring that his eloquent lyrics registered with greater clarity. Cole's songwriting can still be provocative; for instance

the strong, neat, witty descriptions of a cycle of alcohol abuse: "I had one glass of red wine/It was self-fulfilling" ("These Days").

At worst, some of the solo songs are lazy - repetitive and clichéd rather than droll. Cole is highly gifted, but this carelessness, also implied by the indolent rate at which he has released material since his defection to America, puts Lloyd Cole closer to Shane MacGowan in the songwriters' hall of fame than is perhaps comfortable for him.

JENNIFER RODGER

THE FIRST details have emerged of Alanis Morissette's long-awaited follow-up to 1996's *Jagged Little Pill*. It is pegged for a US release in November on Warner Bros Records with the title, *Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie*. Not only is her writing partner from *Jagged* and veteran producer Glen Ballard still in tow, but it seems the album will have more of her autobiographical *Angst*. MTV's preview of some titles from the album suggest as much: "Sympathetic Character", "Are You Still Mad?" and "Ba Ba".

iy, some critics complain - from their idols the Beatles. Now Noel Gallagher is planning to emulate them in his movie debut. Gallagher is set to make a brief appearance in the movie *Mad Cow*, walking across the Abbey Road intersection pictured on the cover of the Beatles' 1969 album of the same name. Noel's bosses at Epic might think he is mad after he made the following announcement on Radio 1 about the forthcoming B-side album: "Don't buy it. We don't need the money and you don't need the records again." Meanwhile, John Lennon's son is following in his father's footsteps by

SLEEVE NOTES

Creation Records and Skint Records' videos. Keep an eye on NME for more details.

EARLY ACID house act The Shamen release a new single on 1 September. The group produced a few seminal tracks until going into hiding after the huge crossover hit, "Eh-e-e-eh Goode". However, The Shamen have deliberately disqualified "Universal" from the singles charts. It will only be available in 12-inch format, in response to recent regulations creating a separate chart for 12-inchers. The Shamen say this will "penalise independent dance bands".

Jennifer Rodger

Footsie sold off into ragged retreat

FOOTSY SCORED a near-double (negative) century, with most overseas stock markets running for cover as the Russian bear seemed to grow even more angry.

With the exception of an opening blip, the index spent the day in ragged retreat, ending 176.9 points down at 5,368.5.

There was, for the first time in the present downturn, some signs of determined selling. Turnover, although not high by historic standards, was enough to indicate that some investors are being panicked into scratching what profits they had left.

Many City professionals, however, were banking on a recovery next week when the holiday season should, more or less, be consigned to the photo albums.

Some institutional big hitters, it would appear, have left much more restricted roles to their stand-ins than in the past. One major institution has blocked share dealings unless the understudy considers conditions to be of an "exceptional nature".

Certainly the lack of buying firepower has been a major factor in the dramatic decline which has taken

MARKET REPORT

DEREK PAIN

Footsie down from its 6,179 peak in July. Order-driven trading has also contributed to the slump. It was expected to increase volatility, but in the eyes of many market men it has also, by the very nature of the order book procedure, been an influence in the decline.

Rogue trades still appear.

SmithKline Beecham is the latest

casually: the shares were at one time down 80p on an incorrect input. Even by the standards prevailing, such a fall seemed extreme. In fact it was: SB ended just 12p off at 718p.

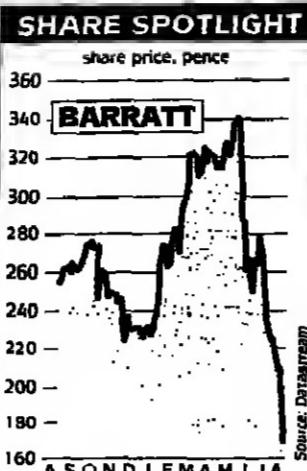
Most overseas markets were sharply down. Hong Kong was an exception as the Chinese government continued to offer support. New York, during London opening, was shrouded in gloom.

Tesco, with a mere 1p gain (just 0.6 per cent) to 160p, led the blue-chip leader board. Zemeca, at one time 74p higher, ended 14p up at 2,380p.

Blue Circle Industries, on turnover of less than 800,000 shares, tumbled 53p to 261p and Tomkins, which has suffered savage readjustments in the retreat, lost 23.5p to 241.5p.

The extent of some falls was mind-boggling. Cable & Wireless, presumably on its Hong Kong exposure, suffered a 72p misfall to 646p. Computer group Misys lost 25p to 2,600p.

The carnage among the second liners was just as daunting. But brewer Greene King, famed for its



Abbot Ale, frothed up 8.5p to 538p on suggestions of corporate action and Kalon, the paint maker, hardened just up to 92.5p on yield considerations.

Builders, generally suffered another demolition job. Barratt Developments, with results due late next month, succumbed 6.5p to 169p, its lowest since 1996. Prowling fell 7.5p to 102.5p. And

Even when the market is in ragged retreat the odd hero appears. Step forward David Brown, a proud old name in engineering. The shares jumped 58p to 165.5p after the company disclosed it could receive a bid.

Newcastle Utd also bucked the stomp. The departure of Kenny Dalglish and the arrival of Rudi Gullit sent the underperforming shares of an underperforming team 5.5p higher to 63p. A year ago they were 128.5p. The Gullit connection could be good for Hay & Robertson, which produces the new manager's Rund and Admiral sports kits. The shares firms to 117.5p.

Results produced little, if any joy. Rolls-Royce dived 18p to 203p; Reckitt & Colman 66p to 996p and Ladbroke 25p to 237.5p.

Oriflame International, the cosmetics group, confirmed its vulnerability to the Russian crisis.

The shares tumbled 75p to 206p

after it said Asia and Russia were hitting sales. Before the Asian crisis erupted the shares were 544.5p. Another with strong Russian links, the Middlesex Holdings metals group, expired 0.75p to 2.5p. And

SOCO INTERNATIONAL, the oil group, fell a further 24.5p to 87p in a turnover of just 5,000 shares.

Suggestions that timber group John Mansfield, which once nursed aspirations to acquire the much bigger Norcross building materials group, is near to launching the bid which would transform its operations lifted the shares 0.25p to 5.75p. Textile group Leslie Wise, which has been the subject of reverse takeover speculation, gained 0.5p to 9.25p.

Megamedia admitted, following share price weakness, that it would not meet market hopes because of a slowdown in its film processing business and fell 9.5p to 22.5p.

JJB Sports, the retailer held at 441p. The Warburg Dillon Read-supported cash call at 440p closes next week. There are fears that much of the issue will be left with underwriters and the shares will suffer once the right issue is out of the way. The group is buying Sports Division, a rival, for £200m.

SEAG VOLUME: 881m
SEAG TRADES: 56,740
GILTS INDEX: n/a

HOUSEBUILDER Ben Bailey shaded 4.5p to 60p; the shares touched 95.5p in April. There are suggestions that rival Westbury building group has put together a 3.7 per cent holding.

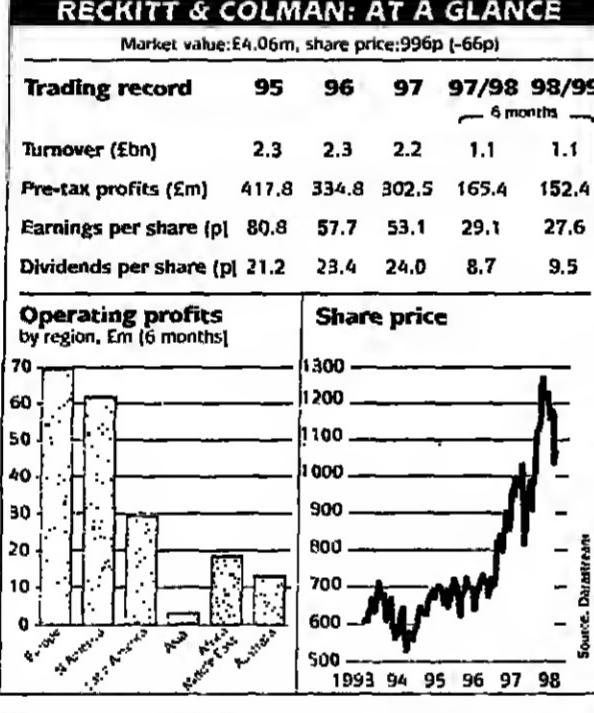
Westbury's intentions, at least initially, are not thought to be hostile. It seems to be interested in joint developments where Bailey's entrenched position would be helpful. Bailey is trading well and profits are expected to be around £2.2m this year against £1.3m.

STENIOR, the Irish telecoms company, got its lines crossed when it returned to market. The shares, suspended at nearly 200p, ended at 111.5p. It warned that year's figures were expected to record a £5.5m loss and its planned reverse takeover of a European telecoms business had been abandoned. The company did, however, say it had received takeover approaches.

Reckitt ready for a place at the top table

INVESTMENT

EDITED BY NIGEL COPE



Rexam still in a strategic hole

REXAM, the packaging-to-building materials group, has been running hard to stand amid a sharp slowdown in many of its markets.

A look at yesterday's interim results proves the point. Coated films and papers, Rexam's biggest division, posted a fall in profits due to the Asian crisis and a collapse in the electronics market. Industrial packaging was down due to the strength of sterling and poor demand from UK manufacturers.

Printers in its Brazilian telephone card operations. There were a few bright spots - healthcare, beauty and food packaging - but the overall result was a 5 per cent slide in earnings to 957m.

But Rexam cannot blame this uninspiring performance entirely on external factors.

The company has been in a

strategic hole for some time now, as it tries to refocus on its core international packaging and coated film and papers businesses. The logical conclusion would be to dispose of the printing and building operations and acquire more in the

core areas. The company sold around 300m of businesses a year ago, but there is still a lot to go and disposals prospects do not look good given the current malaise in the printing and building markets.

Acquisitions have also been hard to come by as Rexam was outbid in a couple of recent deals. The management has responded by returning more than £260m to shareholders and by hinting that it will buy businesses in the next six months. But that still leaves Rexam with the tag - and the rating - of a conglomerate multiple of 6.5, lower than most of its peers. Given the strength of its management, that looks like good value.

Sales of new cars in the first half rose by 10 per cent, against 8 per cent for the rest of the market. Quicks also managed to keep up its margins on used cars in spite of a slump in demand and falling prices.

A cautious forecast of £10m for the full year gives earnings per share for 1998 of 15p. On yesterday's close of 115.5p the shares trade on a forward multiple of 6.5, lower than most of its peers. Given the strength of its management, that looks like good value.

The shares have slumped

IN BRIEF

GPG changes stocks for cash

THE NEW ZEALAND tycoon, Ron Brierley, is feeling bashful and has cut the stock market exposure and boosted liquidity of his Guinness Peat Group in the face of volatile stock markets and the Asian crisis.

This year GPG's cash holdings have risen from £28m to £57m after accepting bids for its holdings in Bluebird Toys, Algas Energy and PICO Holdings. Profits on sales helped to lift net half-year earnings by 30 per cent to £12.2m. Mr Brierley says the outlook for GPG is "very favourable".

Keller strong

STRONG performances in Germany and America helped Keller, the ground engineering group, shrug off delays in the Channel Tunnel rail link. In its half-year to June, profits rose by 14 per cent to £5.3m on turnover up 6 per cent at £125m.

The shares have now lost 40 per cent of their value from a 1998 high of 1645p, dented by recent profits warning from Arriva, a rival dealer, and Car Group, the car supermarket operator. Is this a fair assessment - or just a further sign of the City's disaffection with smaller-cap stocks?

Quicks nearly doubled turnover in the first half of the year, it geared up to buy new Ford franchises from Tayford Motors in Dundee and Knutsford Motors in Northwich, and the motor arm of Cavendish. It has already succeeded in reducing its gearing from over 80 per cent to 75 per cent, and is still to receive the proceeds from some disposals already arranged.

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Rouble sends Welsh farmers sheepless

PEOPLE AND BUSINESS

BY JOHN WILLCOCK



THE MAN behind the Harry Enfield "Oo No" campaign for Hula Hoops, Jonathan Cowan, has been poached

to be the new general manager for private label computer brands at PC World, the Dixons Stores Group subsidiary.

ANDREW HUGHES is leaving FT Electronic Publishing after 13 years with the group, to join OneSource Information Services in a newly created role, that of commercial director, UK & Europe.

OneSource is based in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and provides information services to companies like ABN Amro and Oracle.

Mr Hughes will be marketing the company's Business Browser Internet service amongst other things to European corporate clients.

COMPANY RESULTS						
Name	Turnover (£)	Pre-tax (£)	EPS	Dividend	Pay day	X-div
Abis (I)	147.3m (44.4m)	4,50m (0.650m)	3.8p (0.5p)	n/d	-	-
CFG Group (I)	3.1m (0.7m)	0.16m (0.276m)	0.05p	n/d	-	-
Dekker (I)	8,400m (2,000m)	2.2m (0.52m)	0.57m (0.272m)	1.4p (0.4p)	1 Dec	1 Dec
Galaxy Pest Grp (I)	54,800m (19.8m)	15.7m (2.3m)	0.37p (0.23p)	n/d	-	-
Independent Entry (F)	58,000m (1.2m)	0.165m (1.24m)	1.1p (0.4p)	n/d	-	-
Independent Newspapers (I)	34.1m (25.0m)	8,729p (7.76p)	3.0p (1.7p)	30 10.98	14 09.98	-
Keller Group (I)	121.7m (17.8m)	5.29m (0.658m)	5.9p (0.52p)	2.35p (1.2p)	30 10.98	07 09.98
Kingspan Group (I)	113.7m (13.072m)	2.68m (0.585m)	6.2p (0.5p)	0.5p (0.42p)	19 10.98	07 09.98
Kingspan (I)	2,000m (1.2m)	0.42m (0.12m)	0.2p (0.1p)	n/d	06 09.98	07 09.98
National Forest (F)	13,64m (22.8m)	10.8p (17.5p)	4.5p (1)	18 11.98	19 10.98	-
Reckitt & Colman (I)	152.1m (15.1m)	9.79m (2.01m)	9.5p (0.7p)	07 04.99	19 10.98	-
Reed (I)	94.0m (20.0m)	8.0m (2.02m)	11.7p (1.2p)	6.3p (0.1p)	05 04.99	07 09.98
Richie's (I)	2.1m (2.0m)	135.6m (16.0m)	8.7p (6.50p)	2.45p (2.20p)	11 01.99	26 10.98
Shawmut Group (I)	32.9m (31.4m)	3.1m (2.74m)	8.1p (7.08p)	1.85p (1.65p)	01 10.98	07 09.98
Wrightson Technologies (F)	40.7m (20.7c)	1.32m (2.906m)	2.44p (1.23p)	0.8p (1)	09 10.98	07 09.98
(F) - Final (I) - Interim (Q) - Quarterly						

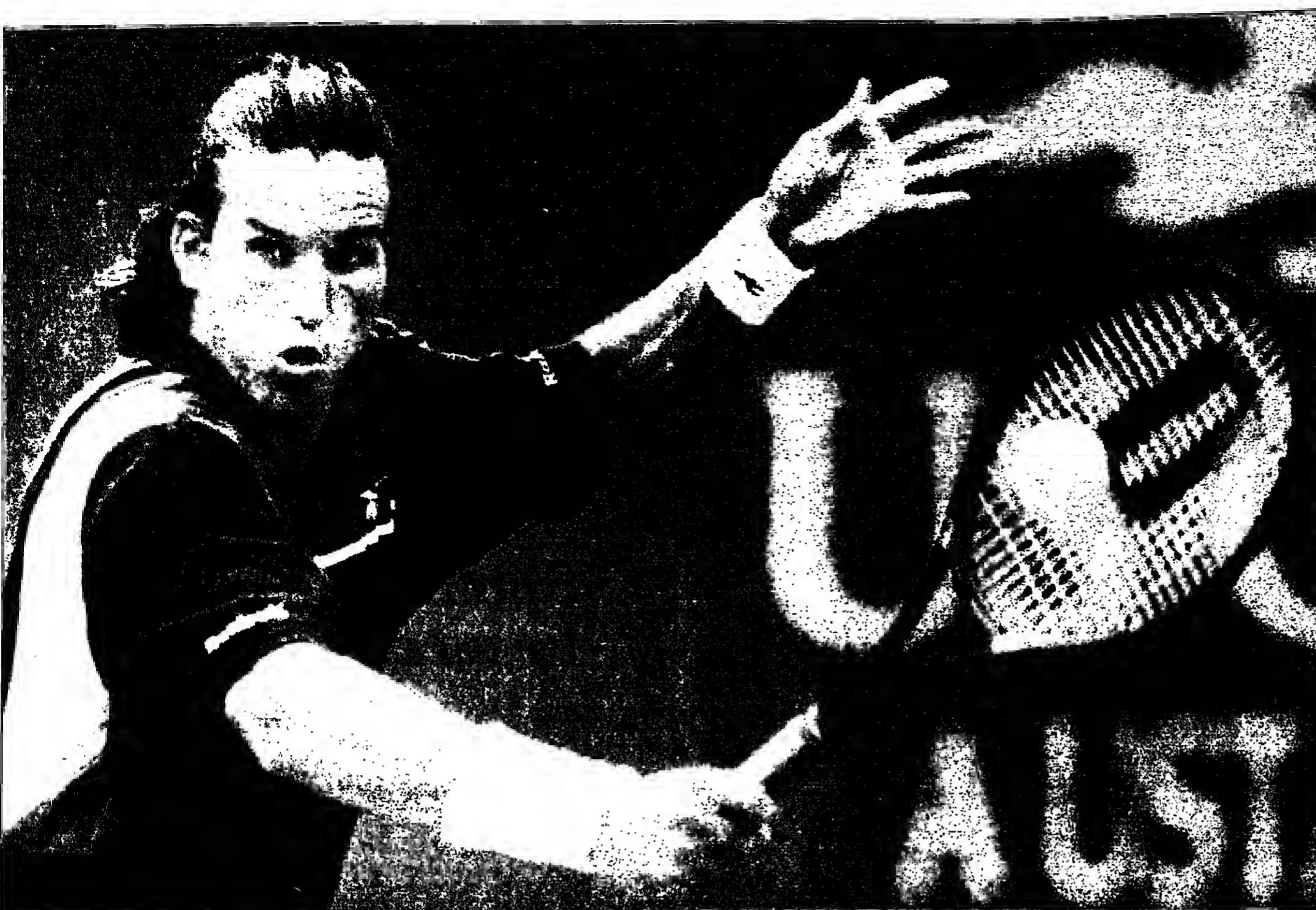
AND NOW on to the important matter of the day. Stand by for National No Snoring Week, that kicks off next Tuesday. Launched last year by the Harley Medical Group, it returns with research focusing on "how partiers snore really do suffer from the cumulative effect of their nocturnal nightmares".

"There are approximately 10 million habitual snorers in the UK, 40 per cent of whom are women, and although the condition can pose serious physi-

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SPORT



Pat Rafter, whose form dipped badly after beating Greg Rusedski in last year's US Open final: 'I was hitting the ball well all the time. It's a matter of feeling mentally fresh' Clive Brunskill/Allsport

Rafter learns the mind game

PAT RAFTER chose to complete his preparation for the defence of the United States Open title next week by participating in the Hamlet Cup, which is a tempting excuse for an obvious lie: 'Alas, poor Patrick, I knew him well'.

The 25-year-old Australian has actually performed with a good deal of confidence since returning to the concrete courts of America, on which he excelled himself a year ago by defeating Britain's Greg Rusedski in the first men's singles final to be staged in the colossal Arthur Ashe Stadium at Flushing Meadow. Rafter's recent form is encouraging, particularly in the light of some of the depressing moments he experienced after leaving New York in triumph.

Expectations were inevitably high for Rafter to do well on the rubberised concrete courts at the Australian Open in January, by which time he was ranked No 2 behind Pete Sampras. The athletic Rafter bounded past the American Todd Martin in the opening round, but then lost to Alberto Berasategui, one of the myriad of Spanish clay-courters, in four sets, three of them tie-breaks.

John Roberts finds the reigning US Open champion eager to put a miserable year behind him

Not usually the type to be inhibited by the slow red clay at the French Open, Rafter overcame the Canadian Sébastien Lareau in five sets, only to suffer a four-set defeat in the second round to a compatriot, Jason Stoltenberg.

At this juncture, John McEnroe ruffled a few knobshurra feathers by suggesting that Rafter was a one-Slam wonder. 'I don't know if he is going to be right or not,' Rafter says.

'I spoke to John about it, not out of anger or anything. He just came up and said it was taken out of context,

and what he had said was [along the lines of] I'd been struggling ever since I won the US Open, and he doesn't know whether I could get back on to win another Slam. I said, "Okay, fair enough, no worries". John is someone who speaks of the hip quite a bit. And until I win another Grand Slam I don't think I can be too critical about John's comments anyway.'

What McEnroe said certainly did not fire Rafter up for Wimbledon. There was not even a spark in his performance in the Stella Artois championships at London's Queen's Club, where he lost his opening match

against Scott Draper, a fellow Australian, who went on to win the title. Confirming he would complete his Wimbledon preparation by playing in the grass-court event in Rosmalen, Rafter said: 'Perhaps I'll be able to turn things round in Holland. I can't get much flatter, I guess.' He looked so miserable that nobody had the heart to pick up on the subconscious humour.

Rafter raised his game and lifted

his spirits in the Netherlands sufficiently to enable him to advance to the fourth round at Wimbleton. He was beaten by Tim Henman, 6-3, 6-7, 6-3, 6-2 (few in Britain would have expected to sympathise with Rafter about that).

'It all started turning around after Queen's,' he says. 'It was just such an emotional time for me during Queen's. I was really struggling

with everything; I had a couple of doubles matches at Queen's. To get some more matches in was important. Then I went to Rosmalen, and then all of a sudden a big weight lifted off my shoulders for some reason. I felt really confident with what I was doing and at ease with myself, and ever since then I've been able to maintain that. At times you lose your way, but it's so important to get that back when you are going through the tough times. I think I was hitting the ball well all the time. It's just a matter of feeling mentally fresh.'

It was not, he emphasises, a case of the Dutch grass being greener. 'I somehow learned to take the pressure off and feel happy with myself and everything as soon as I got into Rosmalen. Grass has never been my ideal surface. And I definitely got outplayed at Wimbledon anyway.'

Whatever the reason, the Queenslander has made lively progress from Queen's, West Kensington, to Queen's, New York, winning titles in Toronto and Cincinnati, where he defeated Pete Sampras in the final.

Sampras, while not following McEnroe's line on Rafter, made the observation during the Stella Artois tournament that: 'When you win a Grand Slam you're a marked man'. The American has been a target ever since 1990, when, aged 19, he became the youngest winner of the United States men's singles title. The following year he actually expressed relief: 'it's like a monkey off my back' - after losing to Jim Courier. Since then Sampras has become a veritable zoo, and is only one Grand Slam title short of matching Roy Emerson's record of 12.

Reminded of Sampras's words, Rafter says: 'At times it has been tough dealing with a lot of extra things on the side other than tennis. But I don't think I will ever say it is a burden, because winning a Grand Slam was always a big dream of mine, and it has happened. It is always a very difficult challenge to win

one. That is why you have to take your hat off for somebody like Pete, who has done it so many times.'

Rafter, the No 3 seed, has proved

himself capable of coping with the heat, noise and bustle of the US Open, and the least he expects from Flushing Meadow is an even bounce. 'The biggest reason I like hardcourt,' he says, 'is because it's a surface I can move well on, and when I move well, I play well. I get a lot of kick on the serve, and it gets me in a good position for my first volley. They're my biggest strengths, and when they're working, everything else falls into place. Hardcourt is by far my best surface.'

While the elements which make Rafter such a compelling player appear to be falling into place, he is determined to contain his enthusiasm. 'I'm not really excited or anything,' he says. 'It is another great occasion. I am playing well, but it is important that I don't get too excited to be at the event, because I think it can work against you. I think it is important to keep level-headed going into a Grand Slam, and not be overly confident.'

Results, Digest, page 23

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Perils of calling the pitch

PUTTING THE other side into bat is often a dangerous occupation. Alec Stewart had the world on his back when he put South Africa in at the start of the recent fourth Test match at Trent Bridge.

Arjuna Ranatunga also raised a massive collection of eyebrows when he asked England to bat first at the Oval.

At Trent Bridge, the pitch had a distinctly green tinge which proved deceptive, and Stewart was roundly condemned for surrendering an important advantage to his opponents.

By the time the match had finished, and England had won by eight wickets with a bit of help from the umpires, many people had "reconsidered".

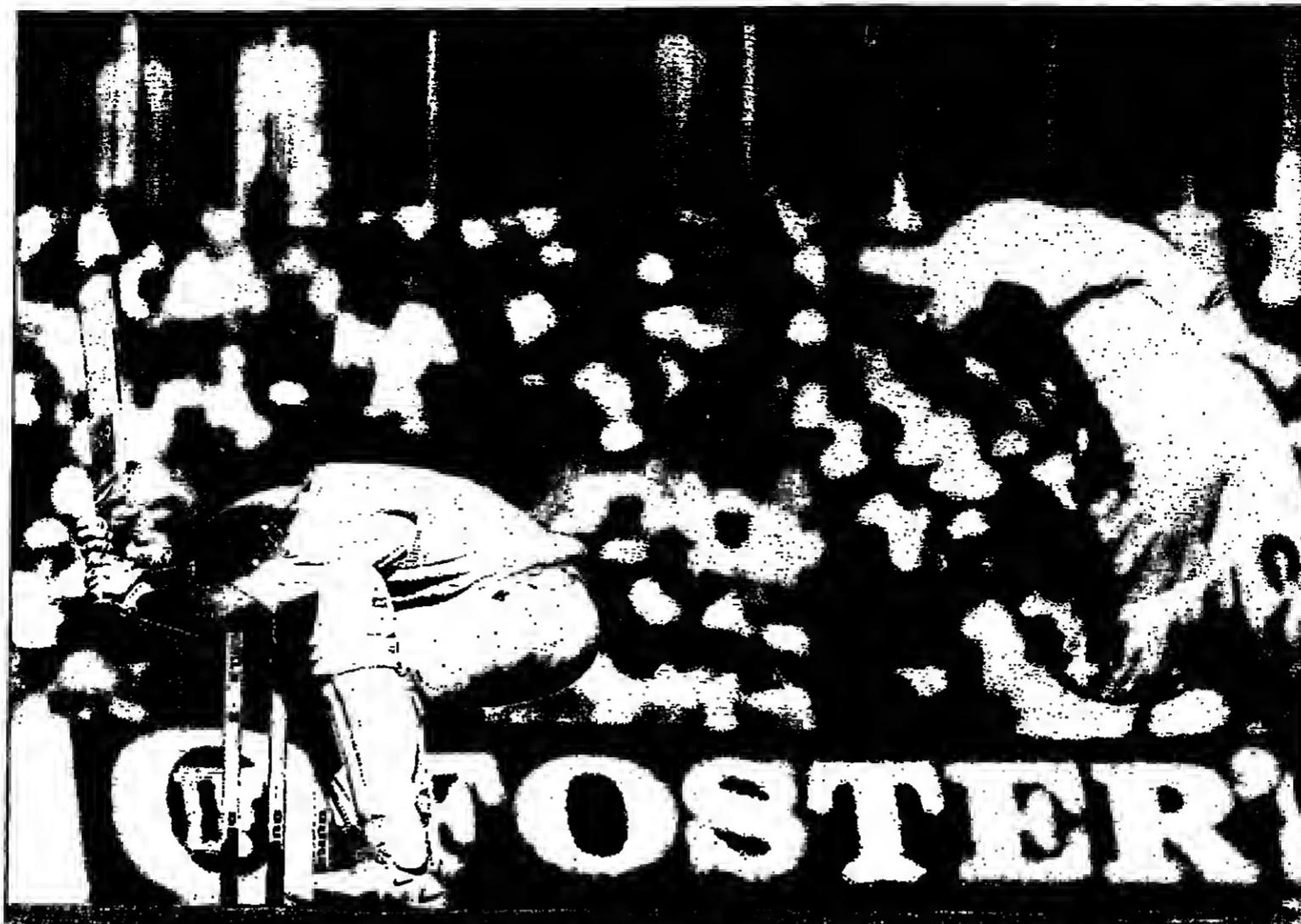
Of course, when Stewart made his decision, his opposite number Hansie Cronje, let it be known that he would have bat himself had he won the toss. Good psychological stuff, and we shall never know if he was telling the truth. When South African wickets refused to fall in bulk on the first day, Stewart was accused of putting them in because of what he feared Allan Donald and Shaun Pollock might have done to England's batting.

**HENRY BLOFELD
AT THE OVAL**

Ranatunga may have misread the Oval pitch on Tuesday morning; it was greener than it had been the day before. The Sri Lankan captain may have allowed himself to become obsessed with the thought that the groundsmen would have been instructed not to produce a pitch which would suit Sri Lanka's main strength, their spin bowling. Perhaps he momentarily lost his objectivity.

Ranatunga may also have been apprehensive of the way in which the England seam bowlers would have used the conditions. But, perhaps, many of these decisions are based on no more than a hunch; a feeling that this is the day to do it.

It was not a bowling morning at the Oval but Ranatunga's reputation as a captain is considerable, and he will probably keep his own counsel when asked why he did it. When England were 81 for 3, it did not look like a bad decision either.



Graeme Hick of England avoids a short delivery from Sri Lanka's Pramodya Wickremasinghe at The Oval yesterday David Ashdown

Leicestershire thrive without Lewis Test fate lies with spinners

BY JON CULLEY
at Worksop

Nottinghamshire G1
Leicestershire 45-5

LEICESTERSHIRE, WHO need to win this match to retain a realistic chance of catching Surrey in the race for the Britannic Assurance title, continued their dismantling of hapless Nottinghamshire despite ructions off the field.

The club confirmed yester-

day that the vice-captain Chris Lewis had been dropped, along with his team-mate David Millis, as a result of their late arrival for a pre-match training session on Tuesday.

In a statement issued 24 hours after the chairman, Roger Goadby, had denied any disciplinary action against the two players, Nottinghamshire said both players had arrived "a few minutes late without an acceptable excuse."

Lewis was again missing from the Central Avenue ground yesterday but the club denied that he was absent without permission.

None of this seemed to be of any concern to those Leicestershire players who were present yesterday, most notably Ben Smith and Phil Simmons, whose huge partnership for the fifth wicket put their side in total dominance. When Simmons reached 150, Leicestershire were 342 for 4, with Smith

also unbeaten on 142 and their lead had stretched to 261.

The tumble of 11 wickets in 37.3 overs on Wednesday had prompted a visit to Worksop by Harry Brind, the England and Wales Cricket Board pitches consultant, but the surface was pronounced satisfactory and Nottinghamshire's dismissal for 61 blamed on atmospheric conditions as well as poor batting.

Yesterday the surface was more in keeping with the batsmen's parades of Worksop tra-

dition as Nottinghamshire were made to toil. The all-rounder Vince Wells and the night-watchman Matthew Brimson departed in the first four overs but thereafter the only wicket to fall was that of Ian Stuttiford, beaten in the fight by Paul Strang's leg spin. Then Smith, whose 193-ball hundred contained 18 fours, and Simmons, who reached three figures in 128 deliveries with a six and 17 fours, helped themselves against some indifferent bowling.

From this, one can see that there are many reasons which

can play a part in persuading a captain to put the other side in. But they are all a matter of opinion and highly debatable, which explains why, at this level of the game, it is a ploy which is unreliable and not often used.

At Trent Bridge, Stewart

had the luck – or maybe the foresight – to get it right. After one day at the Oval it does not look as if Ranatunga has. But the whole process of putting the other side in is one of the more absorbing imponderables of the game.

With timing never straight-

forward, Slater had to temper his normal game and he worked hard to achieve the right balance. But his ability to deal severely with the half-volley or anything similar enabled him to make only his second Championship half-century of the season from a mere 67 balls, with eight fours.

He must have been planning to go on to greater things when he went across his stumps to play through mid-wicket and was palpably lbw. He thus became a notable first scalp for Marc Symington, an 18-year-old Tyneside-born all-rounder who

show a degree of patience.

Symington emerged with three wickets, and on this evidence there will be many more.

Showing no signs of nerves he found a full length immediately with his brisk medium pace and, by getting close to the stumps, made the most of his ability to move the ball away from the bat.

His accuracy was typical of Durham's overall efforts. In 70 overs they bowled not one no-ball or wide. Hands up any other county side who can match that nowadays. On this pitch, their accuracy preyed on Derbyshire's batsmen and, one by one, they succumbed.

Some, like Matt Cassar and Karl Krikken, were betrayed by lack of footwork. Others, like Kim Barnett and Ben Spendlove, chased wide ones. Not until Derbyshire were 92 for 6 did the left-handed Ian Blackwell bring some selectivity to the proceedings. His 57 was a career-best innings, but even he spoilt his big day by smearing across the line against Nick Phillips and paying the usual price.

The former England fast bowler Paul Jarvis, says he is looking forward to a fresh challenge, having left Sussex after five years. The 33-year-old, who spent 12 years at Yorkshire before moving to Hove in 1994, believes he has at least two years left at the top level.

Essex mount bold fightback

ESSEX HIT back gallantly after being mauled by Darren Lehmann, the Australian left-hander, on the second day of the Britannic Assurance County Championship game at Scarborough. Even so, Yorkshire were able to claim a first-innings lead of 114 after being bowled out in 88.2 overs.

Leading Essex's fightback was the all-rounder Ronnie Irani, who finished with five for 53, as Barry Hyam, the wicket-keeper, took six catches.

However, Lehmann had punished their attack in the morning session by hitting a six and 18 fours from 97 balls. He was just one run short of a marvellous century before lunch when he appeared to lose sight of a full toss from Danny Law and was bowled. Michael Vaughan had contributed just 39 runs to a stand of 155 in 30 overs with the Australian.

The home side was 203 for 3 at lunch, already three runs ahead thanks to Lehmann's push, but lost their way somewhat after the interval. However, James Middlebrook hit a bright 20, an innings entirely made up of boundaries, and Richard Blakely prevented a more dramatic collapse with his third half-century of the campaign. Blakely hit six fours from 35 balls in reaching 50 but then became Hyam's sixth victim when he edged Irani and departed for 51.

The Yorkshire all-rounder

Gavin Hamilton, who chalked up new career-best bowling

Alleyne beds in after Russell's raid

BY DEREK HODGSON
at Bristol

Gloucestershire v Somerset

IF SOMERSET could put a spoke in their neighbours' wheel in a year in which Gloucestershire are riding for a Championship, they would raise a few glasses in Taunton. Peter Bowler, seeing that the pitch had been used for Tuesday's day-night match and knowing of the Gloucestershire reputation for erratic batting, played on nerves and sent them in first on a glorious Summer morning.

Nerves? The nearer Gloucestershire get to the line, the steeler is their play. After this match they are home to Northamptonshire and away to Middlesex and Nottinghamshire, not the stiffest of finishes. The permanent would be a proper celebration of W.G. Grace's 150th anniversary.

If Gloucestershire were surprised at being asked to bat, they

were confounded when Andy Caddick's first ball took the edge of Rob Culliffe's bat for Rob Turner to take the catch at first slip's feet. They riposted by sending in Jack Russell at No 3. For half an hour he played and missed at an increasingly frustrated Caddick. Tim Hancock loosed two cover drives, and another through mid-on, that Culliffe and Gloucestershire had reached a healthy 65 before Caddick ended Russell's impudence with a yorker following him

past the mark soon after tea by which time Somerset were showing signs of running out of steam and inspiration. They had sorely missed Mushtaq. Alleyne was 27 short of his 1,000 when he did offer a chance to long-off, driving at Pierson, where a sharp, nimble man than van Troost might have dived for the catch. The selectors should also note Alleyne has 23 wickets at an average of 29 and has taken 16 slip catches, mostly of Courtney Walsh.

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Mark Alleyne was mostly content to watch Hancock as Bowler rotated his attack, the break coming immediately after lunch. Andre van Troost, in his latest manifestation, takes a shorter run and bowls straighter. He may be less entertaining but Hancock will testify to his efficacy, despatched by a thunderbolt.

Matt Windows passed his 1,000 runs for the season before being deceived by Adrian Pierson, his captain following him

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Quirky Circle may round on her detractors

By CHRIS CORRIGAN

QUIRKY OR not quirky. That is just one puzzle to trouble punters in Goodwood's main race, the televised Prestige Stakes, today. Circle Of Gold, likely to be the strong favourite, has had her attitude put in doubt by racing's form guru Tineform.

Tineform's Black Book comments favourably on the filly's win at Newbury a fortnight ago, but added that she was "again looking a bit quirky". The organisation came to this conclusion after she deviated from a straight line in the closing stages - something they say she also did on her debut, noting that she tended to "carry her head high" and edged right.

John Reid has ridden Circle Of Gold in both her races and in the saddle again this afternoon. Is she quirky? "Not true," Reid retorted last night. "She is genuine. She's perfectly well behaved."

Circle Of Gold, trained by

Peter Chapple-Hyam, was an expensive failure on her racecourse debut at Ascot five weeks ago. Backed into 8-1 on the strength of reports of home gallops at Manston, she was caught close home by Cape Grace and beaten a short-head.

Circle Of Gold was again a heavily-backed odds-on shot when reappearing at Newbury.

RICHARD EDMONDSON
Nap: Charming Girl
(Goodwood 3.10)
NB: Bayleaf
(Newmarket 3.30)

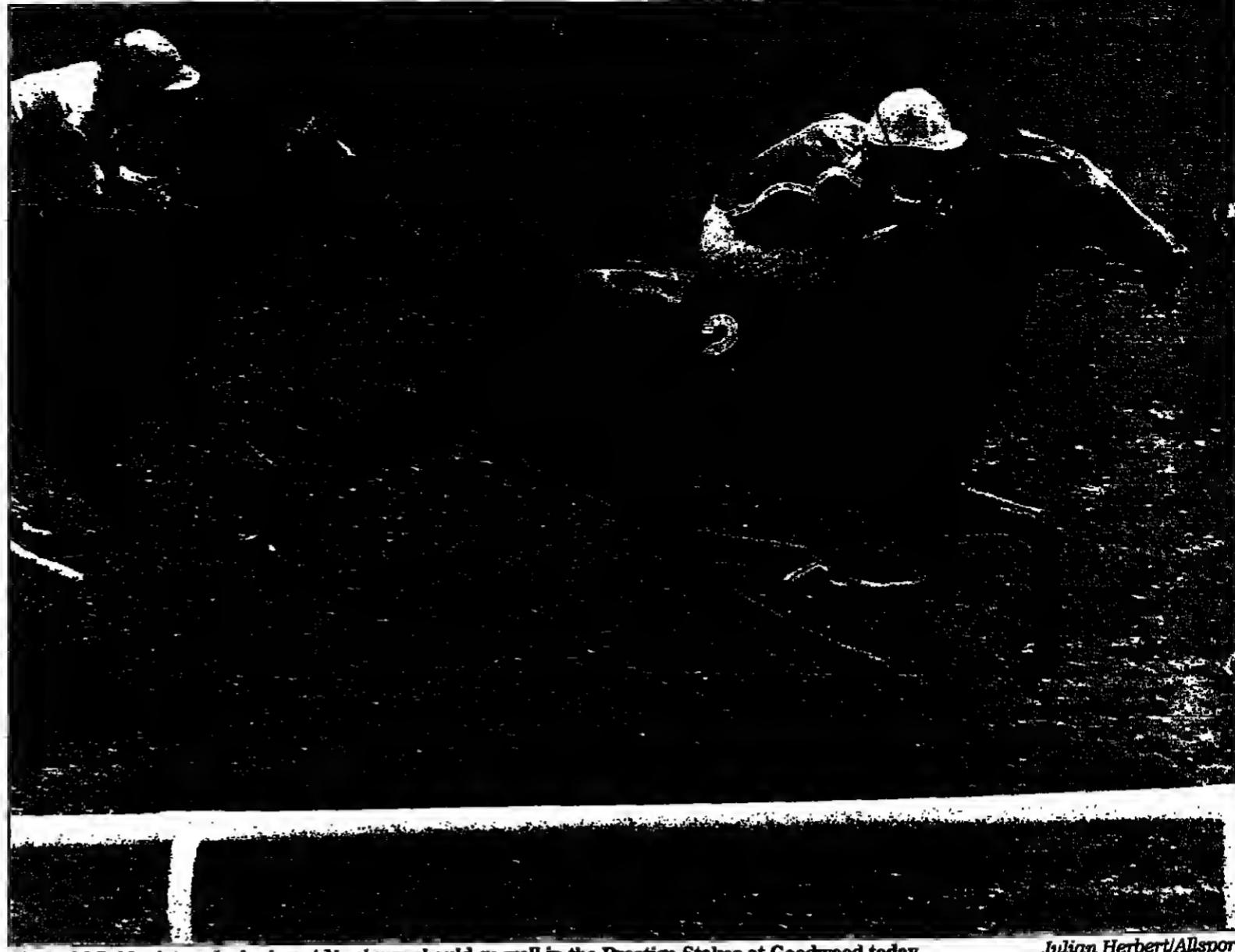
That time she won easily. Reid sounded confident last night of adding another victory at Goodwood today. "She must have a great chance," he said. "She needed her first run but did everything right at Newbury last time. I like her a lot."

Chapple-Hyam saddles another contender in the same contest - Kiss Me Goodnight.

This filly, to be ridden by Robert Haylin, won a minor event at Chepstow on her debut at the start of July. Reid dismissed any idea that she is in the field to ensure a strong gallop for her stablemate. "The form of that Chepstow race is actually pretty good and Kiss Me Goodnight will be running on her own merits. She's good, but I think my filly is better."

At this Goodwood meeting a year ago Pat Eddery rode a double. But his name - along with those of British racing's other top jockeys - Frankie Dettori and Kieren Fallon - will continue to be missing from racecards today and tomorrow.

Eddy will be pottering about on his farm, while Dettori pursues PR work in London. Fallon is said to be making a trip to Co Clare to see a hurling match. All three picked up bags at York last week, can ride on Sunday, but resume their suspensions on Monday.



Circle Of Gold, pictured winning at Newbury, should go well in the Prestige Stakes at Goodwood today

Julian Herbert/Allsport

GOODWOOD

2.10 CLASSIC MANOEUVRE 3.40 Roger Ross
2.40 CITY GAMBLER (nap) 4.15 Compton Arkla
3.10 Hasty Words 4.45 Maple (nb)

GONG: Good to Firm (watering). Penultimate reading: 8.0
STALLS: Straight course - stands side; round course - inside.
DRAW ADVANTAGE: None.

■ Right-hand course with sharp bends and gradients. Suitable for the well-balanced, athletic horses.

COURT: 1st N of Chichester between 2008 and 2005. Chichester station 4m. ADMIS: 2200m. Penultimate Enclosure £6. Gated Enclosure £3. Public Enclosure £3. (overheads £3). Accompanied under 75% free of enclosure. CAR PARK: £2, or less, the car park.

LEADING TRAINERS: R. Hanson 36-357 (101), P. Colle 22-182 (211), J. Gosden 20-174 (100), S. Waller 18-103 (104), C. Hargan 10-103 (95), P. Mullins 10-103 (95), J. Weaver 7-76 (44%), J. Quaken 11-103 (104%), R. Hughes 10-103 (95%), Paul Eddery 10-101 (82%), T. Sprake 6-79 (79%).

FAVOURITES: 236-683 (341%).
LONG DISTANCE RUNNERS: Tintoretto (27) has been sent 285 miles.
BUNKERED FIRST TIME: Classic Manoeuvre (veteran), 2nd, Stint (veteran), 2.03.

2.10 SOUTHERNPINT MEDIAN AUCTION MAIDEN STAKES (CLASS D) £5,000 added 3YO 1m 4f Penalty Value £3,297

1 0-333 CLASSIC MANOEUVRE (USA) (P) 4.10 Roger Ross
2 0-302 CITY GAMBLER (nap) 4.15 Compton Arkla
3 0-302 Hasty Words 4.45 Maple (nb)

GONG: Good to Firm (watering). Penultimate reading: 8.0
STALLS: Straight course - stands side; round course - inside.
DRAW ADVANTAGE: None.

■ Right-hand course with sharp bends and gradients. Suitable for the well-balanced, athletic horses.

COURT: 1st N of Chichester between 2008 and 2005. Chichester station 4m. ADMIS: 2200m. Penultimate Enclosure £6. Gated Enclosure £3. Public Enclosure £3. (overheads £3). Accompanied under 75% free of enclosure. CAR PARK: £2, or less, the car park.

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FAVOURITES: 236-683 (341%).
LONG DISTANCE RUNNERS: Tintoretto (27) has been sent 285 miles.
BUNKERED FIRST TIME: Classic Manoeuvre (veteran), 2nd, Stint (veteran), 2.03.

2.10 CAFFRIES IRISH ALE HANOCAP (CLASS C) £10,000 added 1m 4f Penalty Value £7,449 BBC2

1 0-336 MOON COLONY (12) (P) Mrs Beta Learned Lady Hentes 5.0... R Hughes 8.0...
2 0-268 PARISIAN STAR (27) (P) Misses Holdings Ltd 3.6... J Field 4.0...
3 0-302 BRAVE HORSE (12) (Gardenside Stud Management & Drury) 3.9 S Whitbread 3.9...
4 0-268 MASAMADAM (19) (P) Mr & Mrs John Hanson 8.0... R Hughes 8.0...
5 0-600 TINTORETTO (19) (P) 4.0... R Hughes 8.0...
6 0-302 LADY WINDERMERE (19) (P) Mrs M. & Mrs S. Whitbread 8.0...
7 0-302 SWEET (7) (P) Mrs John Alcock 8.0...
8 0-302 LEAPS CROWN (USA) (Abduel) Mrs A. Penfold 8.0...
9 0-302 RELIABLY WON (7) (P) Mrs S. Whitbread 8.0...
10 0-433 SEAFAT (7) (P) Mrs John Alcock 8.0...
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Hanley tempted by Saints

RUGBY LEAGUE

BY DAVE HADFIELD

THE GAME was right to be sceptical about St Helens' decision last week that they had lined up Ellery Hanley as their new coach, because the club will today announce the arrival of the former Great Britain captain and coach on a two-year contract.

Hanley has never coached at club level, but such is his standing in the game that he counts as a major capture for Saints, who have been looking for a new coach ever since deciding that they were not renewing Shaun McTee's deal next year.

Although they have made contact with other coaches, like Shefford's John Kear and the Cronulla boss, John Lang, they have been talking to Hanley and his advisers for some weeks.

Hanley's pedigree as a player is beyond compare, both Wigan and Leeds having broken the world transfer record to acquire his services during his career. After a brief tenure as Great Britain and England coach, he ended his playing days by signing for the Australian Rugby League during the war with Super League in 1995 and joining Balmain, one of the Australian sides he had previously turned out for on a short-term contract.

Now 37, Hanley is an eager student of the game who will

have revised his coaching ideas by observation in Australia over the last three years. He has always been the epitome of meticulous preparation and consistency, and it is those qualities that Saints hope his arrival will add to their traditional flair.

He does not have the easiest of acts to follow. Under McTee, Saints have experienced their most productive period of recent years, winning two Challenge Cups and the inaugural Super League championship. They are currently fourth in Super League and Hanley is expected to watch them for the first time against Halifax on Sunday.

Hanley is the second figure who can fairly be called a legend of the British game to return home this week, following Malcolm Reilly's appointment as Huddersfield's next coach.

The Wigan captain, Andy Farrell, will be the only Super League ever-present after this weekend. He is already the only player to have made the starting line-up for all 62 rounds since Super League was launched in 1996. Farrell's Wigan team-mate, Mick Cassidy, and the Sheffield Eagles captain, Paul Broadbent, have also played every match, including substitute appearances.

But Cassidy misses Wigan's game at Huddersfield on Sunday through suspension and Broadbent is out of the Eagles' match at Leeds tomorrow night with a torn calf.

Montgomery, Europe's No 1 golfer for the past five years, is



England's Justin Rose on his way to a two-under-par 70 during yesterday's first round of the BMW International Open

Allsport

More woe for Montgomerie

GOLF

COLIN MONTGOMERIE admitted he had lost all confidence after shooting a level par 72 in the first round of the BMW International Open in Munich.

Level par may sound reasonable but it left a depressed Montgomerie eight shots behind the leader, Thomas Bjorn, and in great danger of missing the half-way cut for the third time in five tournaments.

Montgomerie, Europe's No 1 golfer for the past five years, is

currently going through the worst slump of his professional career and said after his four-birdie, four-bogey round: "I'm not confident in anything I'm doing. I might miss the cut again and that would be the second running I must try to avoid that."

The burly Scot's nightmare began when he missed the cut at the Open championship at Royal Birkdale six weeks ago and since then he has finished joint 16th in the Scandinavian Masters, joint 44th in the

USPGA Championship and last week missed the cut at the European Open in Dublin.

A grim-faced Montgomerie three-putted both the 16th and 17th holes yesterday and those two dropped shots might prove fatal today. Last year the cut in this event was made at five under par, which means that the Scot might need to shoot 67 or better in his second round to qualify for the last two rounds.

In contrast to Montgomerie, Bjorn, a member of Europe's winning Ryder Cup team last

year is full of confidence. The 27-year-old Dane has already won two European Tour events this year; the Heineken Classic in Australia in February and the Spanish Open in April.

Yesterday he dropped a shot at the second hole but then bounced back so well that he had nine birdies in his last 16 holes. Next week at the Canon European Masters in Switzerland, the Ryder Cup points begin for the 1999 match in America, but Bjorn was not worried that he might be peak-

ing one week early. "There are many big tournaments to come before the Ryder Cup next year," he said, "and I know that if I keep playing the way I am I shall make the team again."

At the moment his target is to finish top of the Order of Merit this year. He is currently fourth, some £200,000 behind Lee Westwood, but if he were to win the first prize of £141,660 this week he would close the gap considerably.

Scores, Digest, page 23

Soggy Spa a test of skills

MOTOR RACING

BY DERICK ALLSOP
in Spa-Francorchamps

ONE MOMENT the sun lit up motor racing's most spectacular scene, the next the rain lashed over it and sent the early arrivals scurrying for cover. Michael Schumacher's beaming countenance confirmed his approval.

Schumacher's spiritual racing home and at its most capricious, is more comforting still. No-one is better equipped to improvise and capitalise when the best-laid plans go out of the window; hence his advance to within seven points of Mika Hakkinen at the top of the world championship.

Schumacher made a crucial strike with victory in Hungary; 12 days ago, as Hakkinen toiled to bring in his McLaren Mercedes sixth. Now the Ferrari driver believes: "There is reason we can't perform to another victory here."

Such an outcome in Sunday's Belgian Grand Prix would be par for the course. Schumacher made his debut at the 1991 race here and qualified a remarkable seventh. A year later he returned to claim his maiden win. He was second in 1993 and has been first across the line every year since, although he was disqualified in 1994 because his Benetton was deemed illegal.

His family home is at Kerpen, just over the border in Germany, and he can expect the usual invasion from his fan club, as well as his nearest and dearest, this weekend.

He said: "History shows this is always a special place for me and I love to come back. A lot of people come from Germany to support me, so it is like a third home race for me. I love the circuit, it is really challenging and always good for me. Over the years I have had a lot of luck and fantastic races, and things come together."

This is Ferrari's 600th world championship race and, although Schumacher seemed under the impression the anniversary was due at Monza, next time out, he added: "It would be nice to get a good result for the 600th. I don't know if that means more pressure or motivation."

The tone and expression suggested motivation. The pressure just might be on the shoulders of Hakkinen. The Finn said: "There is always pressure, but the important thing is to maintain my form and get the maximum result."

Racing here is hugely dependent on a driver's ability to contend with the changing conditions. Damon Hill, fourth in Hungary, said: "We all have our weather forecasters but no-one seems to know what the weather is going to do here. I think we'll use seaweed. I've been coming here since 1986, and it has rained every year."

Hill wants to stay with Jordan next season, but team-mate Ralf Schumacher appears intent on joining Williams.

TODAY'S NUMBER

1,999

The number of races that the former European marathon champion, Ron Hill, will have competed in when he races in Tallin, Estonia, on Sunday.

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THIRSK

HYPERTON

2.20 Dahshah 2.50 Smokin 3.20 Virtual Reality 3.55 Campaspe 4.25 Piggy Bank 4.55 Antonia's Choice

GOING: Good to firm. Stable course - a slight incline round course - Inside. Ditches. Admitted: 20 for 51 and 60. Easiest hard course, but quite sharp.

■ Course is W on A67. Thirsk station 1m. ADMISSION: Club £12; Interallies £3; OAPs 50p; Family Enclosure £3; OAPs £1.50. Accommodation under roofed canopy. Refreshments available. Refreshments available. Refreshments available.

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Flux on the Tyne: Keegan's pragmatic successor failed to win Newcastle United's hearts with a team of roundheads

Cavalier club sent to sleep by Dalglish

BY GUY HODGSON

AN FA CUP tie had been won and the train was full of Newcastle United supporters ready with success and ready to give vent to mischievous irony. "We are boring, we are boring," they sang. "Dalglish is our king."

Fast forward two months to last April and the St James' Park souvenir shop was awash with people buying hijack and white trinkets to take with them

to Wembley. It was Newcastle's first appearance in an FA Cup final since 1974 and the town was throbbing with anticipation.

It was what? No excitement swirled round the banks of the Tyne, just a sense of foreboding.

"Kenny Dalglish will send the country to sleep," a man clutching a bag containing a replica shirt said. "The only way we can beat Arsenal is by boring them to death." He was wrong on both counts but only

because Newcastle succumbed so meekly it was one of the most one-sided finals in years.

Dalglish had put an unsmiling and unloved face on a club that had been the domain of the laughing cavalier, Kevin Keegan. The fans never took to the man who attempted to reach out to them frequently but never addressed their hearts.

It was apparent almost as soon as Dalglish took over from Keegan in January 1997. Kevin the Messiah had one flaw, it was said, in that his team of a thousand glorious charges could not defend. Dalglish, the argument went, would add steel to the side and that ingredient would bring the championship to Newcastle for the first time since 1927.

David Ginola, the embodiment of Keegan's devil-may-care style, was soon a victim to the new pragmatism but, although Dalglish guided Newcastle into second place in the Premiership and the Champions' League, the antipathy towards the new style was overwhelming.

It was summed up with a cameo played out within two months of the new regime's creation. A Newcastle supporter fed up with an initially downbeat performance at Anfield, walked along the touchline and threw his replica shirt at Dalglish. There you had it, a manager at odds with his supporters.

Even reaching the FA Cup final could not widen a bond that was never wider than a piece of string. In the first match this season Newcastle were booted off the field after a goalless draw against Charlton by supporters not wishing to give £13m worth of summer signings a chance to blend. It was then that the penny dropped at board level, Dalglish had to go.

The difference between Dalglish's experience at his two previous clubs was profound. At Liverpool and Blackburn Rovers he had been adored, and there was disappointment when a man who is a complex cocktail of brilliance, stubborn determination and shyness chose to leave both Anfield and Ewood Park.

At Liverpool he took over in 1985 on the very night that the club suffered the first of two



Pointing the wrong way: Dalglish shows his frustration during the goalless draw against Charlton North News

tragedies, Heysel, and was still there four years later when the Hillsborough disaster claimed 96 lives. It is arguable that only someone of Dalglish's resolute self-confidence could have reacted so well - dignified and articulate - when the city of Liverpool was in urgent need of some-

one to look up to for leadership. Dalglish did suffer a delayed reaction but it was after the crisis subsided that he faltered his own emotions and suddenly, unexpectedly, retired. Liverpool had won three championships under his management, but he said his family life was more important than glory, particularly

when it had been so often tarnished with tragedy. It was with some surprise that he returned to the sport within eight months with Blackburn, and armed with Jack Walker's money, Dalglish took the team out of the Second Division and to the championship in 1995.

Arguably that achievement was even greater than those at Anfield where he was handed a rich inheritance, but the attraction again proved fleeting and he retired in stages, first to become director of football and then altogether. Kenny was fine when the going was good, were the rumours, but a taxi had its engine running outside if it ever threatened to deteriorate.

Maybe it was that questioning of his reputation that encouraged Dalglish to erect physical walls but, when the already-imposing barricades got to St James' Park, they became

unbreachable. Friends testify to his humour and generosity but few outside his inner circle at Newcastle saw it, and so was neither loved nor admired.

"My only question is the timing," John Regan, of Newcastle's independent supporters club, said yesterday. "Kenny Dalglish should have been sacked at the end of last season, so the new manager could have a full summer to bring in the players wanted." Some epitaph for someone who got Newcastle into the Champions' League and Cup-Winners' Cup in successive seasons.

Perhaps no one could have successfully followed Keegan, who was more than a manager. He brought a promise of fulfilled promises but, when the already-imposing barricades got to St James' Park, they became

Black and white saw red in the negatives



KEN JONES

WHEN KENNY DALGLISH first began to feel the strain of managing Liverpool, it was suggested that he could have consulted no better man than Jack Stein whose untimely death a few years earlier was an enormous loss to football. "Pity the big man isn't still around," I said to Dalglish one day in John Hollins' office at Chelsea. "You're right," he replied.

It was pretty obvious by then that Dalglish needed to understand more about the process of dealing with players and develop some of the slyness he came to respect in Stein when playing for him at Celtic. At the peak of powers that established Celtic as one of Europe's leading clubs, Stein did not miss a trick, the values bred in him in the Lanarkshire coalfield central to the affection in which he was held by supporters.

Conversely, the announcement yesterday that Dalglish had been relieved of his duties by Newcastle United caused no heartache on Tyneside. Never mind that Dalglish ranks as one of the best British footballers and his success in management at Liverpool and Blackburn, the majority were glad to see him go, wearied not so much by comparative failure of the field but an uninspiring method.

Coming immediately after the excitement Kevin Keegan generated with high-risk football, Dalglish could only succeed if his promotion of the work ethic satisfied a craving for trophies. At another club, one less passionately supported and not wedded to the tiresome presumption of stumbling greatness, Dalglish might have been given more time, but last season's difficulties went against him.

It was bad enough when Newcastle were drawn into a childish FA Cup squabble by non-League Stevenage Borough. But then came a struggle to avoid relegation and the negative strategy Dalglish employed in an unsuccessful attempt to contain Arsenal in the final.

A report earlier this week that Dalglish had it in mind to renew an alliance with the Queen's Park Rangers manager Ray Harford, his assistant at Blackburn, hinted at the sort of management he favours.

When promoted to player-manager by Liverpool, continuing the Anfield dynasty, Dalglish was required to do little more than keep his foot on the accelerator. It was when the team began to break up and replacements became more difficult to find that questions were first asked about Dalglish's long-term future.

There is no question at all that Dalglish was deeply affected by the Hillsborough disaster but it did not entirely explain his decision to leave Liverpool. Shortly before making the announcement Dalglish stood forlornly alongside the dug-out at Anfield watching his team make the collective errors that were an affront to the principles he cherished.

Even when Dalglish's zest for the game appeared to have been renewed at Blackburn there was always a suspicion that he found management a poor substitute for playing. After winning a championship with Harford's assistance, he elected to become a director of football.

Friends testify to Dalglish's encyclopedic knowledge of footballers throughout Europe, his eye for talent and the soundness of his playing principles. That these things have not worked for him at Newcastle suggests that we have seen the last of him in management.

The revelation that Dalglish resigned on 18 September makes his relaxed and uncharacteristically talkative demeanour following Newcastle's 1-1 draw at Chelsea last week significant. Perhaps it was in his mind that Ruud Gullit will find life a lot more difficult on Tyneside than in west London. No disappearing for three days at a time. No hiding place. Newcastle's new manager will be the focus of attention, and he had better come up to expectations.

DALGLISH'S 'DISASTER' DEALS

BOUGHT

Des Hamilton (Bradford City) £1.5m. Supposedly the next big thing, but Hamilton had just seven league starts last year. Now he is down to £1.2m.

Jon Dahl Tomasson (Hibernian) £2.5m. Four goals in 35 matches is a poor return by any striker's standards, but even worse given that Dalglish used the Dutchman as the main man while Shearer was out.

Ian Rush (Leeds) Free. Dalglish's former strike partner at Liverpool, every body except the press seems to know that he is one of the top level-two goals in 14 games proved the point.

Andreas Andersson (Milan) £3.6m. Another striker who seems to suffer a nosebleed in every goal. Last Saturday's equaliser at Chievo may be his third in 17 games for the club.

Gary Sprake (Everton) £5.5m. Dalglish, in need of goals from midfield, paid over the moon for Sprake, but the keeper who has yet to produce his best form.

Stéphane Guivarc'h (Auxerre) £3.5m. Written off without yet having pulled on a Newcastle shirt in anger. His performance record is not impressive, but he has him marked out as another goal-shy forward in the recent Newcastle mould.

TOTAL BUYS: £36.1m.

SOLD

Lee Clark (Sunderland) £2.5m. The self-confessed Newcastle nut had his best season ever, but he is now down to £1.5m.

Paul Gascoigne (Hibernian) £1.2m. Gascoigne's transfer to Hibernian was to be a coup, but he has not even started to play.

Steve Archibald (Parma) £6.1m. The eccentric Columbian was always unlikely to be Dalglish's kind of player. The pair's last meeting was when Parma was wowing the Champions' League but quickly fell apart upon Newcastle's exit.

TOTAL SALES: £26.35m.

DALGLISH'S NEWCASTLE RECORD

1996-97 Premiership: Runners-up, FA Cup: Fourth round, UEFA Cup: Quarter-finalists.

1997-98 Premiership: 13th, FA Cup: Runners-up, Coca-Cola Cup: Quarter-finalists. Champions' League: Eliminated in Group stages.

DALGLISH FACT FILE	
CAREER	
1951 Born Glasgow, 4 March	1965 (Dad) Appointed as scout at Rangers
1966 Scottish schoolboy international	1966 (Dad) Appointed as coach at Rangers
1967 Joined Celtic as apprentice	1967 Assistant to Kevin Keegan as manager at Newcastle
1968 Signed as professional by Celtic	1968 Aug: Sacked as Newcastle manager
1971 Scottish youth international	
1972 Scored first goal for Scotland (v Denmark)	
1972 Award: Liverpool for £400,000	
1973 English Footballer of the Year	
1974 Scored first goal for Scotland (v Denmark)	
1975 Scored first goal for Scotland (v Denmark)	
1976 Scored first goal for Scotland (v Denmark)	
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HONOURS	
As player and player-manager European Cup Winner: 1976 1981 1984; Runner-up 1985, European Super Cup: 1984; Runner-up 1986, European Cup: 1974 1976 1977, European Cup Winners' Cup: 1973 1974 1975 1977, Scottish Cup: 1972 1974 1975 1977, Scottish League Cup: 1971 1972 1973 1974 1975 1976 1977, FA Cup: 1979 1980 1981 1982 1983 1985 1986 (player-manager); 1988 (player-manager); 1990 (player-manager); FA Cup: 1987 1988 1989 1990 1991 1992; Coca-Cola Cup: 1986 1987 1988 1989 1990 1991; UEFA Cup: 1981 1982 1983 1984; Scottish Cup: 1978 1979 1980 1981 1982 1983; Scottish Cup: 1984 1985 1986 1987 1988 1989; Scottish Cup: 1989 1990 1991 1992; Scottish Cup: 1993 1994 1995 1996; Scottish Cup: 1997 1998; Scottish Cup: 1999 2000; Scottish Cup: 2001 2002; Scottish Cup: 2003 2004; Scottish Cup: 2005 2006; Scottish Cup: 2007 2008; Scottish Cup: 2009 2010; Scottish Cup: 2011 2012; Scottish Cup: 2013 2014; Scottish Cup: 2015 2016; Scottish Cup: 2017 2018; Scottish Cup: 2019 2020; Scottish Cup: 2021 2022; Scottish Cup: 2023 2024; Scottish Cup: 2025 2026; Scottish Cup: 2027 2028; Scottish Cup: 2029 2030; Scottish Cup: 2031 2032; Scottish Cup: 2033 2034; Scottish Cup: 2035 2036; Scottish Cup: 2037 2038; Scottish Cup: 2039 2040; Scottish Cup: 2041 2042; Scottish Cup: 2043 2044; Scottish Cup: 2045 2046; Scottish Cup: 2047 2048; Scottish Cup: 2049 2050; Scottish Cup: 2051 2052; Scottish Cup: 2053 2054; Scottish Cup: 2055 2056; Scottish Cup: 2057 2058; Scottish Cup: 2059 2060; Scottish Cup: 2061 2062; Scottish Cup: 2063 2064; Scottish Cup: 2065 2066; Scottish Cup: 2067 2068; Scottish Cup: 2069 2070; Scottish Cup: 2071 2072; Scottish Cup: 2073 2074; Scottish Cup: 2075 2076; Scottish Cup: 2077 2078; Scottish Cup: 2079 2080; Scottish Cup: 2081 2082; Scottish Cup: 2083 2084; Scottish Cup: 2085 2086; Scottish Cup: 2087 2088; Scottish Cup: 2089 2090; Scottish Cup: 2091 2092; Scottish Cup: 2093 2094; Scottish Cup: 2095 2096; Scottish Cup: 2097 2098; Scottish Cup: 2099 20100; Scottish Cup: 20101 20102; Scottish Cup: 20103 20104; Scottish Cup: 20105 20106; Scottish Cup: 20107 20108; Scottish Cup: 20109 20110; Scottish Cup: 20111 20112; Scottish Cup: 20113 20114; Scottish Cup: 20115 20116; Scottish Cup: 20117 20118; Scottish Cup: 20119 20120; Scottish Cup: 20121 20122; Scottish Cup: 20123 20124; Scottish Cup: 20125 20126; Scottish Cup: 20127 20128; Scottish Cup: 20129 20130; Scottish Cup: 20131 20132; Scottish Cup: 20133 20134; Scottish Cup: 20135 20136; Scottish Cup: 20137 20138; Scottish Cup: 20139 20140; Scottish Cup: 20141 20142; Scottish Cup: 20143 20144; Scottish Cup: 20145 20146; Scottish Cup: 20147 20148; Scottish Cup: 20149 20150; Scottish Cup: 20151 20152; Scottish Cup: 20153 20154; Scottish Cup: 20155 20156; Scottish Cup: 20157 20158; Scottish Cup: 20159 20160; Scottish Cup: 20161 20162; Scottish Cup: 20163 20164; Scottish Cup: 20165 20166; Scottish Cup: 20167 20168; Scottish Cup: 20169 20170; Scottish Cup: 20171 20172; Scottish Cup: 20173 20174; Scottish Cup: 20175 20176; Scottish Cup: 20177 20178; Scottish Cup: 20179 20180; Scottish Cup: 20181 20182; Scottish Cup: 20183 20184; Scottish Cup: 20185 20186; Scottish Cup: 20187 20188; Scottish Cup: 20189 20190; Scottish Cup: 20191 20192; Scottish Cup: 20193 20194; Scottish Cup: 20195 20196; Scottish Cup: 20197 20198; Scottish Cup: 20199 20200; Scottish Cup: 20201 20202; Scottish Cup: 20203 20204; Scottish Cup: 20205 20206; Scottish Cup: 20207 20208; Scottish Cup: 20209	



SPORT

RAFTER'S MIND GAMES P18 • SAINTS TEMPT HANLEY P21



Gullit in charge at Newcastle

By SIMON TURNBULL

THE DREADLOCKED holiday is over for Ruud Gullit. Six months after being obliged to hit the managerial bullet at Stamford Bridge, Gullit returns to the cut-throat thrust of Premiership life when he steps through the main entrance at St James' Park this morning.

As the latest plot unfolded yesterday in the soap opera that is Newcastle United, the one-time Dutch master agreed to replace Kenny Dalglish in the management seat that became too hot for the Scotsman on Tyneside.

It was, it seems, a Ruud awakening for the departing Dalglish. Although Newcastle claimed he offered his resignation 10 days ago, he announced last night that he would be taking legal advice before making public his version of events.

Gullit met Newcastle directors in London yesterday morning and signed a two-year deal, believed to be worth £2m, with the option of a one-year extension. He will be formally unveiled at a St James' Park press conference this morning before preparing his inherited squad for the visit of Liverpool on Sunday.

Gullit was keeping his thoughts temporarily to himself last night, but his agent, Phil Smith, said: "He wants the opportunity to manage a club like Newcastle with their special fans and the special brand of football they like their team to play."

The absence of that special brand ultimately cost Dalglish his job, though, according to the announcement made to the Stock Exchange yesterday afternoon, he did not come first in the managerial sack race this season. Newcastle United plc claimed it had been "advised by Dalglish on 18 August that he had wished to resign as team manager as soon as possible, but not before a replacement was appointed."

Dalglish's response, however, suggested his interpretation of events may not be quite the same. "I have read the statement late this afternoon and I want to respond to it and give my side of the story," he said. "But I feel I need to take legal advice first and that will take time."

The statement issued by Newcastle also quoted the club's chairman, Freddie Shepherd, as saying: "In welcoming Ruud to Newcastle we believe we have the ideal person to succeed Kenny and continue the



Ruud Gullit, undaunted by his abrupt departure from Chelsea, has come back for another taste of the Premiership fray at St James' Park

Peter Jay

club's development. We have made clear our determination to take the club to the highest level and to play entertaining and attractive football in the process - an ambition shared by all our supporters."

Amid the confusion about the circumstances of Dalglish's departure, one certain factor was that he had paid the price for disillusioning those supporters. In guiding Newcastle to the FA Cup final in May and into the Champions' League last season, he actually took the Tyneside club to greater heights than any manager since Joe Harvey's team won the Fairs Cup in 1969 - the year man was not so much over the moon as upon it for the first time.

Dalglish, though, was obliged to topper from his perch for the acute case of parrot sickness he induced among the followers of the Magpies. Having grinded Keegan's beloved cavaliers into his own unloved roundheads (and avoided reprimand by just four points last season), it was clear he was living on borrowed time when the team he lavished £15m on in the summer were booted off St James' Park on the first day of the Premiership campaign.

It seemed then that Dalglish might have a season in which to win over the Toon Army's disgruntled footsoldiers - autumn - but he has failed to survive even the summer. His offer to resign came last Tuesday, three

days after the goal-less draw against a 10-man Charlton team at St James'

The fact that it was accepted, just one game into the season, was probably influenced not just by Dalglish's low rating in the Tyneside popularity stakes but by his strained relationship with Newcastle's chief executive, Freddie Fletcher, which reached breaking point a fortnight ago over claims and counter claims that Keith Gillespie's career might be ended by injury.

It was Dalglish who was licking wounds yesterday, though his injured professional pride might be eased by the £3m he stands to gain in compensation for the remainder of

his three-and-a-half year contract. There were few tears on Tyneside, in contrast to January last year at the mournful wake of Keegan's departure from St James' Park.

Though Ian from Gateshead rang to offer his sympathy on Radio Newcastle's morning phone-in show - "Kenny's main problem is he doesn't have a Yorkshire accent he doesn't have curly hair and he isn't called Kevin Keegan" - most callers were happy to see the back of the man who assumed Keegan's No 7 shirt at Liverpool with greater success than he enjoyed in his 19 months on Tyneside.

Calum, from Newcastle, spoke for the Toon Army majority when he said: "The FA Cup final was the straw. We played with no passion, no inventiveness."

And at Newcastle's training base yesterday, there was no Dalglish - no Kenny Dalglish, at any rate. He was conspicuously absent from the Riverside sports complex in Chester-le-Street as the 54-strong squad he built were put through their daily paces by Terry McDermott.

The players departed without passing public comment, though the assembled media throng would have given more than a penny for the thoughts of the young striker who has been making a name for himself in the reserve team recently. His name even appeared

in the Scotland Under-21 squad for the first time yesterday: Dalglish, Paul Dalglish.

It must have been a beguiling day at the office for the son of the erstwhile boss. While he was being called up for national service against the Under-21s of Lithuania in Vilnius on 4 September, his father was packing his bags at St James' Park.

Elsewhere on Tyneside, preparations were being made for the changing of the managerial guard at St James'. The printing press at Dixon Sports was busy stamping a new name on the back of Newcastle shirts.

GULLIT, it read - in black and white.

The Dalglish disaster, page 22

What they think on Tyneside

"Newcastle need somebody who understands the club and the people, and there aren't that many people around. After Ruud Gullit and Ron Atkinson, who else is there? Certainly nobody with experience." Malcolm Macdonald, the former Newcastle United striker.

"They want to get back to the old way which is attack, attack, attack, play football with style and entertain the paying customer."

The majority of Newcastle supporters were not particularly happy with the brand of football that the team were playing but I think most of them accepted that Kenny was trying to change it around.

Obviously the directors in their wisdom or not have decided: 'Well, we cannot condone this, we want to play a certain way, the Newcastle fan wants to be entertained' and consequently Kenny Dalglish has lost his job."

Mark Lawrence, former Newcastle defensive coach.

"A return to attractive, attacking football would go down well with the fans. People are prepared to sacrifice cavalier football to win things but Dalglish did not. I don't think he will be greatly missed."

Kevin Miles, chairman of the Newcastle United Independent Supporters' Association.

"I welcome Dalglish going, but the timing is absurd - it shows serious questions over the management of the club."

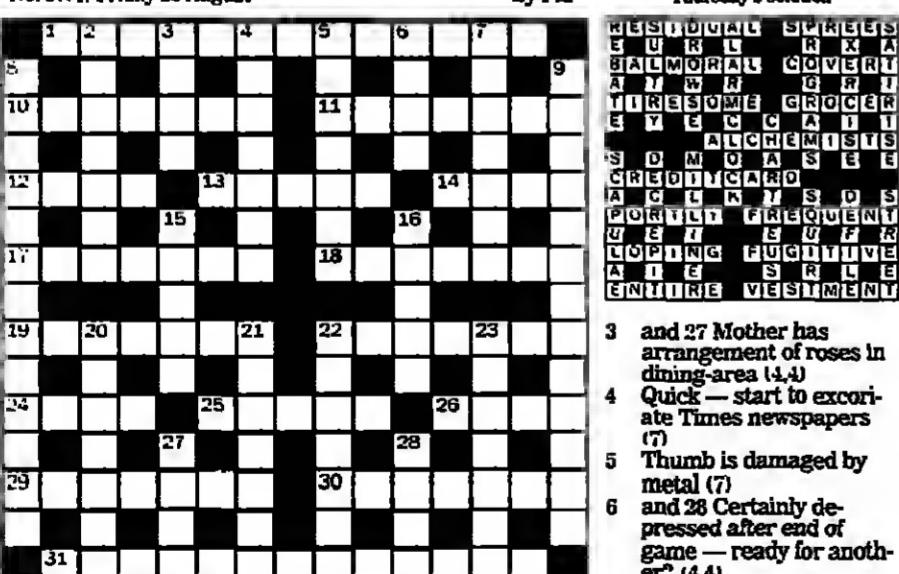
John Regan, vice-chairman of the Newcastle Independent Supporters' Association.

THE FRIDAY CROSSWORD

No. 3701, Friday 28 August

By Phi

Thursday's solution



Catch-22 for Hick's century

formance was equally perplexing for explaining little we did not already know. Although it would be glib to presume that anyone can score runs at will against a limited bowler attack without someone to intimidate and seriously test his mettle, his hundred, the fifth of his Test career, had all the bearing of the Euro, a currency so far without

deed the statistics of his 198-ball century tell of a patient innings, particularly as he only scored from 52 of them.

Although their styles contrast, Ramprakash also appeared more relaxed. More crouched than Hick, he deflected the spinners with great skill, keeping his wiles under wraps.

Only after Hick had reached his century did he try to cut loose, a decision he regretted after mowing Muralitharan straight to Mahela Jayawardena at square leg. It was about the first mistake either had made and it took the gloss off the seconding-out nerves exhibited by Atherton's replacement, Steve Jazee.

Up until the opening howler Pramodya Wickremasinghe went around the wicket to Mark Butcher in the seventh over, there were few alarms, despite the first mistake either had made and it took the gloss off the seconding-out nerves exhibited by Atherton's replacement, Steve Jazee.

In a short time Butcher has not only become a Test player but now looks the Phillip Stark of the order - his batting attractive, minimalist and clean. It was the same yesterday until Wickremasinghe changed his angle and got one to nudge off the pitch, a one off that Butcher promptly edged to Jayasuriya at second slip.

Butcher's departure appeared to settle James, who had begun sketchily. If he had been outclassed on his debut against South Africa at Lord's, he appeared determined to make the most of this surprise opportunity.

Punching his drives with a dominant bottom hand, the Glamorgan opener roused the capacity crowd with a controlled hook for four that fairly sped to the square-leg boundary. It was James's most assured shot as Muralitharan began to tease and taunt with looping off-breaks.

After lunch, when he and

Hick had added 62 for the second wicket, the tether broke and James drove a return catch back to the wily off-spinner, undone by his dominant right hand, a dismissal which owed more to sloppiness than to any guile on the part of the bowler.

Grateful for the mistake, Sri Lanka were moved to joy in the next over when Alec Stewart edged to slip for two, his first Test score under 10 in a year. Captaining his first Test on his home ground, Stewart began as any lord of the manor would - with casual abandon. Unfortunately it was too casual for comfort and he ended up following and then edging a wide one from Suresh Perera.

At that point Ranatunga looked an inestimably wise man, a manly that was to wear off over the next three hours as England dominated the proceedings until Ramprakash's mistake. Two balls later and it could have been another as John Crawley was caught and bowled by Muralitharan. Fortunately for the batsman it was a no-ball and, like Hick, he can now press his claims for a place on this winter's tour of Australia.

Henry Blofeld, photograph, County reports, page 19

- ACROSS**
- Machinery best deployed in building part of kitchen? (7)
 - Expression of annoyance with matter being recalled ends the call (6,2)
 - Significant non-professional records sent back (7)
 - More than one sissy makes the most of events in hospital (4,4)
 - Attractive woman seen in non-English locations (5)
 - See 12 across
 - Rondo is played not a-fresco (7)
 - Euphoric players cut short meal (4,3)
 - Celebration possessed a noble character (7)
- DOWN**
- One who took nourishment without appropriate backing (7)
 - Greatly desire room we hear travelling a great distance (4-4)
 - Prevent State banquet's conclusion (5)
 - See 24 across
 - Outcome of nuclear tests could make you have a disagreement (4-3)
 - Fruit business involves a lot of shouting (7)
 - Maltsire initially fixed in belief English holes want the drink (5,6)
 - Sorted out hearts and put down the first card (7)
 - See 3 down
 - See 6 down

SCOREBOARD FROM THE OVAL	
Sri Lanka won toss	
England - Wicket changes	13-2, 14-0, 15-1, 16-2, 17-3, 18-4, 19-5
M A Butcher c Jayasuriya.....	10
b Wickremasinghe.....	10
29 min, 26 balls, 1 four	
S Jazee c Muralitharan	36
53 min, 11 balls, 3 fours	
A Hick not out.....	107
33 1/2 min, 230 balls, 14 fours	
J P Crowley not out.....	10
7 min, 9 balls	
M Rampaksha c Jayawardena.....	53
b Muralitharan.....	53
174 min, 149 balls, 4 fours	
J P Crowley not out.....	10
44 min, 26 balls, 2 fours	
B T Atherton not out.....	10
1 hour, 40 min, 91 overs/228	
Palti 1-6 (Butcher), A C Cark, 10 K	
Sawrey, C Collymore, A R Francis, 18-2-23-3	
1 (Atherton), 2-1-1, 5-0-13, 2-0-11	
0, 3-1-5-0, Pepera, 24-7-56-1	
5-2-15-0, 6-2-7-0, 6-1-10-1, 3-1-13	

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FRIDAY REVIEW

COMMENT • FEATURES • ARTS • LISTINGS • TELEVISION

Bring back the birch

Matthew Williams, 11-year-old eco-warrior, is passionate about saving silver birches. But wouldn't he be better off in his council flat than living in a tree and not going to school? Well, evidently not. By Emma Cook

Welcome to Epsom Eco village. Please wipe your feet," reads a muddy sign, long since trampled underfoot by the latest stream of visitors to a rather unremarkable, scrubby square of green known as Epsom Park. Beyond the sign, just next to a couple of dilapidated-looking tents, camera men, reporters, and photographers gather around two or three poplar trees, their necks craned upwards. A state of anxious hush prevails.

We stare up into the greenery at a wooden-slatted tree house covered in blue plastic. Silence. It's like waiting for the sighting of a rare bird. Suddenly there's a loud rustle. "He's there, there. Just near the top branch," hisses one photographer. Then the leaves part and there's a flash of combat trouser and long brown hair. A small and agile figure swings effortlessly down the side of the tree, rope fastened around his waist and one of the upper branches. Bump. He lands at the bottom, readjusts a filthy-looking white baseball cap, looks around at his audience and smiles nonchalantly. The rare sighting in question is 11-year-old Matthew Williams, Britain's youngest eco-warrior to date, and for that reason alone a subject of media scrutiny.

Known as General Survival to his friends, Matthew hit the headlines on Wednesday when he was given permission by the High Court to remain in his tree house home while awaiting his appeal against a council eviction order. Matthew and his mother, Lorraine, are part of a group living in Epsom Park and protesting against plans to fell the trees for a road scheme. Epsom and Ewell Borough Council, joint owner of the land with Surrey County Council and the Department of Health, was granted a possession order by the High Court last week. The eco-warriors will be allowed to stay in their tree houses and tents until after the Court of Appeal rules on the case on 1 October.

Matthew stole the limelight when he turned up at court wearing shoulder-length hair and combatants. "It was really boring," he said. "I was not allowed to say anything. I wanted to tell him how much I loved the green park and how much I want to save the silver birches."

It seems that protesting about a sacred woodland, not joining a band or learning lead guitar, is rapidly becoming a much swifter route to overnight celebrity for some of our younger, rebellious males. Apart from appearing to be outspoken and single-minded there are other reasons why pre-teen Matthew is causing such a stir. Chiefly, he can neither read nor write properly after opting out of school three years ago and has somehow managed to evade the system ever since. He travels from one protest site to another with his mother, Lorraine.

Much has been made of the changing face of eco-warriors; protesting against new roads has fired up unlikely sections of society in recent months, from belligerent housewives to young men with strange names and, now, a child. Since the nation's favourite eco-warrior, Swampy, rose to fame, and then sank almost as swiftly, there's been a bit of a gap. Matthew seems a natural successor. He may not have such a silly name but he's much younger, just as dedicated and, in news terms, rather more controversial. Just how has he managed to avoid the education system for so long? And who would allow an 11-year-old to live his life in a tree house?

So reporters cluster around the pre-teen fighter, who appears spectacularly overwhelmed by their attentions, to try and find out just what sort of a child he is. He's certainly extremely confident, joking with journalists and with his eco-chums.

"Matthew, Mat, over here. Can we have a little chat?" At this point three women, myself included, swiftly corner him, anxious that he will shrink back



up the poplar and disappear. Reluctantly, he hunches on a broken chair near the ashes of last night's campfire.

"Matthew, what's your favourite television programme?" someone asks.

"Dummo, don't watch it."

"What music do you like?"

"Anything that's happy."

"What do you like reading?"

"Anything about trees and Indians."

"What about films?"

"Anything with lots of killings in it."

Matthew decided his future lay in protesting after he watched a demonstration on television. He wanted to spend his time outside, "saving the silver birches and the wildlife".

While Matthew aspires to saving ancient birches, most boys his age are more busy dreaming about a new pair of Nike trainers, computer games and football. Does he feel different to other children his age? "Mm, yeah, I suppose I do. But it's much better saving trees than living on a council estate."

And here is the crux of Matthew's story. One that has very little to do with stopping road schemes and far more to do with grossly inadequate housing and education resources. Matthew and his mother, Lorraine, who looks anything between 25 and 40, used to live on a council estate in Kingston. "It was rubbish," Matthew says, vocal and animated for the first time. "There was nothing to do. There were fights and everywhere you'd go you'd see needles. We got broken into and our video got nicked."

Now his life seems part Sixties hippy commune and part *Boy's Own* adventure. His daily routine appears fluid to say the least. "I get up, clean my tree house out, and then clean up the park, picking up bits of litter and that." In his own mind, though, Matthew is part of a trusty gang of comrades, existing beyond conventional rules and battling against the baddies - schoolboy fantasy fiction made real in many ways.

Matthew is adamant that he's learning more now than at any other time of his young life, a rather chilling reflection of how insubstantial his primary school education must have been. "Nigel reads to me almost every day," he says. Nigel, an English graduate from Epsom, brings food and teaches Matthew to read and write. It's poignant that, as far as Lorraine is concerned, this is the best education Matthew has so far been offered - by anybody, ever. "He's learning now. And he's learning about other things like trees. I wouldn't want him to go back to school because I know he wouldn't be able to cope. He can't keep up and so he feels different. Now he's happy and feels strongly about this park."

Lorraine has two other sons and two daughters - all of them older than Matthew. At some points, Lorraine can seem a little vague about the eco-islands. "I've always felt cutting down trees is not a good thing," she says firmly, but won't be pushed on specifics. "How old are these trees?" "Um? I think maybe about a hundred years. There's a really old one here somewhere." She motions vaguely towards one end of the park. "I think it's called Heavenly something." "The Tree of Heaven?" a young reporter corrects her. "Oh yeah. That's the one."

Her commitment to this particular cause is motivated less, you feel, by principles and more by a need to belong to a supportive community. "When you live on an estate you get problems, drugs and shoplifting. Here, he can't get involved in those things." We look up to see Matthew's small but robust form skimming up a nearby poplar.

"He's so happy," reflects Lorraine. A strange state of affairs, when an 11-year-old boy is better off living up a tree than in his own community. "He's got friends, a park to play in and a tutor. I think it's the best way for him to spend a childhood."

INSIDE

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LAW

Fantastic Bank Holiday Weekend Free Mobile Phone Offer



Visit the Carphone Warehouse on the lower ground floor between Thursday 27th August and Bank Holiday Monday 31st August inclusive to receive a free Motorola Star TAC 70 mobile phone* when you spend £150 or more in store.

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SELFRIDGES & CO

Sudan 'nerve gas'

Sir: It may help your readers to weigh up the evidence relating to the suggestion by the US that a Sudanese factory was engaged in assisting the production of the nerve poison VX to know more facts now that the chemical linked to nerve warfare has been definitively described by US officials as O-ethyl methyl phosphonothioic acid (EMPTA). "US strives to justify air strike on Sudan", 26 August.

EMPTA is not itself a nerve poison to be used in warfare. It could be a degradation product or an intermediate in the preparation of VX. However, it could also be linked to quite other synthetic chemical compounds. Insect and nematode (worm) agricultural chemicals are not unrelated. Nerve poisons are used against such "biological enemies".

To justify a missile attack on a sovereign state the USA and now the UK must give weightier evidence than the finding of "trace" amounts of this chemical in soils. It is critical therefore that we know where this compound was found, in what quantity it is known to have been produced and that there was a link to nerve-gas production.

No matter how much our government dislikes a group of people, or even suspects it of murderous intent, we must not be misled by technical language to cover up speculation. The UN or the Hague Court must ask the US and now the UK to say clearly what information provoked the attack on Sudan. If we want law and order to prevail we must show that we have just cause for such action, otherwise we are approving terrorist methods of our own. Like the overwhelming majority of people I am against all forms of terrorism.

Professor R J P WILLIAMS FRS
Inorganic Chemistry Laboratory
University of Oxford

Sir: That majority which voted Labour must know that in opposition that party would have denounced approval of American attacks on Sudan and Afghanistan as toadism, while pointing out that as well as needlessly endangering UK interests and nationals abroad, it undermines the UN.

In a world with no counterbalancing superpower, it seems bizarre and dangerous to encourage the fit-for-fail behaviour of pre-UN times, as if this century's world wars had taught us nothing. How many days before other powers ape this regression?

It is up to our leaders to make the UN work, and the time to support US actions will be when the US ceases to ignore it by acting without due process, ceases to use it as a tool, pays its subscriptions, and obliges its Israeli clients to abide by its resolutions. Were it to do so there would be enormously less terrorism in the Arab world. The alternative is for world politics to continue to follow the plot of some ridiculous Hollywood film, directed from the White House in the intervals between deviant sexual acts.

NICHOLAS du QUESNE BIRD
Bath

Anti-euro tycoons

Sir: Where do these anti-euro tycoons come from with a half-mad glint in their eyes?

Paul Sykes' attitude smacks of churlishness: "Tycoon plans anti-euro campaign", 26 August. The bottom line is that EMU will happen on 1 January 1999 and 11 countries will enter it, and hundreds of millions of people will be with them. This will result in most government debt being redenominated in euros, all equities being repriced in euros and all derivatives being redenominated in euros and the redenomination of most corporate debt during the next three years.

It also appears, if rumours are to be believed, that a number of FTSE 100 companies are already



Continuing our series on the rickshaws of Dhaka in Bangladesh, cycle rickshaw riders negotiate the crowded streets. Rickshaws wander throughout the city, and while the pullers try to stay on the side that they live on, no journey is out of the question

Kalpesh Lathigra

looking to redenominate their share capital in the first quarter of next year even though the UK will not enter EMU.

Whatever the views of Paul Sykes, or for that matter the British people, EMU is a reality and the political and economic pressures to ensure it succeeds are staggering. Ultimately, if EMU works, the British people will decide to enter even if their decision is based on purely selfish motives of getting a piece of the pie for themselves.

NEIL THEWLIS
London SW14

Sir: Ian Seddon's description of EMU as simply a "change in a medium of exchange" (letter, 26 August) gives the totally false impression that it is merely the cosmetic relabelling of money, like decimalisation in 1971.

EMU would bring with it not just new notes and coins, but the permanent loss of the power of the British authorities to set interest rates to suit economic conditions at home. This power would be exercised - for eternity - by the European Central Bank, which has no special regard for the health of the British economy.

It was a policy of setting UK interest rates to suit Continental conditions, before and during our ERM membership, that caused the last boom and bust. How ironic that Mr Seddon should not see the risk in taking again the very course of action that caused much of the hurt for which he heaps blame on the last government.

AUSTIN SPREADBURY
Enfield, Middlesex

Sir: There is something extremely distasteful about rich men seeking to use their enormous wealth to influence the democratic process. The only consolation for the rest of us is that given the Goldsmith and Perot examples, Mr Sykes will

spend an awful lot of money to no avail.

PAULETTE JAMES
Bristol

Doctors need care

Sir: British universities are advised to select medical students who have the intuitive ear and interpersonal skills essential for a good bedside manner (report, 26 August). Less emphasis is to be placed on A-level grades. It has always surprised me that it is assumed that academics cannot empathise.

Twenty-five years ago I entered medical school with so many ideals and a good bedside manner. My medical student friends were no different. Indeed we would discuss the importance of being able to communicate and sympathise with our future patients. We entered our first year of practice with excitement, anxiety and the aim to do our best. I had not even

considered what my salary would be. By the end of the first year I was bitter, angry and exhausted. No one cared for the junior doctors; we were expected to do more than was humanly possible and still care.

Last week I read five articles in the *Student British Medical Journal* by doctors at the end of their first year. Nothing has changed. Their descriptions brought the whole experience flooding back, leaving me very angry. While doctors are mistreated, we cannot expect them to have a good bedside manner.

The doctors who have an excellent rapport with patients and try to rise above the pressures of work are the ones who often end up with burnout and stress and have to leave.

It does not stop as a consultant. As a GP yesterday I tried to get a patient seen by a surgeon urgently. He was helpful and agreed to add her to the clinic of 45 patients

already booked. To expect to have a good, safe opinion and a doctor with an unhurried, caring manner in such a clinic is impossible.

No matter how well medical students are selected, unless we care for them with all the good intentions in the world they will not be able to care for their patients.

DR JENNY YOUNG
North Lancing, West Sussex

Sir: While the encouragement of compassion among medical students is clearly to be welcomed, why must it always be assumed (leading article, 26 August) that high academic standards and compassion are incompatible? Intelligence never seems to stand in the way of compassion for countless writers, musicians, painters, or even journalists.

If democracy means anything it means that each person's vote counts equally. Whether or not that produces results which conflict with simplistic and authoritarian views about "strong government" is irrelevant, but such views should remind us that most professional politicians regard their job as to tell us what is good for us rather than represent the electorate's balance of views. The current electoral system works against the formation of the new political parties that are needed.

That means more and more people feel marginalised and ignored and will eventually result in the electoral apathy we see in the US.

And, who knows, with a freer system we might see more honest parties? Instead of the wolves having to adopt the clothing of existing parties with which they disagree, they could come out. We would then, perhaps, have two honest parties - Labour and New Labour - among others, and know that there was a slight chance that their stances before an election would bear a reasonable relationship to those afterwards.

BRIAN ALLIT
Sudbury, Suffolk

IN BRIEF

I returned to my car to find that a thief had broken a window and made off with what a witness described as a "white pot of cash".

I have no idea what was stolen as my car is so full of rubbish passengers have their feet about nine inches above the floor.

I just wish he'd brought something a lot bigger than a white pot.

ROBERT G BREW
Worthing
West Sussex

Sir: While in total agreement with the spirit of Jonathan Mayerson's article "Irritations of Modern Life: clean cars" (26 August), I would take issue with the idea that a dirty car is an anti-theft device.

Sir: Within the past few days I have received letters from two major financial institutions regarding the

management of my finances. In both cases the sender has had the impudence to send out the missive over a "pp" signature.

If these "financial advisers" can't give 20 or 30 seconds to check and sign the letters personally, how can I expect them to devote 20 or 30 minutes to my financial affairs?

NORMAN T SHEPHERD
Bristol

Sir: Anne McElroy asks "Are the Tories dying out?" (Comment, 24 August).

I beg to reassure her. The Tories are alive and well and sitting on the government benches.

L R TOWLE
London SW6

among many medical students and occasionally their superiors, which is not, on the whole, the result of too long in the library.

MATTHEW WRIGHT
Guildford, Surrey

Turkeys against PR

Sir: It is not surprising that many Labour and Tory politicians are opposed to proportional representation (Lord Parkinson, Right of Reply, 26 August). Any form of PR would see a substantial reduction in the number of seats occupied by Tories and New Labour (or whatever they might be calling themselves during election week). We have yet to see turkeys voting for Christmas.

If democracy means anything it

means that each person's vote counts equally. Whether or not that produces results which conflict with simplistic and authoritarian views about "strong government" is irrelevant, but such views should remind us that most

professional politicians regard their job as to tell us what is good for us rather than represent the electorate's balance of views. The current electoral system works against the formation of the new political parties that are needed.

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relationship to those afterwards.

BRIAN ALLIT
Sudbury, Suffolk

Diana mourned

Sir: Apart from the tragic loss of Diana, Princess of Wales, we seem to have lost the ability to mourn. Looking back it seems that so many, especially the Royal Family, were in haste to "get back to normal". Diana's death hurt millions in the way that many cynics in the media failed to understand. Those of us who grieved have been accused of hysteria and have been mocked. Considering the long and painful period of mourning carried out by Queen Victoria on the loss of her beloved Albert, the behaviour of Prince Charles and the present-day Royal Family has been, at the least, disrespectful.

KEVIN GREENAN
London N6

Sir: One of the people interviewed by Cayte Williams ("We thought her death had changed us", 26 August) says "Diana's death was a real milestone in British history... So many people can remember what they were doing when she died." Here is the beginning of a real myth. Given that the death occurred between 3am and 4am (British time) on a Sunday, I should guess that about 8 per cent of the population were either at work or nearing the end of their Saturday night celebrations and that the other 25 per cent were fast asleep in bed.

The Ven MARTIN DRAPER
Paris

Sir: If Diana had married Dodi ("The outsiders", 26 August) and the future King of England had been able to claim kinship with a dark-skinned half-brother or sister, would not this have been the most healing gift Diana could have given to society?

PAMELA DUVEEN
Great Bedwyn, Wiltshire

Examining exams

Sir: I am surprised that so many people should get so excited about the Oxford examination system ("Dreaming spires come tumbling down", 20 August). There is no point of principle involved. The examination system one favours depends entirely on the characteristics one wishes to develop and reward.

The chance to learn as much as possible about one's favourite subject, and to come to understand it and to internalise its methods and subject-matter thoroughly enough to be able to pass examinations, is a chance to demonstrate a good memory, to discriminate between the essential and the peripheral, to distinguish between authoritative argument born of understanding and mere orderly recitation of facts and to show that one is psychologically robust enough to exercise independent thought and judgement under pressure.

I suggest that, to settle this question, universities teaching academic subjects should offer students a choice on their first day: course work or exams - the latter with some course-work in the form of a dissertation. If the options are equally demanding, and equally productive of those characteristics which bring students the respect of their peers and future employers, they will quickly become known as furnishing genuinely equivalent academic qualifications. But if one option should turn out to attract resourceful bright sparks while the other becomes favoured by comparative plodders, dullards and precocious merchants, that will quickly become known, too. Employers can then make their choices.

Either way, it is essential that degrees are not devalued as academic qualifications. The way to be happy at university is to do a subject because you are endlessly fascinated by it - rather than as an exercise in social climbing, parent-pleasing or intellectual therapy. The real virtue of exams is that they reward genuine involvement in and enthusiasm for a subject.

HEON STEVENSON
London N8

A case of censorship and the modern sensibility

do with the stern air of moral superiority assumed by this Government.

Not that a hint of censoriousness has been evident from readers of this column, of which this is the last, since Miles Kington returns to his kingdom on Monday. What a joy it has been! I have discovered that the word "gorgeous" is much loved, having been used by Shakespeare, and, in a postmodern retro-ironic fashion, in the Baby Bird single, "You're Gorgeous". I have been invited to join bondage workshops in south London. I have heard - thank you, Toshiba - that the hugs I saw moving about behind my computer screen were not the first sign of madness but were real.

To you, it was a column. To me, it was a learning curve, and I enjoyed every minute.



TERENCE BLACKER

A love of suppression is no longer the preserve of bullying politicians and 'Daily Mail' columnists

might argue that there's nothing particularly new in this trend. During the Eighties, a story by Rose

Impey about a little girl who ran off with a gang of pirates was withdrawn from libraries in Birmingham after a parent action group decided that the book encouraged children to talk to strangers. Five years ago a teacher in Scotland complained that one of my books, written for 10- to 12-year-olds, was "an inappropriate text". What exactly was objectionable? No answer. Earlier this year, a senior librarian in Northern Ireland was harangued by a parent for inviting me to talk to children. Why? Because some of my books contained magic, and magic was dangerous for young minds. Had she read the books? Of course not. She didn't have to.

Now the new nannyism is everywhere. Constructing a series of philosophical dialogues around

SOMEHOW ONE can see their faces. Sincere, disappointed, the merest hint of personal hurt behind their "only doing our duty" blandness. Two members of Her Majesty's constabulary last week entered the Muswell Hill Bookshop, in north London, to express concern at a certain item on show in the window. The book in question displayed a face of a porcine nature wearing a police helmet. It appeared to be entitled *Fifth*.

The bookshop politely noted their protest, asked them to move along there and left Irvine Welsh's novel in the window.

Now some might say that a pig had more right to object to *Fifth* and its cover than a policeman, but not me. Apart from a few occasions when I have played football against a police team - a fixture that

CH 11/10/98

Diana mourned

The collapse of Russia is not the end of capitalism

AT THE beginning of this decade, the bright, optimistic talk was of the End of History. The collapse of communism, crushed by the cost of fighting the Cold War, was thought to usher in a post-ideological era of global tranquillity. The triumph of liberal economics was final, and would bring in its wake the world-wide spread of liberal democracy. It was never likely to work out like that, but the pitching of embryo Russian capitalism into crisis has revealed the the end of that particular stage of history to be a much more complicated - and more exciting - phenomenon than it might have seemed.

The immediate consequences of the Russian crisis for the rest of the world are perhaps limited, however ghastly they are for the Russian, Ukrainian and Belarusian peoples. The increased size and complexity of the international trading system makes it more resilient to regional shocks and less vulnerable to domino effects - although the simultaneous sharp and deep downturns in east Asia, Brazil and Argentina are hardly good news. British exposure to bad Russian loans is minimal - certainly in comparison to Germany's commitment - but the real impact will be on the IMF, which will now have less to lend to other developing countries.

Indeed, it is in the poor world that the lasting effect of economic anarchy in Moscow might be felt. Not just because the supply of capital will be temporarily reduced, but because the glaring omission from Francis Fukuyama's elegant thesis was a theory of precisely how the benefits of liberal economics would be transmitted to the poorer two-thirds of the world's population. If poor countries no longer have a choice between the planned economy and the free market, they still face agonising dilemmas in their choice of route from agrarian poverty to free-market prosperity. The apparent failure of Russia's seven-year experiment in Chicago-school capitalism calls into question the *laissez-faire* route.

Since Mr Fukuyama's essay appeared in 1990, there has been a vogue for books modelling themselves on Adam Smith's 18th-century classic, attempting to improve our understanding of the laws of national prosperity. *The Work of Nations*, by Robert Reich, laid the emphasis on the educational level of workforces - people being less mobile than either capital or information in the modern global economy. That, in part, has been the route adopted by the east Asian "tigers".

Earlier this year David Landes, in *The Wealth and Poverty of Nations*, was accused of showing an "almost

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Whiggish confidence" in the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon brand of capitalism. While his analysis of national markets and a culture of individualism is fine in explaining the development of early industrial societies, it is less useful as a guide to the economics of "catching up" which is what matters to the developing world.

The implication of the "End of History" argument was that it was enough to send in Western bankers and business school graduates into the so-called "emerging markets". But setting up a stock exchange, auctioning off state assets and waiting to see what happens is clearly not sufficient to ensure a fast track to first-world status for countries of either the second (ex-communist) or

third worlds. Certainly if, as in Russia, the infrastructure does not exist for the efficient collection of taxes.

Mr Fukuyama was right to suggest there is no present alternative to capitalism, but that is far from the end of the matter let alone of history. Capitalism is a bumpy road. Nor does a free market mean a nightwatchman state. It is important that the state should command authority through consent, which is why it is too simple to see political reform as following economic development - the two should go hand in hand. While there may not be much we can do for Russia in the short term, its crisis should open up a debate about the many routes to capitalist salvation.

When knowledge is dangerous

THE DISCOVERY of a means to predict the emergence in patients of the human variant of CJD, or "mad cow disease", raises fearful dilemmas. The Government's intention to test anonymously more of the appendices removed in hospitals, which may contain a protein associated with the virus, is only sensible. The extent of the danger posed by new-variant CJD so far could only be the first signs of a large epidemic.

But a long-term view suggests wider questions. What happens if further investigation shows the disease to be widespread? What will be the consequences of regularly examining removed appendices for signs of the virus? How will patients react to these results? Patients have a right to know - or to refuse to know - if they have a dangerous disease. But can this knowledge be hidden from insurance companies? If not, and if the disease turns out to be a certain killer, its younger victims may be corralled into a world without life insurance or mortgages. The only alternative which presents itself, to prevent creating an incentive for lying, is to give patients the right to refuse examination.

But the danger this presents to public health rules out such an approach. CJD may be transmitted via organ or blood transplants, and it would be reckless in the extreme to ignore a chance of screening the infection out of those vital procedures. Allowing CJD carriers to walk away from a chance to monitor the long-term impact of the virus would also be irresponsible. There is no way of destroying our knowledge; the genie cannot be put back into the bottle. DNA testing and genetic science will increasingly inform us of the risks we face in life. We shall have to get used to such dilemmas and become more rigorously prepared than we have been shown to be by this discovery.

For better, for worse

THE INSTITUTION of marriage, supposedly irrelevant to a growing proportion of the population, turns out to be remarkably durable in those few outposts where it survives. Take Mr and Mrs Fred Bonham of Speen, Berkshire. Fred is the vicar of St Mary's and passionately opposed to the ordination of women. Mrs Bonham is about to become a vicar. Do they rush for the divorce courts? No. He is quitting as vicar and converting to Catholicism. What God has joined together, let no theological dissension put asunder.

Conflict and confusion as America suffers from Hurricane Monica

I WOKE up last week in America to the real news. Smiley learned experts were on TV discussing what "she" was going to do next. "Well Dan, she's unpredictable, she's erratic, and she's massive."

Warnings were issued, reactions ganged, but basically it was up to those most likely to be affected to respond appropriately. Cut to interviews with groups of concerned citizens who were not going to take any notice of the gathering storm clouds, and to others who had already reacted by leaving their homes. For she was Hurricane Bonnie, and she might be appearing at a town near you.

As she travelled up the East Coast, doing her special little dance, pulling the tides one way or another, I became more and more disturbed that this scheming twister should be categorised as feminine. I know it's the convention, but the lip-smacking certainty in which the weathermen told us that, though their job was to tell us which way the wind blows, there was no easy way predict "her behaviour" started to get me.

At a time when one might have expected a discussion about certain kinds of male behaviour spiralling out of control and wreaking havoc, we had instead a giant swirling force of nature that is innately categorised as female. Ships are female, cars are female, the weather is female, and those who are given to steering such things are invariably male. They fly into the eye of the storm with their special little instruments, and predict the direction of the hurricane.

Hurricane Monica, meanwhile - who could predict which way she was going? Pollsters could only survey

the damage afterwards. She had already hit the East Coast by the time I went to the West. Erratic, disruptive, and big as a house. Her trim little handbag, an image of propriety, fooled no one. As expected, its contents spilled out onto the floor. God knows what women keep in their purses. Especially women like Monica. For Freud, handbags were symbols of female genitalia, just as cigars were obvious phallic symbols. Yet even Sigmund himself said that sometimes "a cigar is just a cigar". And sometimes it is - no matter whether it's been inhaled and no matter whether it's smoking or not.

But you don't want to hear any more about what Monica and Bill got up to, do you? I know the American people, or that section of them routinely polled, don't want to hear any more because that's what the media keep re-iterating. I know they are above wanting to hear the details of other people's sexual encounters, even the President's, because every one wants him to get on with whatever it is he should be doing - bombing a few tents in some far-off land, acting presidential, patching up relations with the First and last lady.

Yet this story will run and run, not because a few dumbed-down journalists want to stick it down the throats of "the people", but because, through this story, something hugely significant is being worked out here. Whoever understands the relationship between the personal and the political, understands the future of power. That why we are watching. We may not want to think about this, partly because we do not know how to think about it. Clearly, it is pretty difficult to argue these days



SUZANNE MOORE
The media feels that many decent Democrats who defended their leader have been betrayed

that this is either a purely personal matter, as so many have done, or that is so political that Clinton must be impeached. It is both, and that is why everyone is so confused. The great American public is, as they say, deeply "conflicted".

On phone-ins, they try to work out aloud what they feel. "It reminds of that movie, *Primary Colours*," said one bewildered caller. "You mean *Wag the Dog*?" queried the host. "Oh yeah, that's the one I haven't seen that one". So this reminds people of a movie that they haven't actually seen. And it reminds them of a film in which the President faked a war. "How do we know he's really doing this?" several callers asked.

There are, however, a few things that we know for sure. Even if the American people believe their president is a liar, but still want him to be their president, they are no longer in

any doubt about the link between domestic and international policy. This is government by polls, rather than ideology, and so whenever you look at it, some sort of transparency has been achieved.

This may not be the sort that Noam Chomsky has spent his life arguing for, but a new deal has indeed been struck. Consent is not being manufactured by slick Willy in order to do things. Instead, public reaction is determining the things which need to be done. This is desperate, or clever, or even how it's actually always been. But no one can look away and pretend this isn't the process any more.

This is why beyond the titillating details, this is so important. One of the issues that the American media has continually worried about is the distance between the media and "the public". If people are left cold by this story and wanted it dropped, the media can't get enough of it. Part of this is self-aggrandisement, of course. But not all. The media is rarely seen to be brazenly constructing public opinion, although of course it does, but what happens when the media actually thinks differently to the majority of its viewers, readers and listeners? Who, one has to ask, is the media working for? Who is it accountable to?

The idea that the media understands this story better than the electorate is ridiculous. It is a symptom of its own cannibalistic nature, as well as the concentric circles of opinion that flow from Washington. Ordinary people feel that Hillary has been betrayed, and even then they suspect that Bill and Hillary have some kind of deal which, one day, we will fully understand.

Nor is it shocking that the media keep rubbing their faces in it, as if to persuade them that watching a woman with no clothes on is the same as having a relationship with her; as if watching someone powerful losing power is the same as gaining it yourself.

The media feels, though, that many others have been betrayed: decent Democrats who defended their leader. They feel that the centre cannot hold.

What this episode does expose is a whole number of gaps which no one is managing to successfully plug right now: the gap between the political process and the public's actual interest in it, the gap between private desires and public morals, the gap between political and popular culture.

As I have said before, I find Clinton's behaviour unacceptable, and one of the reasons I do is because such abuses of power can only continue when the personal and political are kept so deliberately disconnected. This radical separation, often carried out in the name of liberalism, benefits only the already powerful.

I believe that Clinton did not have sexual relations with that woman. He had virtual porno sex that he could later claim wasn't the real thing. This is neither good nor bad. It is, after all, the basis of that increasingly popular activity, lap dancing.

Leaving America a couple of days ago, it seemed to me that the political process itself has become a kind of lap dancing, in which various possibilities are presented, in which one can see but not touch, which one can gawk at but not directly experience. It isn't surprising, then, that the American public look away.

Nor is it shocking that the media keep rubbing their faces in it, as if to persuade them that watching a woman with no clothes on is the same as having a relationship with her; as if watching someone powerful losing power is the same as gaining it yourself.

QUOTE OF THE DAY

"I want to be a scientist so I can save the world from an asteroid."
Kristian Raita, 6,
youngest child to pass a GCSE exam

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

"Truth is the safest lie."
Yiddish proverb



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ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD
Reaction to Russia's economic meltdown and its global effect



collapse have led to demands that the West stop bailing Russia out, and the Russians solve their own financial problems. It is a solution as blind as the panic that spawned it.
The Age, Australia

NOT A day passes without more monetary, financial or economic bad news. After Russia, which will be the next country to founder? One very dark scenario could be possible: a Latin American recession, which would horribly shake

Wall Street and provoke mass panic and huge withdrawals in American households - what would happen then, nobody knows. Psychological phenomena have taken on such importance in contemporary economics that turnaround can never be ruled out. The world economy is now in the hands of the markets. The Asia crisis hasn't led to the general ruin which some predicted. But it has taught us that economic matter has become explosive. *Le Monde, France*

IN RUSSIA, nobody feels that dues must be paid: not the government and not the taxpayer. But until taxes are paid, Russia will go on from crisis to crisis. There is only one way: apply the law. But this requires cutting the link between politics, business and finance. Yeltsin has brought back Chernomyrdin, whose main political asset is immobility. Someone else will have to establish a market economy where you pay your dues, or you go to jail. *Herald Tribune, Paris*

THINGS ARE bound to get worse before they get better. It is highly unlikely that Chernomyrdin will be able to undo the damage of the last few weeks. The stock market looks set to keep sliding downhill, and price increases are almost certain to follow the devaluation. Moreover, the Kremlin's decision to deal with the latest round of financial woes by suspending some foreign debt payments for 90 days, as well as letting the rouble slide, is troubling. It adds to the impression

that Russia is unstable and dangerous and its leaders untrustworthy. *St Petersburg Times, Russia*

politics have sent a ripple of panic through the West. The rouble's difficulties were echoed in the flight of other national currencies. The financial markets' fears of a Russian

PANDORA

FRIENDS OF the former cabinet minister, David Clark, are egging him on to enter the race to become the next Speaker of the House of Commons, Pandora has heard. The competition for Betty Boothroyd's job (she is rumoured to be retiring in the year 2000, when she will be 70) will be fierce. Conservatives are expecting one of their number to get it. Meanwhile the Liberal Democrats will lobby hard on behalf of their elder statesman Alan Beith. The post of Speaker does not normally require a contest, however; the last time the post was vacant a play-off between Peter Brooke and Betty Boothroyd (pictured) was required. It looks like an election will be needed again, but with the prospect of a more exciting three-cornered contest this time.

LEONARD CHESHIRE, a charity for disabled people, are staging a series of events during the party conference season. Unfortunately, there are no disabled toilets at the venue for the organisation's "Lancashire Hotpot Supper" at October's Labour Party Conference in Blackpool. This particular disadvantage arose because of a dearth of appropriate facilities, say the organisers. One would hope that legislation would make it easier to find such venues in the future.

However, Government guidelines relating to the Disability Discrimination Act request service providers to consider such facilities from 2004. That's six more party conference seasons, a very long time in politics and an even longer period of time for those with disabilities.

IT IS something of a first when gangland warfare has a positive effect on a country's tourist trade. But maybe that could be about to happen in Cyprus. British soldiers are under orders not to visit bars in areas where there have been shoot-outs over drugs, gambling and prostitution. An associate of Pandora's in the Cypriot civil service has suggested that "this can only be good for the island". Indeed, Cypriots joke that anyone who has experienced the drunken behaviour of British soldiers would rather take their chances with the gangsters.

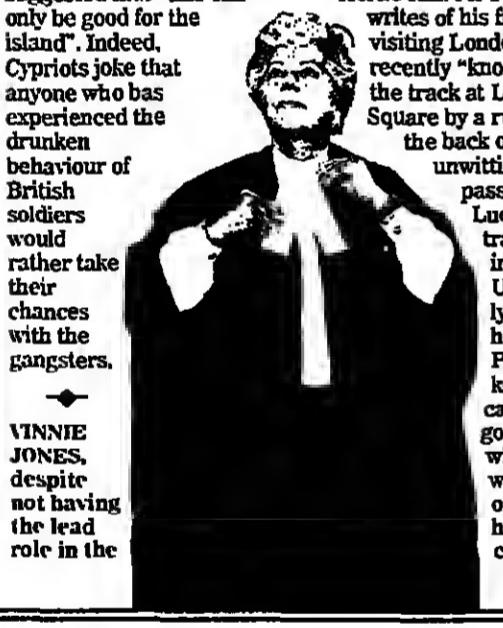
VINNIE JONES, despite not having the lead role in the

film *Lock, Stock, And Two Smoking Barrels*, is undoubtedly the brightest star of the film. Vinnie dismissed Pandora's suggestion that his new-found acting career might lead him to try his experienced hand at Shakespeare, and was guarded about what other future projects were beckoning: "You're not paying me enough to answer those questions," he said. Perhaps something with a bigger budget beckons?

PETER MANDLESON has united the design world. Pandora readers will remember that designer Nicky Haslam said something rather unkind about fellow design guru Terence Conran (see Pandora, 21 July). However, Mandy's late-night shop at Conran's Fulham Road store has impressed Haslam. "I think Peter's great," he says. "I've been asked to do a Christmas stocking for the Queen by Tatler. I could put Peter Mandelson in it - do you think I should?" It would certainly be a right royal surprise.

AT LAST the proof has arrived that the "groundbreaking" pop psychology of *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus* is bunk. Mattel, the board game manufacturers have brought out a game based on the book by John Gray. Couples who have been struggling over the relevance of the superficial advice can now sit back and treat it with the levity it deserves. The game hit the shelves this week. According to the press release from Mattel, it comes complete with such searching questions as: The hardest thing for a man to put down is: A) the remote control; B) the toilet seat; C) himself? This, of course, could be a trick question.

ANYONE THINKING that Pandora's campaign against rucksacks on the tube is not serious should heed the words of Mr G Feakins of Herne Hill. Mr Feakins writes of his friend visiting London who was recently "knocked onto the track at Leicester Square by a rucksack on the back of an unwitting passenger". Luckily, no train was incoming. Unsurprisingly, Mr Feakins has asked Pandora to keep the campaign going. His wish, and the wish of many others like him, is our command.



VINNIE JONES, despite not having the lead role in the

Bloody hell! Stephen King's quitting



PHILIP HENSHER

He's conceded that 35 novels ought to be enough for anyone; not least, enough for the author

STEPHEN KING was in town this week, promoting his new novel, *Bag of Bones*. It's being snapped up by great numbers of the veteran horror writer's fans, old and new. His popularity is huge, and if he has never quite made the leap from genre writer to intellectually respectable novelist and if, even to his fans, he seems slightly less on the cutting edge than he did, say, 10 years ago, he can presumably comfort himself with the knowledge that his readers can be relied upon to dash out every year or two to snap up the new offering.

He has settled into a way of writing where the name Stephen King signifies a reliable product, a novel of a predictable quality and unsurprising manner. But King used his London trip to announce to his fans that he started to feel enough is enough. He's thinking of hanging up his blood-spattered pen, and conceding that 35 Stephen King novels would be enough for anyone; not least, enough for the author.

It was this figure that caught the eye. Thirty-five novels! A fabulous number, and all the more remarkable in that King isn't an old man.

What drives a writer to produce this kind of scale? It's not necessarily genius, or inspiration, but something closer to a frenzy of activity, embarked upon to scare off some inner daimon, to satisfy what Juvenal described as a disease, the itch to write.

Given the size of King's oeuvre, and the psychic energy which patiently drives him to write, it is odd

that he is thinking about giving up. But he's surely right to think that 35 novels is enough; that, if he is ever going to manage it, he has staked a claim on posterity. You might ask a question parallel to Tolstoy's and say simply this: "How many novels does a man need?"

The tempting and enviable novelists are those with a relatively small output, of which everything has survived. Never to put a foot wrong in what you finish - that's a daunting ambition, but one which a surprising number of writers have managed to attain. Kafka's three perfect novels, for instant, or those of Flaubert, show the budding writer that it might not be necessary, after all, to get things wrong in embarrassing early efforts.

You can see Jane Austen improving and learning as she moves from *Northanger Abbey* to *Persuasion* but you wouldn't say that she ever produced a duff book. Her six novels are a perfect, shapeless body of work, of which one would discard nothing, and her mistakes are still more remarkable than the triumphs of other novelists.

The most enviable and mysteri-

ous novelist is the one who puts even less of a foot wrong, who writes just one astonishing novel. You might have thought that writing a novel was not something which could fall like a bolt from the blue, that it might depend on practice, on getting things right in a second novel which

had gone wrong in the first. But every so often, a novelist does contrive to get it right first time, and then, tantalisingly, to fail again.

It's not fair to cite Proust, because his single novel is as long as six or seven by anyone else. But writers like Pierre Choderlos de Laclos or Emily Brontë, who with *Dangerous Liaisons* and *Wuthering Heights* got it right first time and never had another go, are among the most bizarre and fascinating in the canon: brilliant, freakish, and the biggest temptation for the novice.

For the most part, though, novelists have to plug away producing book after book in the hope that one or two of them will get through to posterity. And they never quite know when they have done it; they carry on writing long after they have produced their masterpiece, like Conrad, never entirely sure that

their best book won't, after all, be their next one. The best that most novelists can hope for is that, out of a life's work of a dozen or two novels - or, in Stephen King's case, three dozen - a few will get through, and continue to be read with pleasure.

Musicians have a famous superstition about symphonies: it's often remarked that, after Beethoven, few of the great composers managed to write more than nine. And there seems to me a similar sort of constraint on the work of novelists. It hardly matters, in the end, how many books a novelist writes: posterity will boil down a life's work to a few essential books. And it's difficult for a prolific novelist to hang on to the readers' affections. At worst, like Thackeray, a single novel survives; at best, like Dickens, there are about a dozen with some kind of continuing life.

I wouldn't put money on Stephen King just yet, but the best thing he can hope for is that, like Trollope or Balzac, he finds dozens of his novels discarded and forgotten, just so that a half-dozen vivid examples can continue in the precarious existence books always have.

Standards are slipping, but the real problem is literacy



MICHAEL MCMAHON

The Government has anatomised the body educational and cut it up into its separate limbs

AS MY 16-year-old son left the examination hall after sitting the Biology paper of his Science GCSE this year, he bumped into his teacher: "Well," said the Science master, "I don't know why we bothered teaching you lot any Biology. You needed precious little of it to pass that paper."

When I, a teacher in a provincial comprehensive, found myself invigilating a History GCSE during the same season, I wiled away the time by having a crack at the questions myself. It was "not my period" (as my own one-time history master used to say in response to almost any question we ever asked him), but it only took me 10 minutes - not the allotted hour-and-a-half - and I got most of the questions right. How do I know? Because the answers were provided in the paper itself.

The History examiners were not being tested on their ability to recall facts, analyse them and express themselves in (perish the thought!) essays, but to demonstrate briefly, their ability to extract information from source materials. Thus, I spent 10 minutes in what was little more than a glorified "word-search" through a small number of very short extracts from history books and newspaper articles about the discovery of penicillin. I was interested to learn that some historians, at least, think that Alexander Fleming got too much of the credit. History is not as black-and-white as you might think.

No wonder, then, that this year the percentage of those gaining top GCSE grades - those equivalent to passes at the old O-level - should be higher than ever before. The exams must be easier: standards must have dropped. But it really isn't as simple as that. Education is not as black and white as you might think, either.

It is not enough to say that public examinations are easier than they once were - they are different. Take English Literature - a subject I now teach. When I took my own O-level, nearly 30 years ago, I had to study two of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* (with Prologues), and a Shakespeare play. I had to be prepared to answer context questions from any part of them. That meant that I had to study the Chaucer word-by-word, learning a great deal of Middle English vocabulary and medieval social and religious history along the way, so that I could explain any allusion or historical reference that might turn up in the exam.

The Shakespeare was not quite so difficult, but much of the figurative language needed to be worked out, in case I was called upon to explain it. There was a modern novel to be studied too, but you could get your O-level knowing only four set texts, and only three authors. The course was intense, but it was narrow; the course was academic.

The young people to whom I now teach English Literature, at what is now called GCSE level, don't have

to study Chaucer at all, and they don't have to study anything with the scholarly application expected of my generation. But they do have to study more widely - many more authors, taken from a broader range of traditions.

My students have to do their Shakespeare play, yes; but they have to do a 20th-century play, too. They don't study Chaucer, but they do have to write a comparison between a 19th-century and a 20th-century novel. Moreover, they have to be prepared to answer questions on one poet in particular, and a selection of poems from different centuries, and a selection of poems from other literary cultures and traditions. And not everything is judged by examination: many of their efforts are presented as course work. The course is broad; the course is comprehensive.

So, whatever else might be said every summer about rising grades and falling standards, it is clear that in the long term at least and in many subjects, life is not being compared with like. And yet, we all know that despite it not because of those annually improving exam statistics, standards are slipping, and things are getting worse.

Our area are certainly right to worry about literacy, the medium through which we used to expect learning to be expressed. Universities and teacher-training colleges now complain that many of their well-qualified students arrive with pitiful weaknesses in spelling, grammar and punctuation.

And yet, exams other than English are required to take these skills into account. But the marks to be won or lost are few - a tiny percentage that will hardly affect the final result. Marginalise literacy like this, and you can give top grades to historians who can't write essays.

geographers who can't spell any place-names, and linguists who use the ubiquitous greengrocer's apostrophe with abandon.

Literacy is more than just spelling, grammar and punctuation. The truly literate read for pleasure. When my classmates and I were being tested on *The Pardoner's Tale*, *The Nun's Priest's Tale*, *Macbeth*, and *Brighton Rock*, it was a fair assumption that we would be reading other literature through our own free choice. We enjoyed both depth and breadth. My own students might have to read more than we did, but few of them are reading worse.

As contemporary "education" only values what is measurable, what they don't read is irrelevant: it has no statistical import. It's what is on the syllabus that counts - and what is on the syllabus is more or less dictated by the National Curriculum, which is written by the Government.

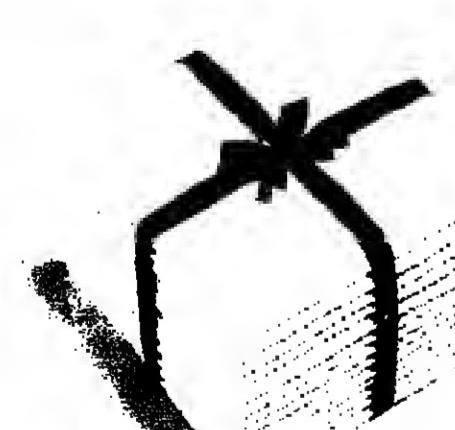
The Department for Education (and, let us not forget, Employment) would no doubt defend itself against these criticisms by saying

that a significant part of that National Curriculum is a response to the literary philistinism of the age, and an attempt to put things right through law. They would claim to have abstracted and promoted literacy, just as they have abstracted and promoted the constituent skills appropriate to History, say, or Science. But when students can pass exams by exercising these skills with little knowledge (as in the case of my son's Biology paper) or that History paper I invigilated), and with poor literacy, we know that standards have indeed slipped, and that all those reams of statistics mean nothing of any real, lasting value.

If the Government has anatomised the body educational, cutting it up into its separate limbs and organs so that each can be labelled, weighed, and - above all - measured. The trouble is that, if you do that to a body, you kill it. Even someone with one of today's Biology GCSE's could tell you that.

The author is a teacher at a comprehensive school in East Anglia

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Spreading the gospel of science



PODIUM

SUSAN GREENFIELD
From the inaugural lecture by the Director of the Royal Institution, London

cally and administratively, to provide it.

We will not, however, simply be sitting back waiting for people to come to us. We will increasingly be going to them. We already visit schools, but we should not stop there. For example, many employers may be amenable to the RI giving presentations at the workplace.

One could imagine that workers on the production line of a company would be stimulated and feel themselves more involved if someone from the RI came and gave them a short presentation about how the product they were packing actually worked and what it could do.

This would reach people who do not think of themselves as particularly science oriented, spreading the gospel of science in the way that we are uniquely placed to do. These are areas which I want us to explore in the months to come.

We have a product. Our product, which we should go out and sell, is science as a concept, scientific knowledge as an integral part of our modern way of life. We are going to be looking at ways of promoting this

product to a market which I know from my own experience of publishing, radio and television is crying out for it.

Next year, as you know, the Royal Institution will be 200 years old. We intend to celebrate in style, with a whole series of special events intended to point not only to the fact that the RI has a long history of scientific service to the community, but also that we have a long future ahead of us as well.

A key ingredient in our biennial celebrations will be the promotion of awards for the new generation of younger scientists. Their capacity to innovate and discover new knowledge will all depend on us as we move forward into the future.

True to our roots, we shall also be placing great emphasis on the ability of these new scientists to communicate what they are doing. They must be able to foster a greater understanding and sense of partnership with the public; otherwise, their research may become irrelevant. I think myself incredibly lucky to share this precious responsibility with you as your new director.

Dr Vinod Patel

What about real life, Mr Birt?



MICHAEL WEARING

When was the last time one of the BBC power brokers went on a bus, for heaven's sake?

PACKED IN amongst the myriad of offerings on display at Edinburgh this year has been a retrospective of the work of the great British film director Alan Clarke (*Scum; Rita, Sue and Bob Too; Billy the Kid and the Green Baize Vampire*). We may thank the film festival committee for this opportunity to see again a catalogue of Clarke's challenging reflections of recent contemporary life into powerful and lasting drama.

Ironically nearly all of this work was made for television and nearly all of that was made by the BBC. He was a man of ordinary background and television was his medium of preference and passion. Along with the writers and producers with whom he worked, there was never any doubt that the television audience weren't up for an often bumpy and eye-opening ride while they pursued their love affair with the possibilities of the medium.

They perhaps unknowingly established a cherished tradition of British television topical-drama that was visually immediate and unflinching - the sort of broadcasting that happened on a fairly regular basis in our country and not many other places in the world.

Today, the television industry descends upon the Scottish capital and will not, I suspect, be overly preoccupied with a sometimes troublesome and, managerially speaking, uncomfortable legacy of the recent past. We shall hear a lot about the audience who, we will be told, no longer demand the probings of the meaning of being English by the likes of Alan Clarke on their screens. We shall be contemplating the digitally engineered multi-channel future with bright-eyed and definitely fearless diligence. We shall be hectored by analysts and strategists and broadcasting entrepreneurs about the iron law of survival in the world of limitless consumer choice - total audience acceptability of all programming offerings their target demographic sub groups.

Will we hear so much about the generation of production finance to support the New Age cornucopia? This was mercifully a matter of concern to the legislators who presided over every earlier expansion of British television. One thing we



Director Alan Clarke is being celebrated at the Edinburgh Festival, but how would scripts like 'Rita, Sue and Bob Too' fare at the BBC today?

can be sure of - nobody will be ready-stumping up for some latter-day Clarke to disrupt the spectacle even if he had still been with us he would have shot on digital Selottape even had it been to say something adventurously worthwhile.

For light relief we shall alternatively be howling with mirth or reaching for the scalpel as a certain M. A. A. Gill proposes the faintly provocative and totally preposterous proposition that it is the advent of women to high office in the industry that has, in his view, lobotomised and de-balled our current output. Well dearie, I can think of one such person, who in the pursuit of fiscal greed, made a bonfire of the ITV franchises; but on the whole this industry is divided into the corporately ambitious and those who are ambitious for their programme areas. Gender is anything but the deciding factor as to which side of that particular fence you reside.

Inevitably we shall not survive the television festival without some manifestation of that hardy perennial - Beeb lashing. The old litany of charges ranging from corporate arrogance, high-hrow programming of little relevance to the contemporary audience, the featherbedding of elitist programme makers with no knowledge of the real world at the public expense still raise a rhetorical cheer of recognition despite 5 years of Birtism and his cohorts of managerial apparatchiks and patrons imported from the world of commerce and commercial television. They have undermined with steely resolution every aspect of BBC culture which might remotely have justified such a view.

The irony of course is that this particular battle had been fought and won by the Alan Clarke's of this world. To accuse Clarke and his many contemporaries of a paternalistic view of the audience is laughable to anyone who actually knew him. But of course it was not some all seeing Diaghilev of a controller who commissioned him. It was a drama head to whom the power of commission had by some oversight been devolved.

What do we really have now as a result of organisational changes ostensibly to modernise the BBC but actually to placate a political loathing of anything in the arena of public service? On the matter of topicality the BBC's decision making on production investment is so slow in the field of drama that all concerned require the power of foresight of Nostradamus to get it right.

Visual immediacy is an expense which budgeting limitations have long since made a thing of the past. One can only hope that the efficiency savings will really help fund the new services. As for unflinching content, the broadcast production divide has well and truly put an end to that. We are all now either "buyers" or "sellers" of ideas to phrase it in the market-place mantras of the management consultancy advice.

Why buy the possibility of controversial topicality when you have reorganised the world to nip such trouble in the bud? Not only do we have the Broadcasting Standards

Council but with untypical alacrity the BBC broadcast division promptly provided an audience complaints department all of its own.

Here lies the true manifestation of a paternalistic and sanctimonious attitude to the audience affecting contemporary broadcasting. It affects not just the BBC but all the channels who collectively live in fear of an audience who must on no account be offended, so the broadcasters say. They know of course because they have employed armies of researchers and focus groups to tell the managers who they are serving.

As the broadcasters power steer themselves from one strategy meeting to another - when did anyone of them last go on a bus for heaven's sake - they consult their advisers about the likelihood or otherwise of the acceptability of any given programme idea. The possibility that a writer, new or old, might possibly have an insight into the culture they live in must first be measured against the dictates of market research.

This view of potential television material can only have one end - the total abandoning of any pretence of the medium to being a relevant window on the world, a barometer of any insightful representation of contemporary life. It is a view which patronisingly reduces the audience to the role of passive consumer.

It is the job of the BBC to rapidly recover its recent traditions of patronage of our real windows on our own writers, directors and producers. It is in maintaining its role as a vehicle of national cultural patronage that the longer term interests of BBC interests lie in its search for relevance, value and distinctiveness in the eyes of the audience. Why otherwise should they pay for what commercial television provides with creditable skill and efficiency? Or else all we'll be watching is the recycled works of Clarke on secondary channels and be left wondering how such work got made.

Michael Wearing is a former Head of BBC Drama Serials

RIGHT OF REPLY



HELEN LIDDELL
The Scottish Office minister replies to our criticisms of the Labour Party in Scotland

WHAT A PITY The Independent's masthead and the content of the leader column on Wednesday were at odds. The comments on Labour in Scotland were extraordinarily ill-informed.

Prime ministers have been visiting the Royal Family in Balmoral since the age of Queen Victoria. After every trip by Tony Blair to Scotland, our morale is boosted. We like to see him, even when he is trying to fit in some private time with friends while he is here. Scots respect his qualities as much as the rest of Britain. But to claim that his trip is in response to opinion polls is simply not the case. As well as Balmoral, the Prime Minister will be visiting Edinburgh, Glasgow, Avrshire and the Hebrides. He does not need an excuse. He is, and will remain, the Prime Minister of all the United Kingdom.

The assertion that Tony Blair regards Scotland as a Labour "fiefdom" is wrong. Neither he nor Scottish Labour have ever taken a single vote in Scotland for granted, and nor will we. Despite our unparalleled electoral success, we are not complacent.

We expect to be judged on our achievements and on the policies the Scottish Labour Party proposes for the new Scottish parliament. We are confident that the Government's priorities of health and education are shared by the Scottish people, which is why we are going to invest an extra £3.1bn in these services over the next three years. As for the rubbish that Labour is "seen as an essentially English party": it is time to go back to the history books and be less prepared to swallow propaganda from a separatist party.

Scottish New Labour does not have to apologise to anybody for our commitment to Scotland. After all, it was Labour which delivered the Scottish parliament.

His money earned no interest

DURING 90-SOME years of relentless prosperity, John D Rockefeller proved to the world that even notoriously successful robber barons can live really boring lives. A devout Baptist who disdained alcohol, tobacco, and any sign of excessive partying, he spoke almost entirely in religious aphorisms, attended daily prayer vigils and church services, and even dropped out of school in his early teens to help support his family. And when he wasn't keeping meticulous accounts of personal expenditure, he was turning each day into a series of unalterable routines - eating, exercising, and even dispatching charitable contributions at prearranged times like a sort of human clock. John D Rockefeller was the sort of man who never did anything except - of course, make money.

Born in Richford, New York in 1839, Rockefeller's pedigree was quintessentially American. His mother was a hard-working frontier housewife who got along with everybody, including her husband's mistresses. And his father was none other than Doc Rockefeller, aka Big Bill, a handsome con-man who sold diuretics as cancer cures and taught schoolchildren how to deal from the



FRIDAY BOOK

TITAN: THE LIFE OF JOHN D ROCKEFELLER, SR
BY RON CHERNOW, LITTLE, BROWN, £25

bottom of the deck for five bucks a pop. "Never trust anyone completely," Big Bill once told his son, "not even me." It was a lesson JD took to heart. Then he went out and taught it to the rest of the world.

Rockefeller learned the rules of the post-Civil War industrial boom more quickly than anybody. Purchasing his first Cleveland refinery in 1862, he soon created one of the first multinational corporations, Standard Oil, by never simply rising to the challenge of competitors. Instead, he priced them out of business or bought them.

His "secret" pact with the railroads made sure that nobody could distribute product cheaper than he could. And whenever a rival oil pipeline was in the works, he quickly laid down an in-

tervening pipeline of his own. "The power to make money is a gift from God," Rockefeller once said. And just because God does good things doesn't mean he has to be a nice guy.

For Rockefeller, money wasn't simply a luxury; it was a lesson in lifestyle management. At his first job as a Cleveland accountant in 1855, Rockefeller earned 50 cents a day, and donated 6 per cent to charity. As his income skyrocketed to plus \$10 million per year, Rockefeller's charity increased proportionately. He built the University of Chicago, the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, Atlanta's Spelman College (one of the first centres of higher education for black women), the Rockefeller Foundation, and the International Health Commission, which helped eliminate hookworm and hookworm from much of the South. "He gives with two hands, but he robs with many," one virulent critic contended. But then two Rockefellers hands could cover a lot of ground.

While Rockefeller was busy making money, everybody left him alone. Once he retired, in the early 1900s, he attracted the fierce invective of America's muckraking journalists, especially his fellow Baptist Ida Minerva Tarbell, whose series of exposés prompted decades of anti-trust legislation. But no matter how cruelly he was reviled, Rockefeller always wore a stern poker-face and never let anybody know what he was feeling. Even his eventual court fine of \$29.24 million could not interrupt his daily round of golf, or agitate his low-pulse rate.

Like any good snake-oil salesman, the successful capitalist does not sell goods so much as confidence. And confidence was one thing Rockefeller possessed in abundance. "I have ways of making money you know nothing about," he once confided to a rival, and certainly he viewed prosperity as something more significant than figures in a ledger. It was a way of testing one's interior strength and determi-



Rockefeller, a ruthless and religious man

nation. It proved you were a better person than everybody else.

Chernow's biography is a terrific piece of history, but the main problem with reading it from cover to cover is that Rockefeller, despite his accomplishments, seems to have been an exceptionally dull man. Like most inordinately successful people (capitalists, artists, serial killers), he wasn't brilliant; he was simply more narrow in his interests, and obsessive about pursuing them, than anybody else. As a result, throughout this densely researched book, very few memorable human moments stand out.

There was the time Rockefeller took secret golf lessons in order to surprise his wife, say. Or his insistence that his children record every expenditure on candy and gum. Or the years he surrounded his mansion with guards in order to evade an endless series of process servers. But outside these occasional glimpses into the heart of a formidable businessman, Rockefeller never really comes to life. And this may have nothing to do with the quality of Chernow's intelligent and well-written book.

SAVE OUR CHILDREN



with Bernie WORRELL, Zakir HUSSAIN, Trilok GURTU and many more

Produced by Bill Laswell

FRIDAY POEM

THE FIRING
BY RUTH VALENTINE

I thought I'd calmed you,
old potter, old jug-maker;
I thought I'd bought you
retirement at last: to wander
with me on the grey clay sand
at the farthest summer tide
and relinquished evening.

so you could ease your cramped
foot off the treadle, rinse
your hands at the cracked white sink;

but here is your thumb again
pressing my nipple back,
your palm warping my lip.

You load me into the kiln.
Here again is the searing
safron and ash-scoured dark.

This poem comes from Ruth Valentine's first collection, *The Tide Table*, published by Slow Dancer Press (£6.99)

SCOTT BRADFIELD

The Rev Edward Carpenter

EDWARD CARPENTER was a highly original Dean of Westminster who enabled Westminster Abbey to become a shrine welcoming a great variety of good causes. After 20 years as a learned, hard-working and unpushy north London parson he was "discovered" by Clement Attlee and spent 35 years at the abbey, eventually becoming Dean from 1974 to 1986. He and his much-respected wife, Lilian, will go down in the history of Westminster for being so accessible, friendly and prepared to listen.

Carpenter was a thorough Londoner, educated at Strodes School, Egham, and King's College in the Strand. As an historian he published major episcopal biographies as well as being a popular speaker and lecturer. His personal routine included watching Chelsea Football Club, of whom he was an enthusiastic supporter; working through the night on his historical researches and spending time by day on the abbey floor concerned to him with visitors and staff.

Though naturally shy and short-sighted he was always prepared to make new friends and consider new points of view. He injected a happy vagueness into ceremonial occasions which might otherwise have been boring or pretentious and (like the Queen Mother) managed to greet others without impropriety in church processions.

He commended the Christian faith to thoughtful people, where more media-conscious or mission-driven leaders might be off-putting. He understood the objections. He is remembered with affectionate esteem by lay people of all churches, and by humanists and members of other faiths, including Jews, Buddhists, Hindus, Muslims and Bahá'ís.

Though himself always personally committed, he defended the Commonwealth ceremony at the abbey

where the world's religions expressed their beliefs together. His scholarly impartiality in his historical publications is shown in his gentle treatment of Bishop Compton, the last bishop to bear arms, and of the managerial Archbishop Fisher who so opposed the Anglican-Methodist reunion proposals. No reader would guess that Carpenter himself was a pacifist, an ecumenist and a feminist.

However he was a discreet but firm opponent of 20th-century in-

He wanted worship to be accessible. He liked the drive of Cranmer's succinct phrase 'whose service is perfect freedom'

tolerance. When both Downing Street and Lambeth believed that a "realistic" approach to South Africa required compromise, Carpenter would have none of it. When some rejected the ordination of women on the ground that it was unprecedented, Carpenter offered the abbey to celebrate the 40th anniversary of the ordination of the Chinese pioneer priest Florence Li Tim Oi in 1984, eight years before the General Synod and Parliament removed the legal barriers in England. It was characteristic on that historic occasion that it was Carpenter who noticed that there were not enough

chairs for the congregation and had more carried in.

He was prepared to face opposition even from scholarly archbishops whom he respected. He did not believe that Archbishop Temple was radical enough in his attitudes to either capitalism or business sleaze. When Michael Ramsey refused to have anything to do with the World Congress of Faiths, Carpenter persisted, without success, in trying to persuade Ramsey to change his mind. Carpenter was committed to faith in the Trinity and in Christ but Ramsey felt this was put in doubt if all "religions" were welcomed. Carpenter was more aware than Ramsey of the variety of spiritual searching in contemporary society.

"Management" was not one of Carpenter's priorities. He did not attend the Church Commissioners. He searched for and gave his mind to bodies where he saw imagination and concern for a happier human future. So he was an energetic member of the Modern Churchpeople's Union, the World Congress of Faiths, the Shelley Society, the Byron Society, the United Nations Association, the Council for Christians and Jews and the Council for the Welfare of Animals. His determination to help women's education was shown in his Chairmanship of the Mary Buss Foundation, the North London Collegiate School, the Camden School for Girls and the St Anne's Society. The fact that occasionally he might arrive breathless by bicycle or have simultaneous appointments did not decrease the warmth of the welcome he received.

In his concern with worship in his parishes and at the abbey he was conscious of the man and woman in the street. He wanted worship to be accessible and urged brevity, time for silence, reflection and meditation – hence his love of the abbey's music. He liked the drive of Cran-

mer's succinct phrase "whose service is perfect freedom".

For him Christ's teaching reflected in lessons or sermon had the individual ring of spiritual genius about it. Slogans, pressures and hype were all out of place. "There need be nothing dramatic about entering into the kingdom, for in some sense it is equivalent to a new birth, to be raised to the fullness of life, even when one is old."

He felt in happy serendipity, reinforcing his suspicions of codified morals, when he discovered in Barrow School Chapel, before preaching there, a Prayer Book with the

Table of Kindred and Affinity on the last page. Against the injunction that "a man may not marry his grandmother" a schoolboy had written "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law".

Though at the heart of the establishment both ecclesiastic and political, Carpenter remained surprisingly unporous and unexpected. He emphasized the freshness of life which brings us into new situations in which each person's conscience may require a sacrificial decision. He had no fear of science and greatly admired the wisdom of those 17th-century ecclesiastics who

threw their energies into royal society. He pleaded for imaginative understanding of others and commanded the children's prayer "O God, make the nice people good; and the good people nice".

It was unfortunate for the Church that Edward Carpenter was 64 before he became Dean but he has left a legacy of tolerant, determined openness as a vital trait of 20th-century Christianity. He and his wife gave themselves unstintingly to others and contributed a happy sparkle in their home at Westminster in their laughter and scholarship.

ALAN WEBSTER

Edward Frederick Carpenter, priest: born 27 November 1910; ordained deacon 1935, priest 1936; Curate, Holy Trinity, St Marylebone 1935-41; Curate, St Mary, Harrow 1941-45; Rector of Great Stanmore 1945-51; Canon of Westminster 1951, Treasurer 1959-74, Archdeacon 1963-74; Dean of Westminster 1974-85; Lecturer in Theology of Westminster Abbey 1988; Joint Chairman, London Society of Jesus and Christians 1960-85; KCVO 1985; married Lillian Wright (three sons, one daughter); died Twickenham, Middlesex 26 August 1998.



Carpenter, centre, with the band Sky after they had given the first ever rock concert in Westminster Abbey, 1981. Hulton Getty

Professor Francesco Crucitti

FRANCESCO CRUCITTI was the voice of calm, professional hope that Catholics around the world relied on in 1981 after a Turkish terrorist's bullet came within inches of killing Pope John Paul II in St Peter's Square in Rome.

A surgeon at the Gemelli Hospital of the Sacred Heart Catholic University, Crucitti rushed from the emergency ward at an outlying clinic to lead the team which removed that bullet from the Pope's intestines in a six-hour operation. Then, over the tense days and weeks that followed, he provided regular medical bulletins on John Paul's recovery. With the Catholic world hanging on his every word, Crucitti's manner set worried minds at rest. "He was very good at handling what was certainly not an easy situation," the doctor's long-time assistant Professor Giambattista Doglietto recalled this week.

At the time of the shooting, Crucitti was already a surgeon of some renown. Born in 1930 to a humble family in the southern Reggio Calabria region, he had graduated from medical school at the early age of 22 and gone on to specialise in thoracic, gastric and general surgery. By 1981 he had acquired a chair in surgery at the Catholic University and was, Doglietto said, "a meticulous operating-theatre animal". In

1991 he was made director of the Gemelli Hospital's Institute of Clinical Surgery.

Impressed by his professional competence and human touch, the Pope turned to Crucitti once again in 1992 to have a huge tumour taken from his colon, and again in 1996 to have a rumbling appendix removed.

Before the operation in 1992,

The Pope, said Doglietto, 'is the kind of person who wants to know all about everything'. For his most illustrious patient, Crucitti was happy to oblige

Crucitti paid a preparatory visit to the Vatican, a surgery textbook tucked under his arm, ready to explain in detail what he would be doing to the tumour in the Pope's gut, a tumour which, the doctor was to admit much later, was "on the verge of becoming malignant". The Pope, Doglietto said, "is the kind of person who wants to know all about everything". For his most illustrious patient, Crucitti was only too happy to oblige.

much I appreciated this man who saved my life," the pontiff told Crucitti's wife Alessandra. The Pope also ordered the Vatican Secretary of State, Cardinal Angelo Sodano, to officiate at Crucitti's funeral service today.

Crucitti's death comes just four months after the fatal shooting in the Vatican of Alois Estermann, the Swiss Guard officer who also helped keep John Paul alive during the 1981 shooting by throwing himself in

front of the Pope as the Turkish gunman Ali Agca took aim for a second shot. Estermann and his wife Gladys were killed by a young guard who then committed suicide.

Through Crucitti was vocal in his advice to the Pope to reduce his gruelling timetable and rest if he wished to preside over the 2000 Jubilee Holy Year celebrations, the doctor failed noticeably to take his own advice. By the third time Crucitti operated on the Pope in 1996, he too was seriously ill although, with characteristic reserve on his part, this fact remained a closely guarded secret.

Struck by prostate cancer in the early 1990s, Crucitti had had his tumour operated on quietly in the United States but to no avail and metastasis occurred. This failed to keep him out of his beloved operating theatre. Associates recall him strapped into a surgical corset to keep himself upright in the theatre as the cancer moved to his bones, causing him agonising pain. He continued to practise at the Gemelli Hospital until six weeks ago.

ANNE HANLEY

Francesco Crucitti, surgeon: born Reggio Calabria, Italy 17 November 1930; married Alessandra Di Lieto (two sons, one daughter); died Rome 26 August 1998.



Crucitti, right, with the Pope on his leaving hospital after an appendix operation, 1996

Percy Grieve

PERCY GRIEVE was an MP for nearly 20 years, though he was more distinguished as a lawyer, being both a QC and, at various times, a Recorder. His own fondest memories, however, were of his time, between 1941 and 1943, when he worked as a liaison officer with General de Gaulle's Fighting France. From his early years Grieve was notably absorbed by European affairs, and he was particularly Francophile in his disposition: when he married, indeed, it was to a girl who was herself half-French and half-English.

De Gaulle first called the organisation which he formed in London after the surrender in 1940 of France to Germany Free France, and gave it its second appellation once his troops began to take an active part in the war. Like every other Englishman who worked with de Gaulle,

Grieve was more often than not exasperated by the great Frenchman, and for many years he liked to quote Churchill's statement to the effect that the heaviest cross he had to bear was the Cross of Lorraine – that cross being de Gaulle's chosen emblem for his army in exile.

However, unlike others – most notably General Sir Edward Spears, who had arranged de Gaulle's evacuation from France in 1940 – Grieve never lost his initial affection for and admiration for "le grand Charles", and spoke of him with warm affection even when France was being, in the 1960s, particularly obstructive to British foreign policy.

Grieve's father was killed at the Battle of Ypres in the year of Grieve's birth, 1915. He was educated first by private tutors, and then at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar in 1938, but the time of his

apprenticeship in his chosen profession was brief. On the outbreak of the Second World War in 1939, he joined his father's old regiment – the Middlesex – and, largely on the strength of his fluent French, was promptly sent to serve with the French government's department of censorship in Paris. When, after the fall of France, he was dispatched to Brendan Bracken's Ministry of Information, his principal task was to work with the Free French, and to oversee de Gaulle's wartime broadcasts, a task requiring not only exceptional patience, but considerable diplomatic finesse as well: his services were eventually acknowledged when he was appointed Chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur in 1974.

Indeed, the number of foreign awards which Grieve collected during the post-war years was multiple. Having served with Supreme Head-

quarters Allied Expeditionary Force in 1944, he was awarded the Luxembourg Croix de Guerre with palms. Later, after work with the Western European Union, he was appointed a Commander of the Luxembourg Order of Merit. He had already acquired a Bronze Star from the United States on demobilisation and was later to receive another medal from the Belgian government in 1980.

Grieve did not, however, enjoy such lustre in his parliamentary career: he would dearly have liked to be at least a Law Officer, but preference passed him by. He did, however – in deference to the interests and concerns of his Solihull constituents, who had elected him in 1964 – serve for some considerable time on the Commons Select Committee on Race Relations and Immigration.

On that Grieve took a sternly re-

strictive attitude on immigration. Like many politicians who held similar views, Grieve was regularly exasperated by what he saw as the lack of cosmopolitan knowledge on the part of those who took more liberal views on the matter of immigration from the new Commonwealth. Indeed, the expression of exasperation was a common feature of his discourse; and he was said by colleagues to have been consistently irritable in court, both as a barrister and as a judge.

However, it was always noted of him, that in spite of his marked tendency to be intolerant and even arrogant, that he never neglected to prepare a brief diligently, nor a political speech with complete thoroughness. It may have been that the defects of his temperament were what deprived him of any opportunity for ministerial office.

"The trouble with Percy," a Con-

servative Chief Whip once said, "is that he likes foreigners a damn sight better than he likes his own people." That brusque epithet should not, however, be allowed to disguise the truth that Grieve was a man of wide and deep culture, and a distinct admiration to both his chosen professions.

PATRICK COSGRAVE

William Percival Grieve, politician and barrister: born Rockcliffe, Dumfriesshire 25 March 1915; called to the Bar, Middle Temple 1938; Assistant Recorder of Leicester 1956-65; QC 1962; MP (Conservative) for Solihull Division of Warwickshire 1964-83; Recorder of Northampton 1965-71, Recorder 1972-87; married 1949 Evelyn Mijouain (died 1991; one son, and one son and one daughter deceased); died Marseilles, France 22 August 1998.



Grieve: MP for Solihull 1964-83

BIRTHS,
MARRIAGES
& DEATHS

DEATHS

J. Morton Boyd

GOING FOR a walk in the countryside or on the moors with J. Morton Boyd was an incredible and enriching experience. His powers of observation of nature were stupendous. Quite simply, he helped to educate us all. For 15 years – from 1971 to 1986 – he was Director of the Nature Conservancy Council for Scotland.

Professor Fred Last, of the Institute of Ecology and Resource Management at Edinburgh University, describes him as "one of the leading advocates of the conservation movement for nearly half a century". Boyd was a major influence in the conservation of nature long before the cause was fashionable. He followed in the footsteps of his mentor, Sir Frank Fraser Darling. "Morton had the exceptional ability," says Last, "of being able to articulate his vision with passion from an incomparable base of knowledge and understanding. His name is linked with the natural history of Scotland, and in particular the Hebrides, but his impact is to be seen world-wide."

John Morton Boyd was born in the then textile town of Darvel in Ayrshire, in 1925. His father was a master builder and throughout his life Boyd displayed the practical skills of craftsmanship. On a visit to the National Railway Museum in York he would look under engines and amaze his colleagues with his knowledge of engineering. This is not wholly surprising since, after a rigorous education at Kilmarnock Academy under Scottish dominions, he went to Glasgow University matured by war service in the RAF as a flight lieutenant. His first intention was to read Engineering, which he did successfully in his first year.

However his reading of Frank Fraser Darling's seminal 1929 book *A Naturalist on Rona* – subtitled "essays of a biologist in isolation", on a Hebridean island – persuaded him to change from Engineering to Zoology. He came under the influence of that great marine scientist, the late Sir Maurice Yonge. Yonge told me shortly before he died that not only was Boyd one of his most outstanding pupils but that he had been impressed from the first term in which he studied Zoology with his drive and determination to help the natural world.

Boyd joined the Nature Conservancy after university. Magnus Magnusson, Chairman of Scottish Natural Heritage (as it became in Scotland), since 1992, says: "Morton Boyd played an important and charismatic role in the early days of the Nature Conservancy in Scotland."

"He was a hands-on practical scientist with all-consuming and infectious passion for the richness and diversity of Scotland's natural heritage, and an unquenchable curiosity about the beauty and intricacy of nature's workings all over the world. From his early days in the conservancy right through to the end of his directorship Morton Boyd gave the NCC a crusading edge based on morality and the highest values."

In his earlier years with the conservancy Boyd found time to lead many groups into the wildnesses of the Scottish west coast. Etched on the memory of all of us who took part were the commentaries which Morton Boyd delivered over the tannoy of the cruise-ship school *Dunera* during the National Trust-sponsored cruises round the islands of St Kilda. His description of the bird life was wonderful and entrancing for its detail and his capacity to point out his own acute sightings to the passengers lining the deck with their binoculars. He had, with Kenneth Williamson, written *St Kilda Summer* (1960). All his career he had the closest association with the National Trust for Scotland, served on many of their committees and acted as a valued adviser, gaining the complete confidence of the trust's rural concerns of the long-time Director, Sir Jamie Stormont Darling.

He also was generous with his time to the Royal Zoological Society of Scotland, of which he was an honorary Fellow. The distinguished Director of Edinburgh Zoo, Roger Wheeler, recalls the many car journeys in which he had



Boyd on Creag Meagaidh, a National Nature Reserve in Lochaber, Highland, in 1996

driven Boyd to the Highlands. "Morton's knowledge of the Highland Wildlife Park (in the Cairngorms), of deer management, was juxtaposed to his expertise on the countryside. His service to the total environment was huge."

It was not only the wildlife of the British Isles which concerned him. In 1964-65 he was the Nuffield Travelling Fellow in the Middle East and East Africa, one of the first to raise concerns about the future of the Arabian oryx. In 1966 he led the British Zoological Expedition to Jordan demonstrating to his colleagues not only formidable scientific knowledge but also sparkling leadership qualities. His humour (albeit he didn't

'His name is linked with the natural history of Scotland, and in particular the Hebrides, but his impact is to be seen world-wide'

suffer fools) could captivate scientists and nature lovers who were disposed to be difficult.

In 1967 he was a member, chosen by the late Sir Ashely Miles FRS, Biological Secretary of the Royal Society of the Royal Society Expedition to Aldabra Atoll in the Indian Ocean. His knowledge of and concern about the pink-footed booby, the flightless rail and above all the giant tortoises of the Indian Ocean were one of the spurts which drove me to conduct a relentless campaign in Parliament, as well as among friends at the

Smithsonian Museum in Washington and the US Congress, to scupper the proposal which would have made Aldabra into an RAF staging post, supporting our then commitment east of Suez.

Had it not been for Boyd's briefing I have no doubt that, despite the efforts of David Stoddart and others, the staging-post plan would have been implemented, feral cats and rats – Boyd's greatest enemies in life – would have been introduced and the unique ecosystem would not have been preserved, as it is today.

In the late 1960s Boyd spent two years at the Azraq International Biological Station in Jordan, strongly supported by his devoted wife of half a century,

In the decade of the late Seventies and early Eighties he devoted a lot of his time to work not only on seals but on the general problems of environmental protection in the northern seas and not least the Arctic, where he worked closely with the Russians.

One of Boyd's memorials is his written work – *The Natural Environment of the Outer Hebrides* (1979) and *The Natural Environment of the Inner Hebrides* (1983). In 1990 he produced *The Hebrides: a natural tapestry* and two years ago *The Hebrides: a mosaic of islands*.

The present chief executive of the Scottish Natural Heritage, Roger Croft, calls "the magnificent contribution" which Morton Boyd made to nature conservation in Scotland – "bringing greater scientific understanding of issues, demonstrating in practice what can be achieved, particularly in natural nature reserves, raising awareness of the natural heritage of the Hebrides, and most notably of all to many of us, communicating his knowledge and views with integrity, enthusiasm, and with great passion".

Morton Boyd will be remembered as one of the towering figures of nature conservation in the latter half of the 20th century.

TAM DALYELL

John Morton Boyd, ecologist; born Dargavel, Ayrshire 31 January 1925; FRSE 1968; Director, Nature Conservancy Council, Scotland 1971-85; FRZS Scot 1985; FRSA 1985; FRSGS 1987; CBE 1987; married 1954 Winifred Rome (four sons); died Edinburgh 25 August 1998.

GAZETTE

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS

DEATHS

GIBSON: Suddenly on 22 August 1998, whilst at home, Robina Hamilton aged 90 years, the much-loved wife of the late James, devoted and dearly loved mother of John, a very loved son of Barbara and Michael. The late Andrew, Ruby will be sadly missed by all her family and friends. Funeral service at St Peter's Methodist Church, Westlands, Newcastle-under-Lyme, on Thursday 3 September at 11.15am prior to cremation at Bradwell Crematorium. Will relatives accept this information. Friends invited to attend are kindly invited to assemble at the church. Enquiries to David Kindersley, Marsh & Son Funeral Directors, 38 Friars Wood Road, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire. Telephone 01782 771709.

ANNOUNCEMENTS are charged at £1.50 a line (£1.00 extra).

BIRTHDAYS

The Duke of Argyll, Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, 61; Mr Michael Arthur, diplomat, 48; Sir Kenneth Berrill, economist, 76; The Right Rev John Bone, former Bishop of Reading, 68; Sir Cecil Clothier QC, former Chairman, Police Complaints Authority, 73; Miss Mogen Cooper, concert pianist, 49; Professor Wendy Davies, historian, 56; Mr Windsor Davies, actor, 68; Mr William Elman, ambassador to Luxembourg, 48; Miss Janet Frame, novelist, 74; Mr Ben Gazzara, actor, 68; Sir Rupert Hart-Davis, writer, editor and former publisher, 91; Sir Godfrey Hounsfield, inventor of the MRI-scanner, 79; Mr Emlyn Hughes, footballer and broadcaster, 51; General Sir William Jackson, former Governor of

ANNIVERSARIES

Gibraltar, 81; Professor Sir John Kingman, Vice-Chancellor, Bristol University, 59; Dr Joseph Lans, former secretary-general of Nato, 87; Miss Elaine Mellor, jockey, 55; Mr Donald O'Connor, actor and dancer, 73; Sir Christopher Paine, radiologist, 63; Mr Mark Pellew, ambassador to the Holy See, 56; Mr Max Robertson, radio commentator and broadcaster, 63; Miss Emma Samms, actress, 38; Sir Thomas Scrivenor, former colonial administrator, 90; Mr Julian Sheffield, former chairman, Portals Group, 60; Mr John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone, 67; Mr David Soul, actor, 54; Mr Ian Stewart MP, 48; Sir Christopher Sumner, High Court judge, 59; Sir Peter Thornton, former senior civil servant, 81; Professor Roger Williams, hepatologist, 67.

SYNAGOGUE SERVICES

Details of synagogue services to be held tomorrow may be obtained by telephoning the following Sabbath begin in London at 7.42pm.

United Synagogues: 0181-343 5898. Federation of Synagogues: 0181-302 2263. Union of Liberal and Progressive Synagogues: 0171-580 1683. Reform Synagogues of Great Britain: 0181-349 4731. Spanish and Portuguese Jews Congregation: 0171-289 2753. New London Synagogue (Masorti): 0171-328 1028.

CHANGING OF THE GUARD

The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am.

HISTORICAL NOTES

HUGH SMALL

The wisdom of Florence Nightingale



She took to her bed for 11 years

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE believed that mistakes bring wisdom. If this is the case, she must have been the wisest person in Britain. Her mistake was to support the doctors in claiming, during and after the Crimean War, that 15,000 soldiers had died in her hospitals because the Army had sent "the wrong kind of patient". During her lifetime, most of Victorian Britain knew that she had changed her mind 12 months after the war, and admired her honesty. Since her death her biographers have avoided mentioning her mistake and her correction of it, and in doing so, have ignored the defining event of her life.

The soldiers were sent to Nightingale's hospital at Scutari in a dreadful state: starving, scorbutic, and sometimes with their extremities dropping off from frostbite. They were not fatally ill; but their symptoms distracted attention from the typhoid and dysentery which escalated in the hospitals and killed 10 per cent of the Army in one single month. The aristocratic officers treated the common soldier as "the scum of the earth, enlisted for drink"; but Nightingale practically worshipped them and refused to treat the officers, while imploring Queen Victoria to allow the men to send their pay home to their families instead of letting them use it to drink themselves to death.

Following the war Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister and an old family friend, manoeuvred Nightingale into leading a public inquiry into the mistreatment of the common soldier. Palmerston wanted to stop Queen Victoria interfering in military affairs and saw Nightingale as a more democratic "Mother of the Army". Her search to assign blame for the many deaths became obsessive, especially when she discovered statistics showing that the death rate had varied dramatically between hospitals; her own hospital at Scutari was at least twice as bad as any other. She worked passionately through a list of suspects including the Army officers, the doctors, and the politicians until finally she concluded that it must have been her own fault because she had failed to notify the Army 300 miles away of how many soldiers were dying in her hospital. The Army had thought the men were convalescing on the beaches, while in reality they were going into a mass grave.

Her discovery very nearly killed her. Not only had she "killed" the dying soldiers who had kissed her shadow, she felt she had betrayed her nurses from whom she had demanded total obedience. They had plotted together to steal food for the dying men and prolong their lives for a few days, and when their schemes failed the nurses were so distressed that the dying patients had to comfort them. Memories like these tortured Nightingale. Still only 37, she abandoned her nursing career and took to her bed for 11 years. She remained a reclusive invalid until she died, working 16 hours a day to save the millions of lives in England that would be needed to pay off her imaginary debt.

But the public, awed by her dreadful experience during the war and her sense of duty, trusted her completely. To destroy this hated reputation as a ministering angel, she leaked copies of a secret government report to her many admirers which included the statistics showing how her hospital at Scutari had killed patients rather than curing them. Surviving leaked copies of this report are now the only source of this data; which has been ignored since her death. The Government hushed up her findings and the public enquiry she led was a sham. And as recently as 1974 the Director-General of the Army Medical Department claimed that hospital conditions had nothing to do with the soldier's death!

Hugh Small is the author of *Florence Nightingale: nursing angel*, to be published next month (Constable, £18.99)

Just another day in the electric chair

THE INDEPENDENT ARCHIVE

28 AUGUST 1987

Sarah Helm reports from Louisiana, where executions have become so frequent as to pass almost unnoticed

Speaking two days before his execution, Rault said he had accepted death. "I will just be transferring from death row to life row. I will be going to join God."

Louisiana State Penitentiary is known as "the prison plantation". Covering 18,000 acres, it houses 4,700 prisoners, 80 per cent black and one third serving life. Death row is in Camp G. Its single-storey green buildings, housing 39 inmates, sweat in the heat, surrounded by neat flowerbeds and triangular exercise pens. Two miles away is "death house" where the prisoner goes the day before his execution – and next door to that, the execution chamber itself.

The prison's executioner is known as Sam Jones. "Nobody really knows who he is. He just rings up when he knows there is an execution and we go and pick him up. He gets paid \$400 a time – but I'm sure we could find a load of people to do it for free," said the warden.

Richard Peabody, an assistant warden, explained the procedure. "We administer 2,400 volts for 10 seconds, 500 for 20 seconds, 2,400 for 10 seconds and then again 500 for 20 seconds. The idea is not to have any overkill – excessive scarring, for example. It is our belief that the man is dead from the moment of the first jolt." Peabody said none of the guards look forward to executions. "We treat them as well as we can or as bad as we have to – it's just part of the job." His feet on his desk and puffing a pipe, the warden agreed. "It's just part of the job."

From "The Independent", Friday 28 August 1987

WORDS

WILLIAM HARTSTON

Draconian adj.

for a dragon or snake) means dragon-like. With a capital letter, however, Draconian refers to Draco the law-giver, an Athenian politician of the seventh century BC who gave the city-state its first penal code, which was noted for its severity.

With both words evoking fire-breathing harshness, the two words have merged into one. All true purists, however, take care to differentiate between Draconian laws and draconian mothers-in-law.



The family that fell to Earth

In trying to modernise, our Royal Family does not go far enough. Perhaps they should look to the model of Europe

The Queen is to ask Gordon Brown for a special film addition to the Civil List to fund an educational campaign directed at schools, universities and the media. Its objective, as reported in the press, is to show how "the monarchy retains an essential role at the heart of public life, with the Queen as a unifying influence at the apex of the unwritten British constitution".

So now we know. The aim of the current modernisation of the monarchy is restoration. It hopes to re-establish the kind of support that the monarchy enjoyed before Diana: an "essential", unifying role at the heart of public life. This was more than mere popularity. Mixing the personal and the impersonal, the Royal Family was a symbol of the nation and a substitute for a democratic constitution. Can Britain return to this peculiar form of royal worship?

The brief answer is an almost certain "No". But to be brief is to miss the point. For the monarchy cannot just fail, as if it were a self-contained piece of machinery, or go bankrupt as if it were a "firm" - that fatal conceit of the Royal Family itself. The monarchy is a relationship between the people and the Throne and between the Crown and a highly centralised state, to whom it provides a historic legitimacy.

Usually we are reminded of the history in a trivial fashion. The current spin-offs upon the British dictionary of received complacency to emphasise how the monarchy is an old dog. It has been unpopular before, for example during Queen Victoria's long retreat from public life after Prince Albert's death. Then it bounced back. It is sure to do so again. Far from providing a reassuring sense of history, this is a vicious circle. Barring a British re-capture of the Suez Canal, the monarchy can never restore its popularity today as it did in the 19th century.

Speaking at Her Majesty's anniversary last November, Tony Blair compared himself to Benjamin Disraeli. But the latter's

coup in making Queen Victoria Empress of India, a key move in the 19th century restoration, rested upon the gigantic achievement of the British state. Victoria and her immediate heirs, though immensely popular, remained relatively remote symbols of an overwhelmingly successful world power. They were the figureheads of an empire state: of its army, navy, colonies and City financiers with their global reach; of its aristocracy, civil servants, judiciary, Church and MPs, all with their domestic authority. No such role or restoration awaits today's Windsors.

Not that they seek it. For they have been the beneficiaries of a different kind of renewal. As empire declined, the monarchy was domesticated. It came to be regarded as fundamental to our way of life, not because it represented a society that worked but as its living memory. For nearly half a century - broadly from the Blitz to the Divorce - the Royals became a consolation for loss. In the process they were transmogrified into the personification of "ordinary" British people.

William Waldegrave, Fellow of All Souls and one-time Cabinet high-flier, expressed and defended this attitude after the impact of the *annus horribilis*. "By carrying the symbols of our highest traditions," he argued, "its representatives help us to have a vision of what should be". For him and millions like him, the monarchy not only symbolised our past and represented us in the present, it also embodied our society and ourselves for the years to come. It was an intense, authentic experience, often linked to military service and its sacrifices.

It was also a remarkable construct, one that was intensely political yet presented itself as emotional - a combination later reproduced by Diana. It appealed to the instinctive and organic. Yet it was also the outcome of high artifice that contrived and shaped public consent. And far from being ancient, the monarchy that rested upon such nostalgic populism was a recent post-

war phenomenon. It is this that Elizabeth II wishes to restore.

Its defining moment was her Coronation in 1953. After it, the Queen then led the cult of the commonwealth as a comforter for the loss of empire. When the public grew restless in the Sixties, the Windsors reinvented themselves, this time as a family. The 1969 TV film of royal domestic life was a riposte to the decade. Other countries might not regard their elders and betters, the British shared vicariously with their written constitutions that do indeed make royalty relatively ordinary. By rejecting the only indisputably viable form of contemporary monarchy, Diana made it clear that she too aspired to traditional,

dinary people. Thus the Princess laid claim to the very linchpin of the monarchy's popular support - as she asserted that she now personalised the dream. Then she went on to hint that it would be best if Charles stepped aside to let her son be King, and herself therefore Queen-mother-of-Hearts.

To reinforce her claim Diana dismissed the model of the "bicycling monarchy". This too was code. After all, she drove herself to the gym. What she attacked was precisely the European-style monarchies with their written constitutions that do indeed make royalty relatively ordinary. By rejecting the only indisputably viable form of contemporary monarchy, Diana made it clear that she too aspired to traditional,

Diana by throwing a mega-hang for Camilla's 50th, Diana got back at Camilla as she swallowed at St Tropez to prove there was no cellulite on her. Then came the crash.

In the week that followed, tens of millions considered their position. In their fight for the succession, Charles and Diana had implicitly presidentialised the throne as it became a secular object of desire. Their fight tangibly alienated many from the whole royal circus. Not least in Scotland, which became the first region of the kingdom to register a republican majority, however momentarily.

Now Charles, the widower, was in full possession of the sons and the prospect of a further quarter-century of Elizabeth II stretched ahead. Would the majority of ordinary folk wish to default back to dreaming about Her Majesty? Leaving aside the two or three million royal groups, the tens of millions seemed to decide that there was a bit of Diana in each of them, and that this was the hit that mattered. They kept their respect for the Queen. But they put aside old-style deference. They became loyal citizens instead of royal subjects.

There is no question as to which is the more successful now that European influence has begun to set the agenda domestically. From devolution in Scotland to the forthcoming abolition of hereditary peers, a non-conservative dynamic will be increasingly hard to prevent. The idea that the old-style monarchy can represent the unifying values of British society in such conditions is improbable.

Which leaves open an intriguing question about the modernisation of the monarchy in the era of New Labour. Evidently, both believe they are acting to their mutual advantage. Nonetheless, democrats can ask: who is serving whom? The answer seems to be that, in contrast to a majority of the people, both the Prime Minister and the Palace have embraced the pseudo-modernity of Diana's glamorous backwoods. If so, we had better brace ourselves for the crash.

Anthony Barnett was the founding director of Charter 88 and is the author of *This Time: Our Constitutional Revolution*, Vintage, £6.99

AFTER DIANA

THE MONARCHY BY ANTHONY BARNETT

acclaim, the family despised her. Her husband and his friends made jokes about their mistresses, whose jewellery they wore. She threw up. They proceeded to make jokes about the waste of food. Separation followed, the fate of the many royal brides.

Instead of accepting retreat into internal exile and alcohol, Diana utilised her media charisma to trade on her position as the mother of the future king. She launched an audacious counter-claim upon the crown. Ever since the Coronation, a majority of the public dreamt that the Queen was "on our side" and even "just like us", as against a callous establishment. In her *Panorama* interview Diana addressed the people over the head of the Queen. She said that the Royal Family belonged, literally, to the cruel, mendacious and old-fashioned "establishment". Far from the Royals representing "us", it was she, Diana, who genuinely spoke for real, or-

British sovereignty, just like the Queen. To furious teeth-grinding of the "firm", Diana's bold assertion appeared to work. It did so because she personified what Tom Nairn termed the glamour of backwoods. She was so much more glamorous than them, of course. But it is crucial to see through the apparent modernity of this.

Her dazzling command of the spectacle should not blind us to the retrospective nature of her chic. Charles sought a return to the 19th century. Diana wanted to resurrect a 17th-century style of beloved, healing monarchy that cured the distressed through the laying-on of hands.

A cruel battle followed between the two claims to royalty, escalated by Diana. If Charles supported homeopathic medicine, she stroked lepers and Aids victims. If the Prince declared the need for organic farming, the Princess declared we had to stop sowing land-mines. If Charles got at

Do not have contemporary language of citizenship in England to describe this process. Instead, a strangely convoluted royal-speak is still needed to describe what happened at the funeral.

It was not a republican event, nor a media stink-up, nor an establishment-controlled mobilisation of endorsement for the old regime. Instead, a majority re-appropriated the ordinary back into themselves. A week after Diana was buried, a poll found that three-quarters of the public desired a Dutch-style, or bicycling, monarchy. This was a rejection of the kind of monarchy to which both Diana and the Windsors aspired - and to which the Queen aspires still.

Thus only last week a Royal Insider stated: "Britain has no written constitution. In times of crisis the monarchy stands above politics and it is essential it remains a re-

spected force for good in the future". There is, of course, an alternative. That we write down our constitution. It is this, simple, European measure against which the monarchy has set its face and which its current attempt at modernisation seems dedicated to preventing.

So why shouldn't the Queen succeed? For isn't this how we - or they - have always done things: bending with the winds of change, adapting to the public demand and thus preserving their rule?

There are two kinds of modernisation. There is that which adapts to change, in order to preserve as much of the past as possible; and there is that which itself generates change in order to shape as much of the future as it can. Since 1945 the former has been the British way, the latter the European one - setting out its ambitions and explicitly abandoning old regime sovereignty.

There is no question as to which is the more successful now that European influence has begun to set the agenda domestically. From devolution in Scotland to the forthcoming abolition of hereditary peers, a non-conservative dynamic will be increasingly hard to prevent. The idea that the old-style monarchy can represent the unifying values of British society in such conditions is improbable.

Which leaves open an intriguing question about the modernisation of the monarchy in the era of New Labour. Evidently, both believe they are acting to their mutual advantage. Nonetheless, democrats can ask: who is serving whom? The answer seems to be that, in contrast to a majority of the people, both the Prime Minister and the Palace have embraced the pseudo-modernity of Diana's glamorous backwoods. If so, we had better brace ourselves for the crash.

Anthony Barnett was the founding director of Charter 88 and is the author of *This Time: Our Constitutional Revolution*, Vintage, £6.99

Her death exposed a lot of latent spirituality in people

"The loss of Diana was like a personal bereavement, and that takes a long time to have an effect"

Amanda Plummer, 35, freelance sales and marketing consultant, south London

I went into labour on the Saturday evening and Ella Rose was born at 1.41am on 31 August at home. The midwives had gone by 3am and I had no knowledge of babies at all, so we just sat up all night in bed looking after her. My parents arrived in the morning and my friends later in the day and we spent about 24 hours drinking champagne, celebrating and changing nappies.

I think my husband must have mentioned that Diana had died because he heard it on the radio. I saw the papers on the day that Ella was born so obviously I saw the headlines. It was pretty dramatic news for your birthday.

Even when the funeral came I didn't take much notice, as it happened to be the same day as the head-waiting of the baby. Lots of



Jo Hansford: "I think our royals are on another planet!"

the working classes who always cheer the Royal Family were questioning the Queen.

I don't think we have become more charitable or have changed in any way. I think the Omagh bombing was a far more tragic day than the day Diana died, and hopefully that is a sad day that will really change people.

Jo Hansford, hairdresser to the stars
I don't think things have changed overall from the giving point of view. Out of respect we're carrying on things that she wasn't able to do, but I don't think many people are thinking that they should give more. There was that march recently against land-mines, and it would be awful if her causes weren't taken up.

I don't think the Royal Family will ever really change, but I think Diana made us look at them differently. She

broke down so many barriers. She was always in the limelight because she oozed warmth. All the royals in Europe are very human. Some I think this lot are so another planet. They don't relate to anything. Maybe when Charles is king he'll change, although he has become a bit more of a human being after his affair became public.

Gary Brozeich, 28, designer, Pennsylvania, US
I don't think the British have become more giving and caring. I just think people needed to release something. It was public mass hysteria and they seized on Diana's death as an excuse. I live in London now, and she's the patron saint of every bakery and sweet shop where I live. She never stood for anything for me but she was a do-gooder. When she was alive, people were far more interested who she was sleeping with

than who she was helping. That all happened after she died.

I think as a result of Diana, the Royal Family has been forced to loosen up. The general public have affected them and in such a short space of time. Nobody in my life has changed but attitudes to Diana have changed.

Jonathan Jennings, Church of England's Broadcasting Officer who contributed to the CNN coverage on the day of the funeral
I think it is too early to tell if we have changed, because as a nation, this experience hit us on many levels. Church House where I am based is right next to Westminster Abbey, and the day before Diana's funeral we heard that lots of the crowd wanted to talk to us about how they felt.

The clergy went out and mingled and we went for a walk around Parliament Square. This is a walk that

normally takes about 15 minutes, but it took us two hours. People wanted to share their feelings, they wanted to say prayers with them. For me, that exposed a lot of latent spirituality in people, and it revealed that people are still connected to the meaningful things of life, but it took a tragedy to bring it out. But it's too early to tell if people have changed.

I've experienced deep sorrow from people but no anger at the monarchy. They just have this sense of regret. People treated Diana's death as a personal bereavement, and personal bereavement takes a long time to have an effect. I'm sure we'll be looking for evidence of change for years to come.

INTERVIEW BY CAYTE WILLIAMS

TOMORROW

IN THE INDEPENDENT

SATURDAY MAGAZINE

AFTER DIANA

THE LEGACY



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Fashion breaks the last taboo

Style magazines don't often change the way we think.
But a feature on clothes designed for people with disabilities is causing quite a stir. By Cayte Williams

The photographer Nick Knight, Alexander McQueen, the fashion designer and Jefferson Hack, a magazine editor, have collaborated to produce a photoshoot which breaks down one of the last bastions of body fascism.

"Accessible", a 14-page feature in the style magazine *Dazed & Confused*, shows people with disabilities looking powerful and beautiful in designer clothes. "In a world where the mainstream concept of what is and isn't beautiful becomes increasingly narrow," reads the introduction, "you have to be young, you have to be thin, you should preferably be blonde, and of course, pale skinned."

Aimee Mullens, a blonde, delicate woman with two artificial legs, models a woollen fur jacket and a suede T-shirt by Alexander McQueen; Helen McIntosh, a person of restricted growth, wears a draped dress by Roland Mouret, while Mat Fraser, a thalidomide man with a shaved head, wears a pleated waistcoat by Catherine Blades. Each person's attractiveness and spirit shines through, and sometimes it is quite difficult to see what their disability is. There is no victim culture here.

In late 1997, McQueen decided that he wanted to start a project with people with disabilities. He and his stylist, Katy England, began contacting disability organisations throughout the country and received an overwhelming response. More than 50 people wanted to be involved, and from that they selected eight. "Ninety nine per cent of the organisations we contacted were positive," says England. "It

took a lot of explaining, because of people's impressions of the fashion industry. They were immediately sceptical and wondered why we would want to do it. We had to break down those barriers with them and be very honest."

Other designers involved in the project included Hussein Chalayan, Philip Treacy and Comme des Garçons. To get the clothes right, each designer was paired with a disabled person so that each model's personality was reflected in the clothes.

It is possible that McQueen's

'We had to break down the barriers with disability groups and be very honest'

idea is a head of creative steam he has let out after a year of producing clothes for perfect, rich, privileged women. But McQueen has always had an eye for what is different. "When we started we were only interested in individuality and originality when choosing models, and perhaps this is taking it a little bit further," says England.

The spread's photographer, Nick Knight, is also no stranger to pushing the boundaries of fashion photography. He was the first person to photograph the size 14 model Sophie Dahl, for the fashion bible *Visionzine*. His pictures of the size 16 model Sara Morrison, for *Vogue* in 1997 caused the fashion world to gaze at its pancake-flat navel for all of 15 seconds.

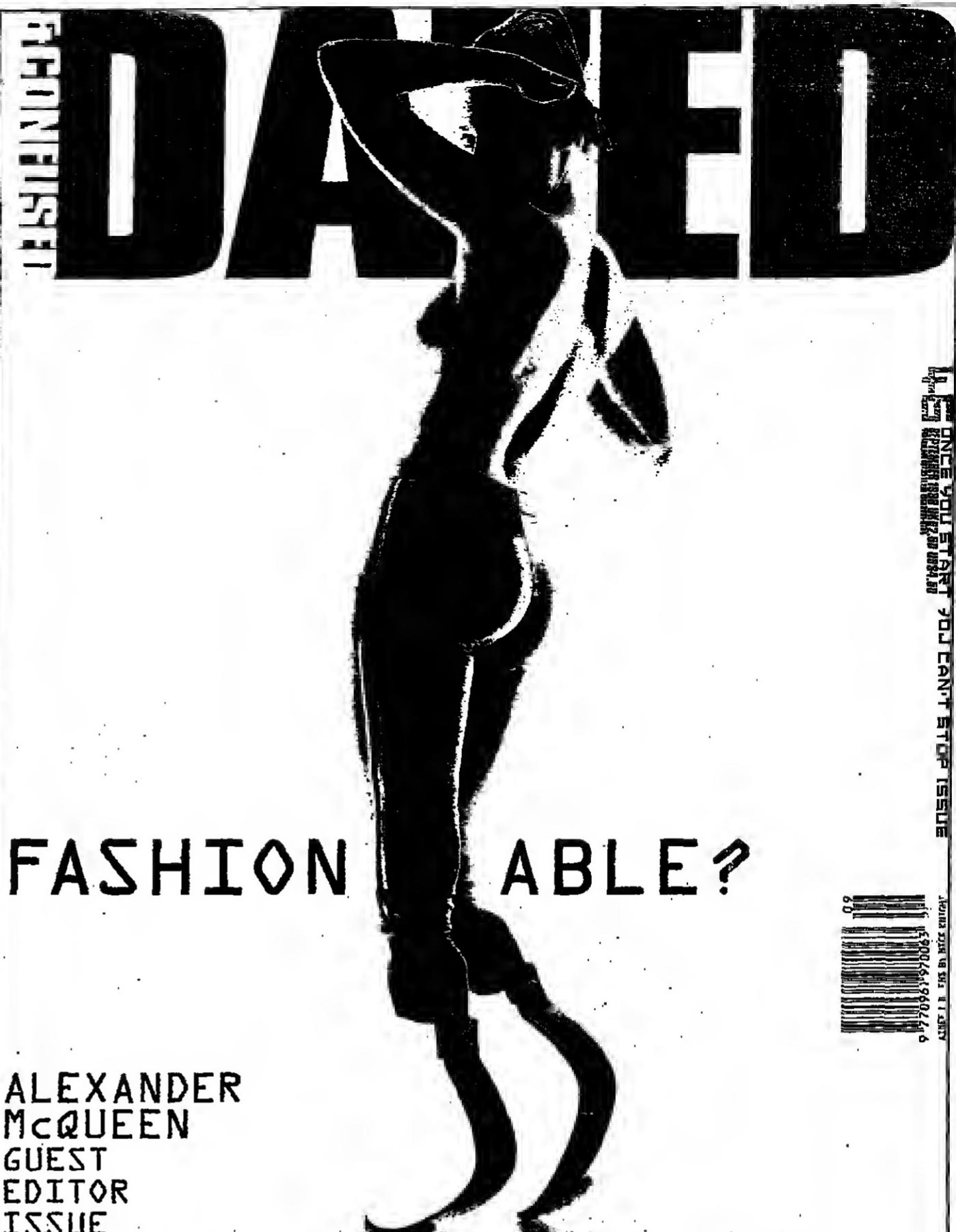
He also used octogenarian ranchers for his Levi's Red Tab campaign in August 1996. There are those who think that Knight is making the fashion industry aware of body fascism, although that may not be the main reason for his work.

Many believe he is exorcising his demons. He has always expressed a hatred of violence and his photographs for the Spanish publication *Big* in May 1997 were so graphic that the magazine had to carry a warning label.

So what do those outside the fashion industry think of the *Dazed & Confused* photographs? "As an organisation, we want to change society's attitudes to disabled people," says Karen Edmunds, director of Glad (the Greater London Association for Disabled People). "They have the right to do what everyone else does, and it's really good that a magazine such as *Dazed & Confused* is producing a positive image like this."

"Most people's views of a disabled person is of someone helpless in a wheelchair or someone they have to help across the road. People don't even see the disabled on television, so to see them in less stereotypical roles in a fashion magazine is wonderful. Disabled people want to look attractive as anyone else does, so why can't they wear nice clothes?"

Tim Johnson is a 33-year-old architect who lost his arm in a traffic accident when he was 15. "I think *Dazed & Confused* has taken a great big risk with this photo shoot," he says, "but I think it has paid off. I don't have a clue who Alexander McQueen or Nick Knight are, but I think they've handled it very sensitively."



The cover of the ground-breaking issue of 'Dazed and Confused' with its 14-page spread on Alexander McQueen's designs

NEW YORK CONFIDENTIAL

Clinton's growing nose beats 'The Avengers'

NOT SURPRISINGLY, several entrepreneurs have already begun to exploit US President Bill Clinton's recent problems to make a fast buck. A book appeared this week called *The Clinton Syndrome*, which advances the theory that the President is – you guessed it – a sex addict. The shameless author, Jerome D. Levin, is trying to promote the book as an important work on a vital health issue. "If he were to go public people would admire his courage and it would be a wonderful model for other suffering addicts," he told *The New York Post*. Somehow, I don't think that's an option the President is considering.

Alternatively, if you tune in to Channel 35 on New York's Time-Warner cable network – a channel known locally as "the naked station" due to its pornographic content – you can see ads for "White House Sex Line" which offers callers the option of speaking to Monica, Paula or Jennifer.

My favourite scandal-inspired product so far is the "Clinton Growing Nose Watch". The President's face is on the dial and every 10 seconds his nose grows a couple of millimetres. Needless to say, as his nose grows it assumes a very un-nose-like shape.

SOPHIE DAHL - a friend, not a girlfriend, alas – has been staying with me for the past couple of weeks and had an interesting encounter with a con man the other day. He stopped her outside my flat in the West Village and told her he was the head of wardrobe for the film director Tony Scott. He explained that he'd left some vital costumes in his apartment and needed \$30 for a taxi so he could get them.

This particular hard luck story was obviously tailored for the West Village, a largely gay part of town. Presumably, some local residents are so thrilled to meet a real Hollywood costumer they are only too willing to part with \$30. Sophie says she knew he was making it up but gave him the money anyway. bless her cotton socks.

NEW YORK will be commemorating the anniversary of Diana's death in its



TOBY YOUNG
The 'White House Sex Line' offers the option of speaking to Monica, Paula or Jennifer'

own way. On Sunday, the first staged reading of *Queen of Hearts*, an off-Broadway musical about the life of the Princess, is due to take place at the Grove Street Playhouse. The reading is open to the public on a first-come, first-served basis, but the media interest in the musical is so great members of the public probably won't get a look in.

The show officially opens on 1 October and stars a 23-year-old Connecticut actress called Kendra Munger in the lead role. Let's hope it fares better than *Jackie*, a musical comedy about the life of Jackie Onassis, which closed earlier this year after playing to half-empty houses.

BY THE time you read this I may well be dead. Hurricane Bonnie is lurking ominously somewhere in the Atlantic and I'm due to fly back to London shortly for my cousin Consuelo Moorsom's wedding.

What makes this prospect particularly alarming is I've just been reading a book called *The Black Box: All-New Cockpit Voice Recorder Accounts of In-flight Accidents*. The book consists entirely of transcripts of conversations between airplane captains and their co-pilots just before their planes crashed. It includes the story of one co-pilot who managed to get 73 people killed

because he neglected to follow the standard emergency procedure.

On one score, however, I can rest easy. The captain of American Eagle Flight 4184 is recorded saying, "I'll tell you, flying at night, I don't like it a damn bit." At least my flight across the Atlantic is during the day.

HOLLYWOOD'S DISASTROUS film version of *The Avengers* looks set to leave a permanent dent in the British tourist industry. On its opening weekend it took a disappointing \$10.7m at the North American box office, leaving it trailing in third place. Last weekend its box office receipts according to *Variety* fell by "a stunning 66 per cent" and it didn't even make the top 10. By some margin, it's the biggest bomb of the summer.

Like many contemporary movies, *The Avengers* has spawned its own unofficial Web site. However, this one is a little different. "You have reached the official *Avengers Movie Six Ass* Web page," reads the opening message. "This is a special event, for only very rarely do movies suck so much that they have Web pages dedicated to warning people away." Of all the hostile reviews posted by members of the public, my favourite is: "I've seen better film on teeth."

The mistake the film makers made, apart from an incomprehensible plot, poor casting and trying far too hard to strike an ironic note, is not to have set it in the Seventies. Instead, it's set in a non-specific pop neverland that can't decide whether it's *Swinging London Mark I* or *Swinging London Mark II*.

Following the success of *Boogie Nights*, the disco era has become box office gold in America. A number of films set in the Seventies are about to be released, the most eagerly awaited of which is *Studio 54* starring Mike Myers. There is even a new sitcom set in the safari-suit decade called *That Seventies Show*, which has become an instant hit. Had the makers of *The Avengers* stuck more closely to the original series, and turned it into an Austin Powers-style costume drama, it probably would have done much better.

THIS WEEK IN THE INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY



The Year of the Princess

Jan Morris, Joan Smith, Peregrine Worsthorne, and Ross McKibbin on the life, death, and legacy of Diana, Princess of Wales

Two brains are better than one

You will need both sides of your cerebrum functioning if you are to understand all of this article. By Jerome Burne

Are you a left-brain or a right-brain sort of person? Left brainers, according to one "relationship guide" published this summer, are "blunt, straightforward, tenacious" and so may need some help in understanding "intuitive and spontaneous" right-brainers. The book is just the latest of dozens that have exploited the popular idea of a link between personality type and the workings of our brain.

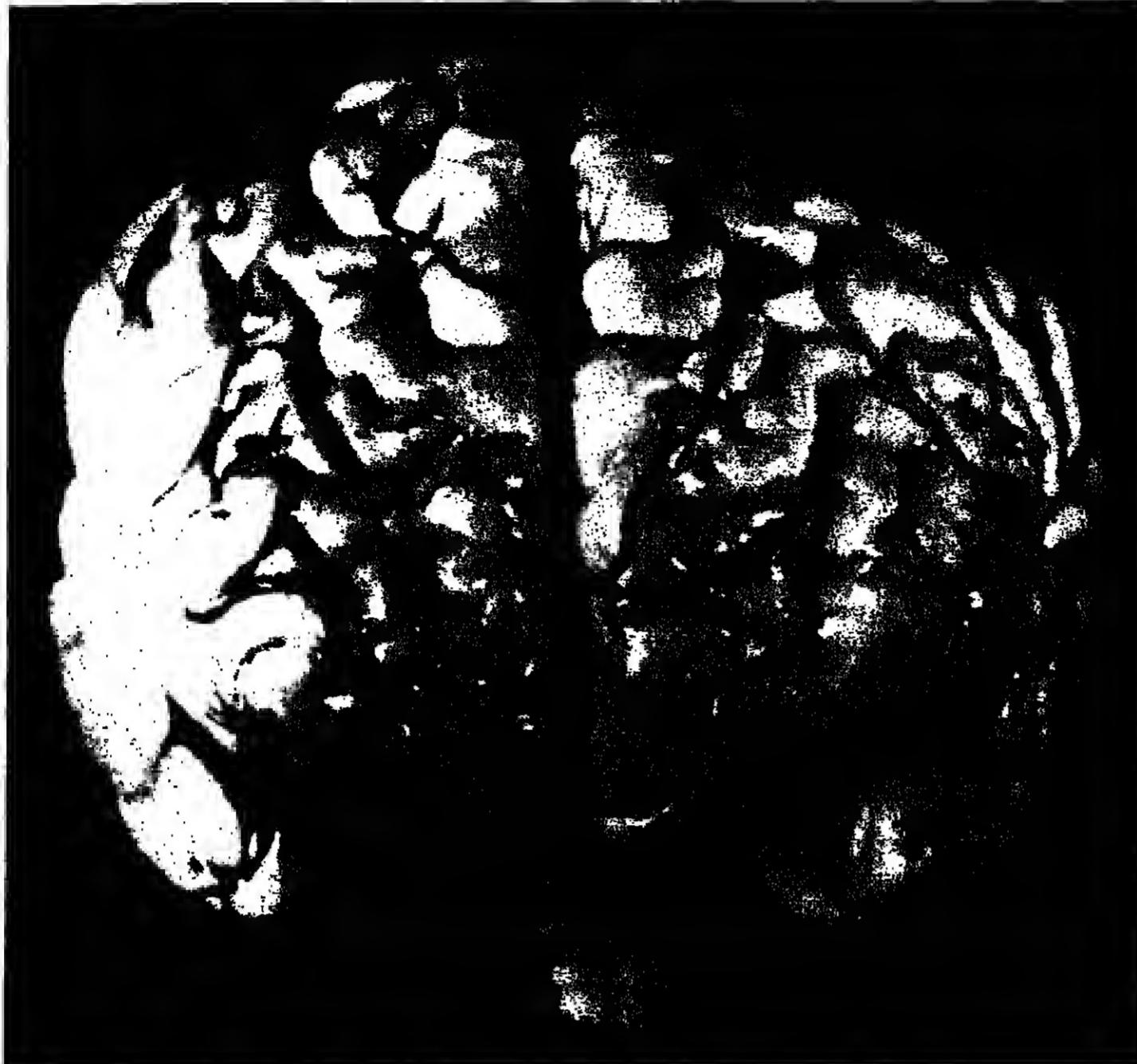
It all began 30 years ago when *Scientific American* magazine published an article describing what happens if you cut the connection between the two halves of the brain, so they no longer communicate with each other. Language and problem solving were found to be the job of the left side, while visual and spatial tasks were carried out by the speechless right hemisphere. Hence the popular idea that our brains housed this neurological odd couple.

But "dichotomania", as such oversimplification has been dubbed, obscures a much more interesting debate about how the left and right brains actually interact in daily life. "Far from being the silent one, lost in a creative haze," says Robert Ornstein, professor of cognitive neuroscience at Dartmouth College in New Hampshire and author of a new book on the two hemispheres, "the right brain turns out to be vital for understanding the really interesting aspects of language, like jokes, lies and metaphors."

However, one of the authors of the original *Scientific American* article, Professor Michael Gazzaniga, formerly of Stanford University in California, disagrees. He has written an update for the magazine, published last month, which declares that "the left brain's consciousness far surpasses that of the right".

Gazzaniga's claim is rooted in one of the most striking of the early findings - that the left brain is the ultimate story-teller. It spins yarns to explain what is going on, with absolutely no concern for the truth. For instance, Gazzaniga would write out a request, such as "pick up that shovel" and reveal it only to the left eye of a split-brain patient, so that the information is processed by the brain's right hemisphere (visual signals from the left eye are sent to the right side of the brain).

Then he would ask the patient: "why did you pick up that shovel?" The reply would come from the left hemisphere, the only one that can speak. Although there was no access to the real reason, because the link to the right brain was cut, the patient would give some plausible explanation about tidying up or putting it in a safe place.



New thinking credits the 'right brain' with understanding the interesting aspects of language - jokes, lies and metaphors SPL

Subsequent research suggests that this "interpreter mechanism", as Gazzaniga called it, may lie behind the phenomenon of false memory. If you ask a normal person about something they have seen, they will often include details that were not actually there - a well known problem for eye-witness reports. Studies of split-brain patients show that the left brain is far more likely to make these errors than the right. Brain scans have shown that when a true memory is being recalled only the right brain lights up, while both hemispheres are active during a false one.

Ornstein's interpretation could not be more different. For him the

right brain is the one that gives us an overall view of the world and enables us to understand where we are. He was one of the researchers involved in the debate from the beginning. It was his best-selling book, *The Psychology of Consciousness*, that helped to popularise the original idea of the division of labour between the two hemispheres. When he returned to the subject 30 years later, he found over 40,000 scientific papers on the subject.

Particularly revealing were a series of studies into left and right brain function using that valuable neurological research tool - the joke. "Most of the time we don't think

about jokes, they are either funny or they aren't," says Ornstein. "But this research shows that understanding a joke requires some quite complex mental processing, much of which goes on in the right brain." In his new book, *The Right Mind: Making Sense of the Hemispheres* (Harcourt Brace), he gives an example: "A woman wants to cook a rabbit stew but the hares hanging at the butcher's are quite large, so she says to the butcher, 'I'd like to make some rabbit stew but these things are too big. Could you cut one in two for me?' Then comes the punch line 'Sorry ma'am, we don't split hares here'." Not a rip-roarer but a nice little

"To understand a joke you have to be able to follow the story and try to guess at what is going to happen," Ornstein says. "You know the punch line will not be what you expected but, and this is the important part, it will fit in with the story in a surprising way. The problem that right-brain patients have is that they can't hold a situation in their mind - and then relate it to the word play that links the two."

It seems that the right brain is what we use to understand the context, which is why these patients also find it difficult to spot sarcasm. Take this situation: The boss asks a secretary to send off some letters quickly. Some hours later she finds her making a social phone call to a friend, the letters unposted. "You have been working hard," the boss says. Ask a right brain patient why he said that and you are likely to get a fantastical explanation of why he might want to praise the secretary. Here, Gazzaniga's "interpreter mechanism" is hard at work without the right brain to keep it in check.

"There's a pattern emerging from this sort of research that shows the right brain handles ambiguous, metaphorical information where you need to be able to see the broad picture," says Ornstein. "The left brain does better at activities that are sequential and precise, which is why it is used for language and fine muscular movements."

Apart from its ability to see the big picture, the right brain is also in charge of an apparently mixed bag of other functions with no obvious link, such as negative emotions, the control of large muscle groups and musical perception. But why?

Ornstein's other suggestion is that the link originates in the womb. Because the right hemisphere develops slightly faster, it gets to handle the low-frequency sounds heard inside the mother's body. Immediately after birth, it deals with the equally broad-brush visual information about the mother's face.

Other important early functions like responding to unpleasant emotions and controlling the movements of large muscles are routed to the right brain for the same reason. This early experience with the broad, fuzzy picture, Ornstein believes, could form the basis for handling ambiguous information later.

It is all a long way from the logical left and the free-spirited right. Thirty years on, the left looks more like a salesman, the right a corporate strategist, but you need both every minute of the day.

UPDATE

SPERM CELLS are screened for genetic fitness before they mature, but the process breaks down with age, say American scientists. Tests on mice by the University of Texas could explain why the children of older fathers are more likely to have birth defects. Live sperm tend to have fewer genetic mutations than other cells. Researchers found cells at the early stage of development are more likely to carry a mutation. By maturity, when the sperm are ready to be ejaculated, mutations had halved. But in old mice mutations were up to 10 times greater than in younger mice, the team told *New Scientist* magazine.

FIELD TRIALS of genetically modified crops in Germany face opposition from regional governments. Rainer Steenblock, the environment minister of Schleswig-Holstein, wants the law changed so Germany's 16 states have a say in whether trials can go ahead inside their boundaries.

THE SUCCESS of land plants is due to an accidental duplication of a single gene early on, say researchers in the US and Germany. The gene is responsible for a protein called actin, which plays a key role in forming the framework of cells. Scientists at the University of Iowa found that while algae and marine plants have one copy of the actin gene, land plants have at least two.

A TRIBE of Apaches signed a deal with American geneticists stating it will receive a share of profits from research using genes taken from the tribe's blood samples. The work aims to investigate the genes that confer resistance and susceptibility to disease, reports *New Scientist*. In return, the tribe will retain anonymity, and the genetic data will not be compared to other tribes.

NUCLEAR WASTE buried underground can migrate to the surface through plant roots, according to scientists at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory in Tennessee.

CHARLES ARTHUR

STARS AND PLANETS: SEPTEMBER

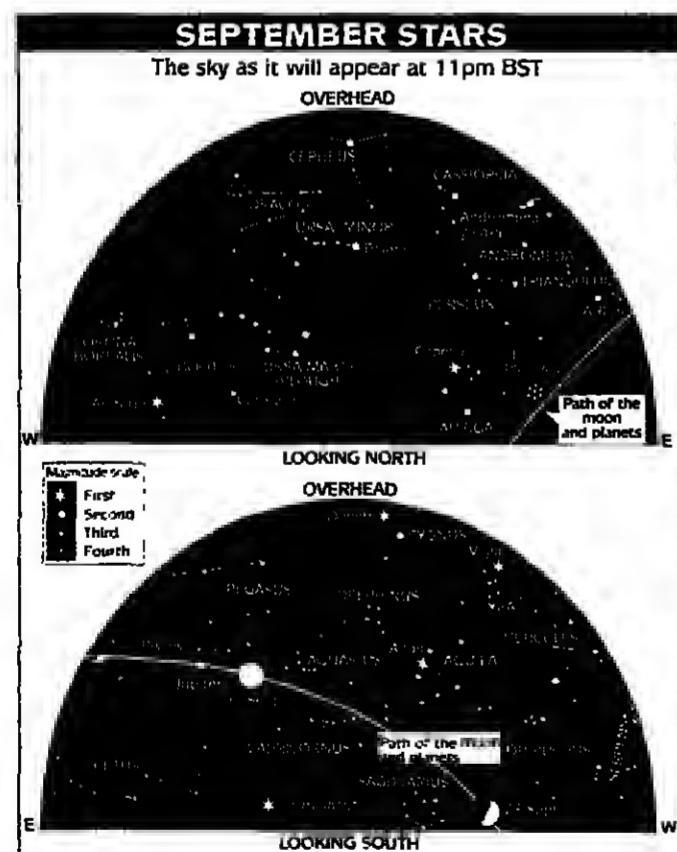
EVENING SKIES this month are dominated by the bright planet Jupiter, currently in a barren patch of sky underneath the Square of Pegasus. On 6 September, the planet comes closest to the Earth (although it is still more than 600 million kilometres away) and shines in the sky all night long.

Over the past three years, a spacecraft has been privileged to a rather closer view of this, the giant among the planets. The Galileo space probe has been in orbit around Jupiter since 7 December 1996, and its mission was due to end in December last year. However, the US Congress has allowed the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (Nasa) to extend the probe's studies, and Galileo will be returning data until the last day of 1999.

The extended GEM mission (for "Galileo Europa Mission") has three phases and three main objectives: to study ice, water and fire in the Jovian environment. Until February it will make a detailed study of Jupiter's ice-covered moon, Europa. Then, from May to September 1999, it will send back data on water in Jupiter's thunderclouds and its role in shaping the planet's weather.

Finally - in something of a kamikaze manoeuvre - Galileo will swing within 300km of Jupiter's innermost moon, Io. This violently volcanic moon is the most active body in the solar system and lies inside Jupiter's intense radiation belts. The strength of radiation is easily enough to kill a human being and it is debatable whether Galileo's sensitive cameras and computer systems will survive the two-month encounter.

For the moment all eyes are on Europa. The next close fly-by with this enigmatic moon takes place on 26 September and scientists hope to see details as small as 6 metres across (the size of a bus). Europa is the most favoured location for



finding "life off Earth" - a prediction first made (fictionally) in 1982 by Arthur C Clarke in his novel 2010.

This moon, just a little smaller than our own, is brilliantly reflective and as smooth as a hilliard ball. It appears to be covered in a global ice-sheet, under which a huge ocean may slosh. Europa is gravitationally "pummelled" by Jupiter and its fellow moons, which has the effect of warming it up. Even at Jupiter's distance

from the Sun, Europa's lukewarm ocean could contain the seeds of life.

Images returned from Galileo last December reveal a world covered in huge ice-cliffs and icebergs - rather like the frozen terrain in Alaska that you fly over when taking the great circle route to the States. Galileo also found a fresh impact crater, Pwyll, which is geologically young - no more than 10 to 100 million years old. On the next encounter, scientists hope to

seek out volcanic craters, too, like the ice-volcanoes active on Neptune's moon, Triton.

There are also darker, wedge-shaped gaps between the icy plates which researchers believe are similar to the volcanic mid-ocean ridges on our own planet. Some of the Galileo team have visited the Pacific Ocean floor in the submersible craft Alvin, and concluded that Europa's ridges are probably made of slushy ice or liquid water that has welled up from inside the moon.

Nasa researchers hope to take their Earth-analogue studies of Europa still further by experimenting with a probe that will seek out life around hot undersea vents. Later this year they will test the Lo'ihi Underwater Volcanic Vent Missio Probe, in the Moteeray Bay Aquarium in California, before taking it to investigate an undersea volcano 1,300 metres below the ocean in Hawaii.

WHAT'S UP: Get up before dawn if you want a good view of Mercury. In the first week of September, it rises 1.5 hours before the Sun, and passes very close to Venus on the 11th. True to its name, Mercury travels very quickly and by 25 September it will have moved into the Sun's glare once again.

Venus is also a major item in the morning sky, but by the end of the month it rises only three-quarters of an hour before the Sun. Mars, too, is in the morning sky, rising at about 3am mid-month. But it is Jupiter that rules the sky this September. It is visible all night long, just below the Square of Pegasus. Binoculars reveal its four biggest moons, including Europa - you can watch them changing position as they orbit from night to night.

Finally, Saturn lies just a short distance away to Jupiter's left - use a small telescope to see its famous rings.

HEATHER COUPER AND NIGEL HENBEST

DIARY		
6th	12.21pm BST	Full Moon
13th	2.58am	Moon at Last Quarter
16		Opposition of Jupiter
20	6.02pm	New Moon
23	6.37am	Autumn Equinox
28	10.11pm	Moon at First Quarter

THE TRUTH ABOUT... CONSCIOUSNESS

CONSCIOUSNESS - THAT amorphous entity that makes us aware of who we are - has become the subject of intense scrutiny by scientists who are beginning to tread on territory once the sole preserve of philosophers. Some of the greatest minds in science, including the great Francis Crick, co-discoverer of the structure of DNA, have now begun to tackle perhaps the greatest mystery of the human brain.

Rene Descartes, the great 17th century French philosopher and scientist, coined what has probably become the most enduring short-hand description of consciousness: "I think, therefore I am". This notion of a single, unified state of consciousness has, however, come under attack from eminent brain researchers who have studied the way the human brain responds to visual information.

According to this radical theory, human consciousness is composed of several interacting states of consciousness that have to be marshalled together to give us an impression that we are just one person. A better description of consciousness would, if this is true, be something like "we think, therefore I am".

Semir Zeki and Andreas Bartels, from the Wellcome Department of Cognitive Neurology at University College London, believe there are many "micro" consciousnesses in the human mind that are brought together to form a single awareness of the outside world. Professor Zeki, a world authority on the way the brain handles visual information, said his work has shown that the mind uses several conscious states to become aware of the different visual facets of one object.

"If you think of a green bus moving from right to left, the brain handles the bus's colour, shape and its movement in different ways. In other words we



Rene Descartes, under attack from modern researchers SPL

are separately conscious of each element that makes up the bus," Professor Zeki says.

He cited the example of some people who become blind but are still fully conscious of colour. Some victims of smoke inhalation, which causes oxygen starvation to the brain, become blind but can still see colour just as well as they had before. "I wouldn't say that Descartes has got it wrong. What he did was to get people to concentrate on a single entity of consciousness, which turns out to be wrong," Professor Zeki says.

The scientists do not profess to have solved the mystery of consciousness - far from it, they say they have only scratched the surface - but their experimental insight might eventually prove to be more productive than the philosophical ramblings of scholars over the centuries.

STEVE CONNOR
SCIENCE EDITOR

Goldfinger. He's the man with the modern touch

Architect Erno Goldfinger, once vilified for his brutal Modernism, is now hailed for his vision. By James Fisher

ON HIS death in 1987, the work of Budapest-born architect Erno Goldfinger was deeply unfashionable. He was enamoured of Modernism, high-rise buildings and that most brutal of construction materials - bush-hammered concrete. And this at a time when popular opinion was being whipped into a frenzy of opposition to modernist architecture by Prince Charles. Goldfinger's work looked like it would become an academic footnote, with some of his buildings being threatened with demolition and others in a considerable state of disrepair.

The 11 years since his death, but particularly the last three, have seen a remarkable turnaround in his popularity, both in official circles and with the wider public. The much maligned and long vacant Alexander Fleming House at Elephant & Castle has been given a coat of paint to hide all that belched concrete and been converted into flats, which have been snapped up. Balfour Tower, which looms large over the northern approach to the Blackwall Tunnel, has been listed as a grade II building and Tower Hamlets council plans to make the Rowlett Street estate into a Conservation Area. And Goldfinger's grandson has started making and marketing furniture designed by his grandfather. But recently the rehabilitation reached new heights when the London Tourist Board gave its Small Visitor Attraction of the Year award to No 2 Willow Road, the controversial house Goldfinger designed for his family in Hampstead and inhabited for nearly 50 years. Goldfinger as tourist attraction is a new idea.

In his lifetime, the architect was almost as vilified as the James Bond adversary who bore his name. A report from The Guardian newspaper said that he had left imprints of his "cloven hoof" all over London. He was infamous for his uncompromising adherence to the idea of high-rise building and use of concrete when both had lost any hold on the public's affection.

Lee Boland moved into the building when it opened and has lived there ever since. Now retired from the Health & Safety Executive, Mrs Boland and her husband have brought up their two children in the 24th storey flat, which they have loved from the outset. "The whole flat is so spacious

1958 and 1968, so there isn't that much around," he says.

Dunnett has worked tirelessly to safeguard Goldfinger's legacy and more recently his task has been made easier; he acknowledges, by the National Trust's purchase of Willow Road, which lent the architect more credibility.

"My concern has been to try to give some prominence to his ideas - as a personality he is not regarded as such a threat, partly because he's dead. But his ideas on proportion in modern architecture remain as misunderstood as ever," he says.

Dunnett is also able to shed some light on the James Bond/Ian Fleming connection: "There's no doubt Fleming got the name from Erno and to avoid any legal action made his character, a small man with red hair who liked cats, totally unlike the architect. But there are two stories as to how he came about it. A cousin of his wife Ursula played golf with Fleming so that's a possible connection. The other theory is that Fleming lived in Hampstead during the Thirties and knew of the controversy about Willow Road - but the book appeared 17 years after and he would have to have been nursing quite a grievance for it to last that long."

Tenants of high council blocks are much more likely to nurse grievances about architects than rich writers, but it is amongst these that Goldfinger has found some of his most ardent advocates.

Completed in 1972, the Trellick Tower soars 33 storeys high over west London - an unashamed exercise in Brutalist Modernity fashioned out of bush-hammered concrete. Needless to say, it was Goldfinger's last public commission.

Lee Boland moved into the building when it opened and has lived there ever since. Now retired from the Health & Safety Executive, Mrs Boland and her husband have brought up their two children in the 24th storey flat, which they have loved from the outset. "The whole flat is so spacious



Goldfinger designed the house as part of a terrace of three, using a time-honoured architect's device to build his own home whereby the proceeds from the other two houses pay for the third. He was also lucky enough to benefit from his wife Ursula's money - she was a Blackwell of Crosse & Blackwell fame.

But in a pattern that followed him through his professional career, the proposed house immediately caused a furore which reached the national newspapers after the Secretary of the Heath and Old Hampstead Protection Society protested about the design and use of modern materials.

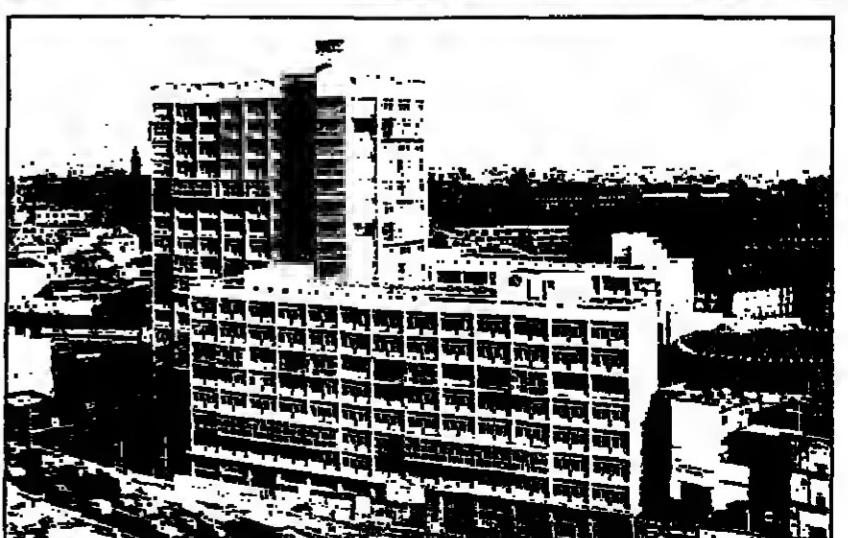
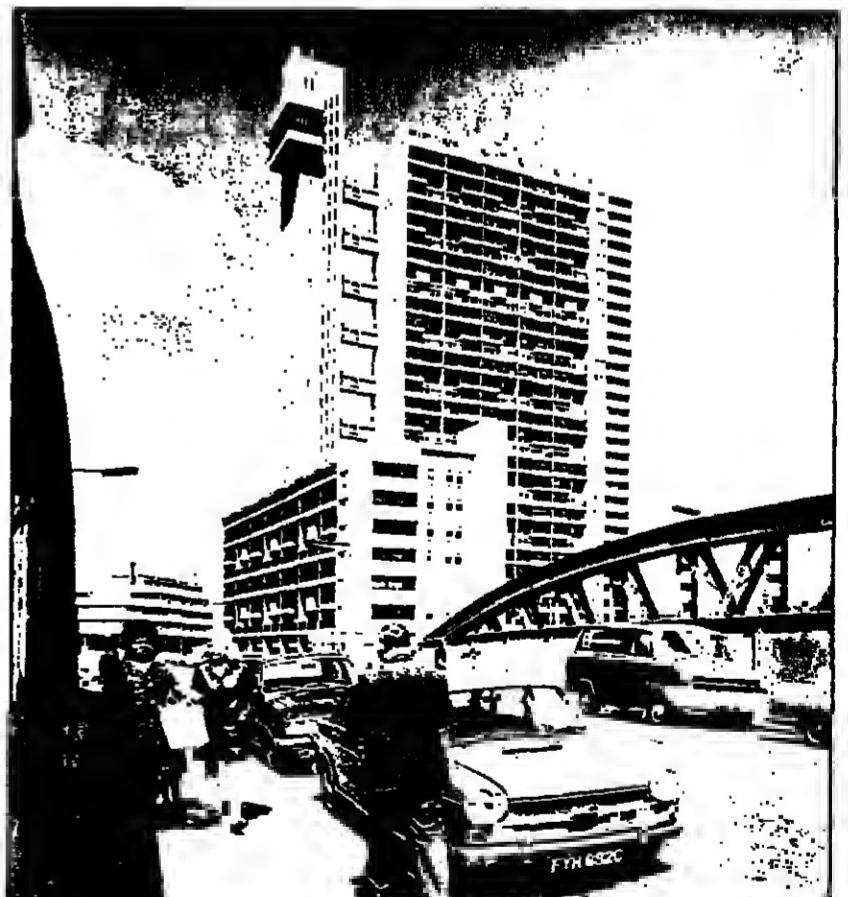
Goldfinger successfully defended his proposals, emphasising his admiration of Georgian proportions and how the terrace would conform to them, and the house was duly completed in 1959. In all, four generations of the family lived there until Ursula Goldfinger died in 1994, seven years after Erno.

The National Trust became involved when death duties threatened to split the house from its excellent collection of modern art - which includes works by Henry Moore, Max Ernst, Man Ray, and Amedeo Modigliani. Willow Road became the first building designed by a modernist architect to be acquired by the Trust in what was regarded as a radical departure. Willow Road curator Harriet McKay, who lives in a ground flat within the house, says the London Tourist Board awarded validation to the Trust's decision to buy it. Rising visitor numbers are also a justification, with up to 5,000 expected this year and Saturdays regularly being a sell-out.

Visiting Willow Road now, it is hard to imagine that its design was once the subject of such controversy and caused a debate in the national press. It is a modest terrace, mainly built of brick, though parts of the concrete frame are visible and the first floor window arrangement is certainly unusual. Once you step inside, it is easy to see why the Trust bought it and why the London Tourist Board gave it the Small Visitor Attraction award. The house offers a remarkable insight into a particular era and lifestyle - that of the original left wing, moneyed and intellectual chattering classes that were present as Modernism briefly came to take a hold of Britain.

She, James Dunnett, English Heritage and others are still waiting to hear about that decision from Culture minister Tony Banks. English Heritage made its recommendation - for listing at grade II - back in March 1997. One reason for the delay is thought to be a debate over whether to give the building the ultimate accolade of a grade I listing, putting a concrete council tower block on the same footing as other famous London landmarks such as St Paul's Cathedral.

Willow Road is open Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays from 12 to 5, with last admission at 4, from April to October. Guided tours are every 3/4 hour from 12.15 and cost £4. Details on tel: 0171 435 6166



Clockwise from the top: Erno Goldfinger, the 'Brutal Modernist'; the Trellick Tower, west London; Alexander Fleming House at Elephant & Castle in the 1950s; the entrance hall to Goldfinger's own home at 2 Willow Road, Hampstead. British Architectural Library/National Trust

Just three years ago, English Heritage refused to recommend the listing of a rare post-war private house designed by Goldfinger, which was subsequently demolished to make way for a bungalow. At the time, the local council's conservation team said it had no opinion to offer on the house's architectural merit. Architect James Dunnett, who worked for Goldfinger from 1973-5 and has been largely responsible for restoring his reputation, battled unsuccessfully to save Player House, which he describes as "one of the two most significant" post-war private works by the architect.

The other, according to Dunnett, is Perry House in Windlesham, Surrey, which is Goldfinger's last completed work and so far unlisted. He says there is "a slight question mark" over it because it has just been sold and is in a fairly modest building standing in substantial grounds, making it an ideal candidate for demolition and replacement with a larger house. "He did not build very much. His output only really lasted one decade, between

and has light pouring in. The balcony is a good size and I never feared for the kids playing on it. The views over London are fantastic and we get incredible sunsets," she enthuses.

Mrs Boland, who chairs the residents' association, even met Goldfinger soon after the building opened. "I was in the lift and there was this great tall man with lots of hair who I didn't know. He cheekily asked me if I liked my flat and whether there was anything I needed in it. I told him the architect hadn't put in a broom cupboard and he said in a laughing way, 'You bloody women are never satisfied.' I suddenly realised I was talking to the architect and I'd put my foot in it. I found him charming but I understand he was hell to work for."

She recently paid further homage to the architect by visiting Willow Road and was interested to find that he had adapted some ideas from his house - including sliding partition doors which make the living rooms very flexible - and incorporated them into the Trellick Tower flats.

Me and my ring of confidence

Life improved enormously when she inherited Lord Byron's signet ring. By Miranda Seymour

One thing – perhaps the only thing – that Robert Graves and I turned out to have in common when I was writing about him was a mad faith in rings and jewels as talismans. Almost my favourite moment in his life was the night when he was giving the wildest of his Oxford poetry lectures, the black goddess. As far as the audience knew, only Graves was on the platform. He knew better. Clocks had been synchronised. His pal Omar Shah was standing somewhere in the Hindu Khush, kitted out in turban and pantaloons and holding a sacred Afghan sword; in New York the muse of the moment was in telepathic communication through the emerald engraved with Athena's owl which Graves had given her. A glass shattered off its own accord at the party after the lecture; Graves was thrilled. The talisman had worked.

One of the many rings which I invested with magical powers was a pinched-sized row of Mexican turquoise over a silver band. I was 23 and living in a house in Regent's Park with my first husband. The ring was a relic of his previous marriage, to a girl I'd never met but who, so everybody told me, was astonishing. It was quite hard not to hate an ex-wife who was, they told me, brilliant, beautiful and French. It was all true. She was slim as a pencil with big brown eyes and tawny brown hair down to her waist.

There was nothing she hadn't done. She'd written sophisticated novels and swapped ideas with Parisian intellectuals. She'd been in Cuba as Fidel Castro's guest, just too late to meet Che Guevara. She'd hung out with glamorous revolutionaries and travelled the world. And, to make matters worse, her name was so like mine that I resigned myself to spending whole evenings being addressed by absent-

minded strangers as Marianne. I couldn't compete.

But wearing the ring, her ring, made me feel almost up to it. Twisting it on my finger, I could feel I had stolen a bit of her glamour. When Gregory Peck, or Harold Pinter, or William Golding came to dinner, I put on the ring and sashayed down the stairs to greet them with – not confidence – but faith that the ring was going to see me through, somehow. And, most of the time, it did. I started writing books and, slowly, slowly, the famous, slightly terrifying guests stopped calling me by my predecessor's name. I wore the ring night and day until a sleepy Greek bee landed on my finger, stung it and swelled it up so thoroughly that the ring had to be snipped off with a pair of pliers. It rolled away down a cobbled lane. I never found it.

My faith in rings started long before then. I spent my childhood in a rambling house in Nottinghamshire, not far from Newstead Abbey, the mecca of Byron devotees. My father's great-great aunt Lucy had married a Lord Byron when she ruled over the house in Victorian times. The connection to the past was pretty distant by the time I came along, but it had brought us our very own equivalent of the Boscombe shrine. (Boscombe, on the outskirts of Bournemouth, was the house where Shelley's adoring daughter-in-law created a tastefully lit room where enthusiasts could gaze at the infant poet's rattle and the ashes of his heart.) Our shrine was a bit more low-key, a glass-topped table stupefied with mementoes of Byron. There was a lock of his hair, a square of the red hangings from the bed in which he spent his wedding-night, a piece of pink silk from the flag his last mistress bestowed on his yacht – and, the star piece of the collection, his signet ring.

It wasn't too much to look at, just a small circle of gold with a green square set with his crest, a mermaid, and the motto: *Crede Byron*. Byron's wifes with their usual predatory stare, seemed ill-at-ease. Her mother, handbag planted firmly on her knees, declined the cake and, rather obtrusively, we all thought, wiped the edge of her teacup before taking a sip of Earl Grey. Conversation languished. Half an hour after arriving, they were ready to leave.

That was the moment when the handbag was opened. "I believe this belongs to you," the mother said and I saw to my horror, that she was holding out the Byron ring. "I don't think you should encourage your daughter to go handing family possessions out at school." She paused. "It's just that I wouldn't care to have anyone saying my Sarah was a thief."

The tea was not a success. Sarah, eyeing the wall-mounted assembly of stags' heads which were supervising the intake of cucumber sandwiches with their usual predatory

glance, seemed ill-at-ease. Her mother, handbag planted firmly on her knees, declined the cake and, rather obtrusively, we all thought, wiped the edge of her teacup before taking a sip of Earl Grey. Conversation languished. Half an hour after arriving, they were ready to leave.

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The tea was not a success. Sarah, eyeing the wall-mounted assembly of stags' heads which were supervising the intake of cucumber sandwiches with their usual predatory

wishes and he seemed almost embarrassed by the prospect of wearing the ring. It would, he said, add SO MUCH to his feeling for the poet. What a marvellous, MARVELLOUS gesture!

My father, who had been sulking about the tribe and the astonishing amount of noise they were making, began to brighten up again. "Well", he said, gracefully waving a hand towards the staircase. "Time to go and get the ring out!"

The glass table was unlocked, the ring withdrawn and ceremoniously proffered. The EFA, still murmuring inexpressible gratitude, took it, admired it and extended his fingers. There was a long silence.

"I'm afraid it doesn't fit," he said. And looking, we could all see that he

was quite right. It didn't even go over the first knuckle. "Oh but look!" my father said. And, snatching the ring back, he slipped it on and held out his hand for us to admire. The EFA did not stay for drinks, although we pressed him. In his letter of thanks, he said that he had so enjoyed seeing the ring worn, if not by him. My parents thought his tone a little cold.

We still have the ring. And, whenever my writing hits a sticky patch, I put it on, shut my eyes and think of Byron dashing off *Don Juan* through the hot Italian nights. Like the best talismans, a bit of belief is all it takes.

Miranda Seymour's new novel is "The Telling" (John Murray, £15.99). She is writing a life of Mary Shelley



Rings on her fingers: Miranda Seymour models a selection of her own jewellery

Nicola Kurtz

A hands-on approach to your jewellery box

If you're looking for custom-made accessories, why not pick up the phone and give yourself a ring? By Clare Lewis

IF YOU want to commission your own "one-off" ring, most jewellers will be happy to make one for you. However, it is crucial to choose a jeweller whose designs are compatible with your own ideas as they may not be inclined or necessarily able to work in another designer's style.

Fortunately there are plenty of places to do the necessary research. The Crafts Council (44a Pentonville Road, London N1, 0171-278 7700), for instance, has a computer-based visual index of makers' work which you can access yourself. Alternatively, if you are unable to go in person, their reference desk will compile a list of jewellers' names and contact numbers for you. Another good thing about this service is that jewellers have to pass a selection process to get on the register, so ensuring that their work is of a certain standard. The only drawback is that not all jewellers apply – although the list is extensive, it is not comprehensive.

Liking a particular style of jewellery is one thing, getting what suits you is another. To avoid false starts, it is worth visiting one of the plethora of specialist contemporary jewellery galleries to see and try on a few rings. The Electrum Gallery (21 South Molton Street, London W1, 0171-639 6325) is perhaps the best known. Set up 27 years ago by Barbara Cartledge, who has a mississippian zeal for her subject, this gallery shows many of the most popular British designers such as Malcolm Betts and Brian Isley as well as a number of international names. Bear in mind, though, that commissioning a jeweller abroad can give rise to complications.

For a more British bias, with 120 jewellers' work on show, try the Lesley Craze Gallery (44a Clerkenwell Green, London EC1, 0171-608 0331), where they have rings by such luminaries as Wendy Ramshaw OBE – soon to have her own exhibition at



Clockwise from top left: emerald and gold ring by Luigi Scialanga, £5,500 at David Gill (0171-589 5946); silver and gold rings by Joanne Thompson, from £128 at CAA (0171-436 2344); ultra-violet sensitive pyrex glass ring by Jemima Rogers, £150-£190 at Egg (0171-225 9315); silver and gold rings with uncut stones by Pippa Small, from £390 at Arabesk (0171-584 3858) or to commission on 0171-226 8712;



the V&A – and Marloe McKibben, famous since the Sixties for her still-life Perspex rings. They also have plenty of newer names and prices range from £15 to £10,000.

Contemporary Applied Arts (2 Percy Street, London W1, 0171-436 2344) also specialise in British designers' work and are always adding new members to their list. (A selection process applies here too.) An added bonus is that the staff are jewellers themselves and so are able to

offer valuable help and advice. You will find that staff in other specialist galleries are willing to organise commissions.

Also of help in tracking down jewellers are craft fairs such as the Chelsea Crafts Fair (Chelsea Old Town Hall, King's Road, London SW3, 13-25 October; for tickets call 0171-278 7700). Competition for stalls is stiff so the standard is high. There might even be some discoveries to be made. Another example is Daz-

zie, a craft fair which will be on in the autumn in London and Manchester (for further information call 01580-852503). An appealing aspect of these fairs is that you tend to meet the designers in person which gives you a clearer idea as to whether you could work with them on a design.

Another consideration is budget, which is best decided at the outset. The price of a ring can vary enormously depending on whether it is made of silver, platinum or gold and

set with semi-precious or precious stones. Even a slight variation in size or quality of stones (particularly in the case of diamonds) might put something back in your price range that was otherwise unaffordable.

This is, of course, one of the advantages of commissioning a ring rather than buying off the shelf, as you have greater flexibility to get what you want at a price you can afford. Most jewellers will be prepared to change a stone in an existing ring

of their own design or indeed re-model a family heirloom.

Once you get down to the nitty-gritty, make sure your finger is properly measured as ring sizes can vary greatly depending on whether you have a wide- or narrow-band ring. Also remember to take into account how much your fingers can vary in size from month to month and over the year. The jeweller should be able to advise you.

It only remains to settle your own



ideas as to what you want. In the case of an engagement ring, it may be something personal to you and your partner. If, however, you are looking for inspiration, museums can be a very good source. Surprisingly, some ancient rings are contemporary in design and so it is well worth sparing the time to look. Beyond that, all you have to do is indulge yourself in the rewarding process of commissioning your very own "one-off" ring.

Clare Lewis

Bizarre, but it's no wind-up

On the anniversary of Diana's death, the inventor of the clockwork radio talks about some of the innovations his original design has inspired, including a wind-up mine detector and an artificial leg. By E Jane Dickson

There is a false image in this country of the inventor as some kind of eccentric," says Trevor Baylis, sitting an impressive spider's web from the entrance of his workshop where a thousand household appliances have come to die. Cannibalised components are strewn inches deep on every available surface and it seems extraordinary that this mechanical carnage should have produced the most fated technological innovation of the decade. But here cradled on Baylis's lap, sleek and sparkly in its Day-Glo "jelly" casing, the BayGen wind-up radio purrs and whirs contentedly.

"Yup," says Baylis, picking shreds of pipe tobacco from an ochre-fringed moustache. "When you say the word 'inventor' people see this weird eccentric bloke with a Viennese accent." Inchng past the full-size heated swimming pool in the lobby of his house-cum-shed on Eel Pie Island, past the stuffed lizard and the photos of Baylis hugging Nelson Mandela and framed letters from Prince Charles - "they do a nice meal at the Palace" he says - Baylist leads the way through to a jettty where the car he has been building for 20 years - a fine four-seater heap in the style of *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* - seems poised either for flight or a plunge into the Thames.

"And bow-ties," he adds. "We're supposed to be eccentric blokes with Viennese accents and bow-ties." As a matter of record then, let it be said that Baylis has no bow-tie and speaks impeccable Estuary English.

Since 1994, when he appeared with his prototype clockwork radio on BBC1's *Tomorrow's World*, things have moved fast for Baylis. BayGen Power - the company which bought the licence to develop wind-up technology and in which he retains substantial shares - now manufacture the revolutionary Freestyle radios at a rate of 60,000 per month from its Cape Town factory. This year saw the launch of the clockwork torch and the company is now working in association with The Pentagon to develop personally-powered global positioning systems, two-way radios and land-mine detectors.

"I've already managed to raise a beep from a mate's land-mine detector using power from the wind-up radio," says Baylis, who in conjunction with another inventor, Professor Reg King of the Royal Military College, also is developing an interactive "talking-book" bomb disposal manual. Conscious of the fact that land-mines are frequently laid in areas of low literacy, where conventional batteries can cost the equivalent of a family's monthly food budget, Baylis has harnessed the energy of his radio to operate a touch-pad



Trevor Baylis with his wind-up radio and the car he has been building for 20 years. Above right, his workshop

computer which could talk - in the appropriate language or dialect - a relatively inexperienced bomb-disposal operative through the procedure for different landmine models. Plans also are afoot for a clockwork water sterilisation unit. Once again using radio as a power source for simple electrolysis, sodium hypochlorite - the basis of household bleach - could be manufactured from salt and water. In regions where AIDS is now endemic, with mothers passing the virus to babies through their breast milk, the advantage of clean sterile water to make up formula milk is incalculable.

"Who would have thought that off the back of a radio - this thing that chucks out music and entertainment in our kitchen - we would be talking about sorting out world literacy and infant mortality?" Baylis says. "In four or five years we could have a staggering universe of clockwork devices."

The spiralling humanitarian applications of his invention is a source of terrific satisfaction to Baylis, who developed his prototype after watching a documentary about the difficulty of implementing AIDS-education programmes to countries with underdeveloped communications systems.

"I was sitting there watching this when I had a kind of dream of me sitting in the Sudan, like some old English colonel with a monocle and fly swat, listening to a raunchy number by Dame Nellie Melba on my wind-up gramophone. And I just thought, if you can get all that noise by dragging a nail round a piece of old Bakelite using a spring, maybe we could use a

spring to drive a dynamo that could drive a radio."

Baylis would not, however, like to be thought of as a "do-gooder".

"It's not the cross of Jesus I'm holding before me, it's a soldering iron," he states. "I was sexually abused in Sunday school - this sanctimonious guy in a dog collar perpetrating the most foul acts on a five-year-old in the name of The Lord, The Father and The Holy Ghost; so far as I'm concerned, the last Christian died on the cross."

This early trauma, Baylis believes, shaped the course of his career: "I've always been a show-off or a show-man, but that was just to make up for being made to feel inadequate as a child."

At 15, he was swimming for his country.

Demobbed from the army, he found a job as a swimming-pool salesman, demonstrating the product by diving from a height of 10ft into three feet of water. Later, going by the debonair name of Rameses II, he joined a Berlin circus with a Houdini-style escapology act. On slow days, he would pep up his act by setting himself on fire. He cut his teeth as an inventor on aids for disabled colleagues.

"For all of us disability is only a banana skin away, and for a stunt player there are lots of banana skins, so in a strange way stunt players and disabled people are kinfolk," says Baylis, whose recent projects in this field include the development of the Blatchford Limb, a revolutionary prosthetic leg which mimics the individual gait of the amputee. He also is gratified by the fact

that BayGen's Cape Town factory is staffed in the main by disabled people: "The only problem we have is with the blind people on the production line. They work too fast."

In the early Eighties, with more than 100 products for the disabled - the Orange Aid range - to his credit, Baylis sold the licence to a city bank which lost no time in shooing him out of the company. "It was all done with signatures" he says, as if explaining a particularly cunning stunt. "The money men can make you sign your life away." His relationship with BayGen is mutually respectful and secure, but Baylis admits that he still gets "a bit paranoid" at times.

Inventors, he insists, have no real status in Britain and are at the mercy of Byzantine copyright and patenting structures designed to protect the corporate mass rather than the individual. To this end, he has detailed plans for the setting up of a Royal Academy of British Inventors.

"We've got royal academies of art and science, but there's no professional body for us blokes in the middle who actually create the wealth that is spent by the research boys in the science faculties and the artists who blow it all on dead sheep in formaldehyde."

Baylis's academy would shepherd inventors through the system right from the eureka moment through to the televised auction of their product. "It's nice to be on the telly," says Baylis, who currently features in a mobile phone commercial. It's good for the back-room boys of British industry to have their day in the sunshine." Tax breaks for inventors also feature heavily in the master plan.

"I could go and live in the Cayman Islands tomorrow. But what," he says, gesturing to his ramshackle kingdom on the Thames, "could be nicer than this? I've got everything I want: an indoor swimming pool, two delightful girlfriends..."

When it is suggested that two girlfriends might be surplus to most people's requirements, Baylis laughs richly. "Well I've got two arms and two legs" he reasons. "Let's not get hung up on numbers. Besides," he cautions, with a shrug that recalls the heyday of Rameses II, "convention, darling, is the enemy of progress."

Neville Elder

Willowgrain journal (in several colours), £50; from Pickett Fine Leather, 32/33 and 41 Burlington Arcade, London W1 (0171-493 6339) and 149 Sloane Street, London SW1 (0171-823 5638)

Linen-covered plain paper notebooks in four sizes, £4.25-£10.50; from Paperchase, 213 Tottenham Court Road, London W1 (0181-580 8496)

Duotone plain-paper notebooks, small £1.25 each; large £10.50; from Paperchase, as before.



LINES ON DESIGN

THE NOTEBOOK

IN BRUCE Chatwin's *Songlines* (Cape), worked up from notebook sources during a relapse of his AIDS-related illness, the author recounts how he would only ever take one particular type of notebook on his many travels to the ends of the earth.

"In France, these notebooks are known as cornets moleskines: 'molekine', in this case being its black oilcloth binding. Each time I went to Paris, I would buy a fresh supply from a papererie in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie. The pages were squared and the end papers held in place with an elastic band. I had numbered them in series. I wrote my name and address on the front page, offering a reward

to the finder. To lose a passport was the least of one's worries: to lose a notebook was a catastrophe.

In 20 odd years of travel, I lost only two. One vanished on an Afghan bus. The other was filched by the Brazilian secret police, who, with a certain clairvoyance, imagined that some lines I had written - about the wounds of a Baroque Christ -

were a description, in code, of their own work on political prisoners.

Some months before I left for Australia, the owner of the papererie said that the vrai moleskine was getting harder and harder to get. There was one supplier: a small family business in Tours. 'I'd like to order a hundred,' I said to Madame. She promised to phone Tours at once, that afternoon.

At five I kept my appointment with Madame. The manufacturer had died. His heirs had sold the business. She removed her spectacles and, almost with an air of mourning, said, 'Le vrai moleskine n'est plus.'

Above: full-calf bound journal, from £280; from Shepherds Bookbinders (0171-630 1184)



Goatskin cahier roulé (in blue, yellow, red and green), mini £120, large £160; from Hermès, 179 Sloane Street, London SW1 (0171-259 5191) and 155 New Bond Street, London W1 (0171-499 8856)

THE MILLENNIUM COLLECTION

NO 10: THE BLATCHFORD INTELLIGENT PROSTHESIS (IP)

So far, more than 200 Millennium objects have been chosen for their excellent design. Each week we examine one

LEGS, UNLIKE arms, are used primarily for mobility so it is much easier to replace a missing leg with a prosthesis than to manufacture an artificial arm with all of an arm's various functions.

I imagine most people think that a false limb is just something practical, to be worn or not, but it is much more than that. A limb is a hugely important part of one's body and nothing can replace it either psychologically or emotionally; a prosthesis is meant to restore self-confidence but, ironically, by emphasising that one ought to look like everyone else it can actually diminish that confidence.

Leg prostheses are practical; legs are important for mobility, so the greater the range of movement and the more natural the operation of a prosthesis the better. Prostheses are not modern. They have been found in India dating from 3500BC. Herodotus describes a wooden foot being fitted,

and artificial arms have been found buried with Egyptian mummies. But the sophistication of prostheses is much more recent. The reason I had always thought having one arm preferable to having one leg was the thought of not being able to run or go for long walks.

Now Blatchford have produced a lightweight Intelligent Prosthetic; the current model automatically adjusts the swing of the knee to match the individual amputee's normal walking speeds, and the model scheduled for 1999 will adjust to modes of locomotion which will also enable the user to walk on rough terrain and descend stairs easily and safely.

After the limb has been professionally fitted and precisely adjusted to the individual's pre-operation mode of walking, a microchip in the prosthesis adjusts the gait automatically and ensures the wearer can walk slowly or swiftly at will. Although the limb uses high technology it is user-friendly in that it is both light and easy to wear, with two easily replaceable batteries which have a life expectancy of up to

a year. Those and an annual inspection are all that is needed to keep the artificial limb operating smoothly.

The IP is suitable for most amputees including children aged 12 and over. The main advantages are that as the limb requires far less effort to operate, users waste less energy and no longer need to think about walking because there is no need to consciously kick the leg to ensure full extension.

The revolutionary difference between this and earlier prostheses was that although in the past the way amputees walked was taken into account, the crucial element of different walking speeds was not.

The IP is available on the NHS and is exported all over the world. But it is too expensive for general use and consequently not available to the thousands of landmine victims in the poorer developing countries.

Patient reports have been very positive and the IP has won the 1996 Prince of Wales Award for Innovation, the Queen's Award for Technological Achievement.

SARAH ANDERSON

FEW WIVES, however adoring, build chapels dedicated to their husbands. But that is exactly what Mary Watts, wife of the Victorian artist G.F. Watts, did in 1898. Undeterred by her lack of architectural know-how, she taught villagers in Compton, Surrey to model clay tiles and employed a team of amateurs to help create convoluted Celtic reliefs outside (symbolising Hope, Love, Truth and Light) and glowing gesso murals of Winged Messengers and a Tree of Life inside, not to mention terracotta tombstones in the graveyard. It is a triumph.

An exhibition in the neighbouring Watts Gallery charts her other artistic endeavours, from Celtic-style carpets to garden pots.

Mary Seton Watts (1849-1938): unsung heroine of the Art Nouveau runs until 6 September at the Watts Gallery, Compton, Surrey (01483 812235).

FANTASTICAL designs for the mythical kingdom of King

DESIGN OUTINGS

ANNABEL FREYBERG



1 September, provided they utter the magic words "Where Film Comes to Life" at the cash desk.

Museum of the Moving Image, South Bank, London SE1 (0171-922 3232) is open 10-6

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL '98

Comedy – the new free jazz

How to win friends and influence people in Edinburgh? Be a judge for the Perrier Pick of the Fringe Award, of course. Last year James Rampton was on the panel. Come on, Rampo, who's going to win this year's gong?

PEOPLE IN Edinburgh at this time of year always contract Festival Fever, a temporary mental derangement brought on by near-fatal doses of hype and hysteria. The most severe cases of this lamentable condition are invariably diagnosed in comedians during the days leading up to the announcement of the Perrier Pick of the Fringe Award for the best comedy act at the Festival. Yet that comic you see staggering around the courtyard at the Pleasance is frothing at the mouth – and, unusually, it's caused by a brand of fizzy mineral water rather than something imported from Colombia.

For most of the year the mean and mercenary face of the comedy industry is hidden behind a mask of gags and good humour. But at the height of Perrier-mania, it is revealed in all its bitching glory, as back-slapping turns to backstabbing. A Perrier can lead to bigger gigs or a radio show or – and this is the real holy grail – a TV commission. The thinking sometimes seems to be: "do so well live that you never have to appear live again".

When I was a Perrier judge last year, I was astonished by the owner of new "best friends" I acquired in the week (awards with free drinks) before the nominations were made. Certain (invariably wrong) buzz-phrases did the rounds among the comedy-rati: "a nomination is in the bag", "the judges are really excited", and (the most popular by a country mile) "Channel 4 are interested".

Now the spume of publicity – exacerbated, it must be admitted, by articles such as this – is lapping towards tomorrow's midnight announcement of the winner, when tears and tantrums are not unknown. Johnny Vegas, a hotly tipped but ultimately disappointed nominee last year, has taken to sending up the hype-fest by devoting 15 minutes of his show to a spurious paean of praise about the top comedy award on the Fringe. He even – a la Formula One driver – wears a fake Perrier sponsorship logo on his trademark potter's smock.

Sadly, it hasn't helped him get onto this year's shortlist, which was announced on Wednesday. That honour has fallen instead to *tin* alphabetical order! Ed Byrne, Sean Cullen, Peter Kay, Al Murray and Tommy Tiernan. Although it is hellishly difficult to boil down the 286



All the Perrier's men stand up and deliver as nominees jockey for position in the prestigious comedy category. Gernot Lewis

volley shows at the Festival to a top level, it is still by one Perrier judge's own admission "a conservative list, considering the diversity out there". But – with the exception of Kay, a dazzling but old-fashioned "one man and his wife" comic who makes jokes about wedding photographers and minibus drivers – at least all the nominees reflect the move at this year's Festival away from "have you ever noticed?" comedy. Eschewing formulaic observations about, say, Star Trek or Raleigh Choppers or mobile phones, performers are turning rather to surrealistic story-telling and sketches which could be summed up by the title: It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad

World. Anti-stand-up is the new stand-up. Matt Ley is the producer of the "So You Think You're Funny?" Award, which has been dubbed "the baby Perrier". In the course of the heats for his new comedy award, he has seen in excess of 300 acts, so he is better-qualified than most to go in for a bit of light trend-spotting. "There is a tendency towards the hyperrealist and the imaginative. We've had sketches and character comedy; now comics are entering imagined worlds and spinning mad invented universes out of nothing. It's all about escaping from the everyday and the mundane and observational comedy – which is real-

ly rather boring. Everyone is sick of that."

"The comedy scene now feels

as varied as the early 1980s alternative cabaret circuit – as it was then called. You never knew what you'd get at a comedy club because people were taking chances. People are

getting bolder, more confident, more

imaginative, more original."

John McCullum, who works for the leading comedy producers, Stone Ranger, doesn't agree more. "People don't want to hear comedians asking 'bear the one about ...' anymore. Stand-ups are reinventing their art form and pushing back the boundaries. I hope I don't sound like a prat," he adds, "but look at the way

Picasso developed through the blue and pink periods to the Demoiselles D'Avignon. In the same way, stand-up is growing to accommodate a load of new strands like dramatic monologues."

Little Judah, a comic critic has

sat through more than 70 shows at this year's Festival in her capacity as a Perrier panelist. "There is a limit to how much you can say with my girlfriend does this and that,"

she sighs. "There is a limit to the comedy of shared experience. After a while, it just gets boring. Someone like Adam Bloom talks about the mechanics of comedy in his act. It's hopelessly self-referential. Straight stand-ups are running out of mate-

rials. So many of them are doing stuff which Alan Davies was doing five years ago – like anthropomorphising cats." Cullen, for one, has certainly travelled light years away from that sort of hackneyed material with his nonsensically titled show, *Wood, Cheese and Children*. Formerly one part of the Perrier-nominated trio, Corky and the Juice Pigs, he improvises songs based on people's names and invents off-the-cuff ditties about the ways in which apparently harmless food can kill you. He's bonkers – and I mean that as a compliment.

Critics have been similarly impressed by the pair of Irish nominees, Byrne and Tiernan. Both share gag-a-minute comedy in favour of elaborate story-telling. In *A Night at the Opera*, Byrne spins a long-drawn-out yarn about being taken against his will by his girlfriend to a production of *Cosi fan Tutte*. Tiernan's *Undriven Comedy*, meanwhile, recounts the occasion the comic performed a beyond-the-pale routine about the Crucifixion on RTE's Late Late Show and became the first person this century to be sued for blasphemy.

"The Irish have a great tradition of story-telling," reckons Nica Burns, the director of the Perrier Awards. "There's the whole joke thing of them having the gift of blarney. They've always been terrific writers; now it's turning into an oral tradition. The trail has been blazed by people like Sean Hughes, Dylan Moran and Ardal O'Hanlon."

So where does all this leave Murray, nominated for an unprecedented fourth time? It is rare indeed that you leave a comedy show feeling the same sense of exhilaration that you experience after a storming rock gig. But it happened to me last week.

Murray's Pub Landlord is an electrifying act. I may be talking myself straight into Pseudos' Corner, but his magnetic performance as the archetypal Little Englander bigot proves often profound and moving

insights into what it feels like to be

a certain type of British male in the late 20th Century: dispossessed, insecure, and threatened by everything from French people to modern jazz. Oh yes, and it's killing

highly funny, too.

Highly as I regard the other nominees, I hope Murray wins. And I think this time he just might. If he does, I for one will be celebrating with a drink stronger than Perrier

All crises no critique.

FILM

PEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS
ABC

FEAR AND LOATHING in Las Vegas is a bad trip. Adapted from Hunter S Thompson's demented 1970s masterpiece by Terry Gilliam, this flamboyantly unfocused film drags across the screen in an eminently watchable visual surrealism which captures the psychotic atmosphere of Thompson's book but little of its splenetic social and political critique.

Following Thompson's alter ego Raoul Duke (Johnny Depp), and his partner in pharmaceutical crime, Dr Gonzo (Benicio Del Toro), through a plotless picaresque of drug-fuelled debauchery, Fear and Loathing is less radical road movie than hysterical, one-note satire.

Maniacally mannered performances from Depp and Del Toro (who seem to be in some kind of love-slurping competition) make it impossible to get under the skin of the two-dimensional leads while, filtered through Duke's outsized, gonzo shades, everyone else on screen appears merely another monstrous mutation of 1970s repression and hypocrisy.

With such undifferentiated weirdness all around, there's little to do than laugh at the pathetic, sometimes savage excesses of Duke and Gonzo. Rather than a journey into Nixon's rotten American Dream, or even into the dark heart of Duke and Gonzo's amoral odyssey, Fear and Loathing becomes merely a hall of mirrors which endlessly warp and distort reality to fairground grotesquerie.

At a Scene by Scene dissection of the movie last night, Gilliam ironically related how, when he inherited his script from sacked director Alex Cox, he became disenchanted with a story that just seemed to be about two guys on a drugs binge behaving badly over a weekend in Las Vegas. Unfortunately, his ambitious film fails to take Thompson's novel much further.

LIEUE SPENCER

EDINBURGH

EYE

YOU NEVER know when the enemy might strike. Ken Lukowik, the Falklands veteran and author of *A Soldier's Song*, was enjoying a not-so-quiet drink at the Assembly Rooms club bar, quite possibly reflecting on his long-gone fighting days, when a slight figure in an anorak got it into his head that Lukowik had been sniggering at him. Obviously resolving that the large

ex-paratrooper needed to be taught lesson, the young man,

rumoured to be on leave from that fearsome regiment, the Fightin' Pacemakers, brushed aside the placatory manoeuvres of Lukowik's producer Guy Masterson (whose adaptation of Lukowik's book continues at the Assembly Rooms for another week) and squared up to the writer on the pavement outside. In the event, the tussle concluded with Lukowik sustaining nothing more than a scratch to his upper lip and the challenger's honour shakily intact. The inevitable spin-off show – the Feudin Kugels' production of *Man Dancing in the Street*, perhaps – has yet to materialize, however.

Unhinged on the Fringe Quest to be of good cheer

COMEDY

PAUL MERTON
PLEASANCE

true is funny) and tests it out with an hour of confessional material. It is hard not to find Merton's more prosaic anecdotes about his life more amusing than his flights of fancy. We hear of the man who taught him as a boy and tried to clamp his oddball imagination, his sexual awakening (seeing "a boy treading on a walnut"), and his time in Maudsley Psychiatric Hospital circa 1990, while in the grip of paranoia. The palefests there, he says, "weren't all crackers. That would be glib. Some of them were bonkers."

That flippancy warns you of trying to read too much into the revelations, but the Maudsley episode defines the hit-and-miss nature of Merton's material. He can be inspired (imagining, say, an ambulance crew finger-puppet show in aid of a dying man) and extraordinarily pedestrian (contemplating hacked-off subjects such as Papal infallibility and PG Tips).

He often loses his bearings, which is fine on *Have I Got News For You?*, but makes for more depressing viewing live. "I'm fed up with doing this show and it's only three shows in," he announced, in that charmingly glib way of his. He was not jesting.

DOMINIC CAVENDISH

HAD GEORGES Perec ever felt prompted to translate his literary contortions, but the Maudsley episode defines the hit-and-miss nature of Merton's material. He can be inspired (imagining, say, an ambulance crew finger-puppet show in aid of a dying man) and extraordinarily pedestrian (contemplating hacked-off subjects such as Papal infallibility and PG Tips).

Gorman accepting a further wager, that he couldn't engineer a routine based on a batch of second-hand slides bought from a jumble stall. I suppose if these propositions sounded reasonable to Gorman, then the logic of using the slides as an aid to deconstructing Dury's ditty must

have been inescapable. Or, as the Bafta-winning contributor to Mrs Merton, explains: "Beer is bread; lads are lads and a bet's a bet."

Though Gorman occasionally falls back on his photographic catalogue of eccentric pets and holidaying granaries for a cheap laugh, the remainder of his, um, lecture is obsessively researched and far more entertaining than it has a right to be.

As with any epic quest, the journey is the end in itself – to obtain verse three's incomprehensible lyrics, for instance, Gorman had to

COMEDY

REASONS TO BE CHEERFUL
PLEASANCE

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As with any epic quest, the journey is the end in itself – to obtain verse three's incomprehensible lyrics, for instance, Gorman had to

wade through karaoke transcriptions, confront the song's original publishers, and consult the British Library's *Smash Hits*. At points, Dury's reasons to be cheerful seem anything but – one line, "18-wheeler Scammell" (a huge lorry), leads the Mancunian to discover the dark world of road haulier appreciation.

In the end, the show is often rather moving. The cosmic significance of camel heads is revealed, and we're also treated to a spot of statistical analysis, but the slides, humdrum elegies to their long-dead subjects, are all the more touching given Dury's own physical condition.

MIKE HIGGINS

At the Pleasance until 31 August

11 AM

THEATRE
11.30-12.15 Play Wisty for Me: The Life of Peter Cook.
Few people could speak with the voice of El Wisty as surely as Matthew Perret in this two-man show about Cook's life and work. The work never outstays its welcome and individual gags are hilarious.

Pleasance Below. To 31 Aug. £5-£6 (£4-£5)



Junior Simpson, 9.45pm

4PM

THEATRE
4.35-5.35 Tamagotchi Heaven. Adults-only tragicomic tale of a woman and her cyberpet.
Pleasance. To 31 Aug. £6.50 (£5.50)

COMEDY
4.50-5.50 Peepolykus – Horses for Courses. Surreal comedy thriller.
Pleasance. To 31 Aug. £7 (£6)

DANCE
5.15-9.30 Cool Beat, Urban Heat. One of the most exciting American dance shows of the year. Rapid-fire jazz plus the power of hip-hop.
Gilded Balloon. To 5 Sept. £9.50 (£8.50)

THEATRE
5.10-9.30 A Family Outing. Stirring three-hander from Mark Whitehead, combining soap, satire and strip-tease. An "inspired theatrical conceit".
Assembly Rooms. To 5 Sept. £8

8PM

COMEDY
8.00-10.00 Jason Byrne. Frantic and lunatic humour from one of this year's finds. The king of off-the-cuff, he takes look-at-me peacock to an art form. His first solo Edinburgh show.

Pleasance. To 31 Aug. £7.50 (£6.50)

COMEDY
9.25-10.30 Al Murray: the Pub Landlord, Keeper of the Pint Cosmic. Cruelly denied the Perrier Award on two previous occasions, Murray

form (apparently he still lives at home with his mum – lucky mum!). "Never mind the material, feel the exuberance."

Pleasance. To 31 Aug. £8.50 (£7.50)

COMEDY
9.45-10.45 Junior Simpson. More up-to-the-minute material from the popular stand-up who dares to tackle issues such as the fiasco surrounding the Stephen Lawrence trial.

Assembly Rooms. To 30 Aug. £9-£10 (£8-£9)

COOL BEAT, URBAN HEAT, 8.15PM

COMEDY
10.15-11.15 The League Against Tedium. Simon Munnery's megalomaniac creation – an antidote to those middle-of-the-road comedy blues. Just who needs Perrier awards, anyway?

Pleasance Above. To 31 Aug. £8-£9 (£7-£8)

TICKET OFFERS

Take today's *Independent* to one of the venues below:
1.15pm - 2.15pm at Calder's Gilded Balloon Theatre (venue 33): 2 free pairs of tickets for the first three people at the box office to see Molotov Cocktail's production of *Hope Springs A Leak*.

4.10pm - 5.10pm at The Pleasance (venue 33): 5 free pairs of tickets for the first five people at the box office to see John Dowie in *Back to Stand Up, Front to Verse*.

7pm - 8pm at Calder's Gilded Balloon at the Honeycomb (venue 138): 3 free pairs of tickets for the first three people at the box office to see *Hung Le in Noodle Fronty*. In 1988 Hung returned to Vietnam for the first time since leaving in a leaky prawn trawler 23 years earlier. Noodle Fronty is the story of the cultural mayhem that ensued upon his return.

MUSIC

First lord of the sound system

In 1958, electrician Percival Miller got off the boat from Jamaica with a box of R&B records. Before long he had built a huge amplifier and some monster speakers. As Metro, he then set about introducing Britain to bluebeat and ska. By James Maycock

"AMPLIFICATION AND records. If you have those two items, then you can go somewhere," says Percival Miller, better known as Metro, a pivotal figure in the development of British sound system culture. Although the fabled Duke Vin claims to have been the first to introduce Jamaican sound systems to England in 1955, Metro was a formidable presence in this area from the late Fifties, exploiting his skills as an electrician to have a qualitative impact on the nascent British scene. The Notting Hill Carnival of today is an indirect product of the entrepreneurial spirit and technical experimentation of such men as the Duke, Count Suckie and Metro in the 1960s.

"My intention is power," states Metro today. As well as organising his own system, Metro built amplifiers and speakers for others in Manchester, Bristol and London. Indeed, Jah Shaka, a current London system chief, continues to use the powerful valve amps Metro constructed for him. "I've still got them and I'm still using them 20-odd years after – so that's how good they are," says Shaka.

Metro was one of many optimistic Jamaicans to migrate to Britain in 1958, the year of the first Notting Hill riots, a decade after the SS Windrush docked in London. Metro recalls that he brought with him 22 rhythm and blues records belonging to his British-resident brother, which duly delighted the passengers on the monotonous trip from Jamaica. Funny enough, his brother remained unaware of Metro's arrival in Nottingham for some time after. The records became Metro's calling card.

"When I got on the ship," he says, "these records were entertaining people until I came off the ship. I set the passengers alight, because these records I had, the ordinary sound system in Jamaica didn't get them." This wave of enthusiasm was soon dampened however, when he found that the likelihood place to land a job in Nottingham was down a coal mine. "When I got here, I cry living tears," he says ruefully. "When I think of the happiness and music I left behind in Jamaica... I didn't know where I was – I was lost."

As he would experience himself, sound systems in England drew disparate, disorientated immigrants together and recreated something of the musical atmosphere of Jamaica. But only up to a point. In the Caribbean, Metro was accustomed to the blockbuster amplification of the system belonging to Duke Reid, who performed at the botanical gardens his parents ran. In England, however, Metro was struck by the feebleness of the sound. "Imagine, I'd left Jamaica to listen to this," he says.

Ironically, he had dreamt about building a sound system in Britain and once in London, he began modifying amplifiers and speakers. He housed a 12-inch speaker in a mahogany cabinet acquired from the plywood factory he was working at the time. This huge cabinet – a "house of joy", in the vernacular – was initially too big to be moved out of the room it was built in. He also created a 300watt amplifier by using "307" valves, the common currency in Jamaican systems, and experimenting with capacitors and resistors. His animation over this particular item is still palpable: "When this thing lit up, the valves were as blue as indigo. When you were playing, you could see the electrons actually flowing in the valve itself."

He called his system Metro Downbeat, in homage to Clement Dodd's famous Sir Coxone's Downbeat system. Metro performed in Manchester, Birmingham and, in London, at the Flamingo club in Soho and in the aptly-named Metro Club in Ledbury Grove. The antagonism between opposing systems in Jamaica was notorious and the supporters of one sound system were often subjected to physical intimidation by those of another. But, Metro maintains, the competition in Britain was still more intense: "It was wicked," he



Percival Miller, better known as Metro, a pivotal figure in the development of British sound system culture

says. "It was even worse than Jamaica. It reached a stage that nobody talked about Jamaica, because it was happening here now. It start to boom."

As a measure of the competition, Metro continued the Jamaican practice of removing the labels from records to hide their identity from rivals. He played obscure R&B from America by musicians such as Felix Gross Consalve, Calvin Boze and Joe Lutcher. He remains proud of his vast collection of imported rarities, despite the fact that he had to order many of them anonymously from shops which, because of his

race, he would not have been permitted to enter in person. He still retains the competitive enthusiasm that drove him in the 1960s. "Listen, man," he says. "I've got records from American shops like Rock and Roll in the Bronx and Ray Avery's record shop in California."

Oddly, there was some initial resistance to bluebeat and ska from Jamaicans resident in Britain, as if this hybrid form, spontaneously fashioned from the indigenous island music, called mento, and North American R&B were somehow suspect. Early ska records were not played on

the radio, so Metro and members of the other sound systems, undeterred by their audience's indifferent response, gradually altered the dancers' musical taste. Metro recalls that ska "breaks itself in by we playing the music", and, by 1964 "everybody was skaing and Slim Smith and all those guys came on the scene, and there's a change, you could actually see the changes in the music". In due course, homegrown Jamaican ska was deliberately recorded for a growing English market.

During one gig in 1968, the retina of Metro's right eye was damaged when a

glass was hurled in a fight. "I got this eye blind through sound system," he says. "Somebody threw a drinking glass and it hit me straight in the eye. I was way up on the stage. It wasn't intended for me." Although Metro continued his sound system the long, late hours took their toll on his injured eye. "When sleep comes in that eye, the pain that I get!" This precipitated his decision, in 1979 – ironically at the height of reggae's popularity among rock fans – to discontinue his Metro Downbeat.

Metro attended the first Notting Hill Carnival, and Jah Shaka, a current sound

Kalpesh Ladriga

system maestro, is happy to pay his respects. "There's not much people using old stuff, everybody's mostly gone digital now," he says. But Shaka remains infatuated with the sound produced by Metro's valve amplifiers. "If you've got a recipe and it's working," he says, "what are you going to get something else for?"

Jah Shaka is celebrating the Notting Hill Carnival by performing at the Tudor Rose nightclub at The Green, Southall, tonight. The Notting Hill Carnival takes place on Sunday and Monday

Still prince of pomp performance

WHEN PRINCE'S latest album, *New Power Soul*, appeared just three months after his quadruple CD package *Crystal Ball*, some claimed The Artist's increasingly prolific output exceeded market demand. Tickets for his live shows, however, remain a precious commodity. Tonight's gig – his first in Britain since March 1995 – sold out within 48 hours and prompted the scheduling of an extra show at Brixton Academy. It seems that the triple-whammy of The Artist's consummate showmanship, pop genius and living legend mystique will always put bums on seats.

The show was billed as a somewhat stripped-down affair, but although there was no giant, heart-shaped bed as on the *Lovesexy* tour, and no neon-fit ghetto as on the *Sign o' the Times* tour, this was anything but a Spartan production. Lasers carved virtual representations of The Artist's "squiggle" symbol high

ROCK

THE ARTIST
FORMERLY KNOWN
AS PRINCE
WEMBLEY ARENA

above the crowd, the set was bookended by a pair of massive gold lions, and a flamboyant cast of characters paraded on and off the three-tiered stage in an array of outfits which would have made Village People blushing. It was Prince himself, though – a Lilliputian live-wire dressed in a flouncy red number – who was the undoubtedly focal point of the extravaganza. As a set laced with greatest hits, souped-up P-Funk and stunning choreography unfolded, The Artist preened, pouted and leapt on and off his purple grand piano with the athleticism of a young Olga Korbut.

Earlier, both Chaka Khan and

former Sly And The Family Stone bassist, Larry Graham, had played short support sets. Prince dueted with both. His own set, meanwhile, was cut short ("short" in The Artist's terms meaning just under two hours) by the Wembley Arena curfew. Annoyingly, this became the subject of an improvised blues, with Prince explaining that he would have played all night if London didn't close so early. Even mid-performance he managed to get in a bit of writing.

One of the most fascinating moments came when some white roses thrown by a member of the audience pierced The Artist's spotlight and landed behind him. Mirroring astonishment, he turned round, and a spontaneous roar erupted as the crowd willed him to accept the gift. Grinning, he eventually picked up the posy and strummed to his piano to begin a short solo set. It was a gesture freighted with Las Vegas corniness, but you

sensed that both Prince and his audience enjoyed its irony.

Though some of the hits – "Raspberry Beret", "Little Red Corvette" – were flashed teasingly at the audience in medley format, The Artist was also happy to play more complete versions of trump cards. "Purple Rain" – surely the stadium anthem of the 80s – was a thing of camp and epic splendour; while "1999", coming soon to a millennium dome near you, proved that great pop is timeless.

Regardless of the somewhat patchy quality of The Artist's recent recorded output, this was a performance which inspired a whole thesaurus of superlatives. I'll go with "unrivalled".

The Artist is at Brixton Academy tonight. The show is sold out. A version of this review appeared in later editions of yesterday's paper

JAMES MCNAIR

LYRIC SHEETS: LONG LOST LENNONS

One of the great Beatles mysteries has been solved. The half-sister John Lennon searched for but never found has surfaced in Hampshire. Can new discoveries be far behind?

With Lennon's long-lost sister turning up And tabloid hacks "researching" day and night, Events transpired to shake the showbiz world As, one by one, the others came to light.

The Beatle's aunt Brenda was the first, A woman in her seventies from York Who, suddenly discovering the likeness, Had phoned the paper saying she wished to talk.

Resemblances were spooky, they agreed: Her hair was just like John's when he was hip. She wore the granny glasses, like his dad. And even had the 'tache upon her lip.

All hell broke loose as brothers, sons and aunts Emerged to plague the former star's estate. Solicitors for Yoko held the fort And batt'd off impostors at the gate.

And I myself discovered a connection Through recent revelations from my mother: John Lennon's cousin's auntie's sister's dad Is also mine, so I might be his brother.

But if this is the case I don't want money, I only cite this evidence as true: In common with the star I often walk with The same amount of legs, which number two

MARTIN NEWELL



From Nashville to Hollywood with a bullet

They used to be a joke, but now movie soundtracks boast both kinds of music - Country and Western. By Tim Perry

IT SHOULDN'T surprise you to learn that Nashville has never considered itself a kick town. One of the major education centres of the South, it even built itself a replica of the Parthenon to symbolise its role in learning. This was, of course, where the final scene took place in Robert Altman's 1975 film *Nashville*, a warts-and-all poke at every aspect of the city's life - in particular its role as the manufacturing centre of country music. In addition to Altman's epic, the Tennessee capital and its music have had a rough ride from Hollywood.

Think of country music in a film, and jokes spring to mind. "We play both kinds of music here - Country AND Western" is one such line from *The Blues Brothers*. Also kitsch: think Dolly Parton in *9 to 5* and *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. Neither Burt Reynolds nor Clint Eastwood enhanced the genre's credibility in *Smokey and the Bandit* and *Every Which Way But Loose*. And then there was the 1980 box office smash *Urban Cowboy*, starring John Travolta and Debra Winger. Its soundtrack comprised mundane MOR country, and started the irritating Urban Cowboy Movement, launching the likes of the excruciating Mickey Gilley and Ronnie Milsap to stardom.

Of course, there were genuine high points, such as *Coal Miner's Daughter* from 1980, with Sissy Spacek playing the role of Loretta Lynn - a woman who came out with at-the-time revolutionary sentiments, such as the self-written "Don't

'Last year, around 50 million soundtrack albums were sold in the US alone. This year, thanks to the 'Titanic' soundtrack, the figure will be very much higher'

Come Home A-Drinkin' (With Lovin' On Your Mind)", and "The Pill", the latter a song from 1975 celebrating the use of contraceptives.

But Lynn, now ignored by country radio, was depicted as a hillbilly, and hillbilly is not the slick image Nashville music chiefs want anymore. Like any other corporate entity, they want to expand their market. They want the white collars in middle America to pick up their records in the strip malls and gas stations, but need more than country radio and television to achieve the crossover.

It was relatively easy for them to look west to Hollywood and see that soundtrack albums are big business, and can build artists. Last year around 50 million such records were sold in the US alone. This year, largely thanks to the *Titanic* soundtrack, which topped the charts for over three months, the figure will be much higher. For Nashville, there's a risk involved in paying out money to elevate an artist beyond the country fold, but they know that if someone loves a movie there's a good chance of them buying the soundtrack, clicking into a particular artist, and buying their records.

The first success this decade was *Seconds*, starring a bull-riding Luke Perry. The soundtrack, featuring Reba McEntire, Vince Gill, Brooks & Dunn and other contemporary country icons, went platinum. Then, at the end of last year, Celine Dion was originally slated to do a song for *Con Air*, but as the song was set in Alabama, the film makers felt that a Nashville artist would be more appropriate. Two cuts were made of "How Do I Live"; one by teenage sensation LeAnn Rimes, and the other by the more polished but less enigmatic Trisha Yearwood. It was Yearwood who got the nod from the filmmakers but in many countries, including Britain, it was Rimes' version that hit the Top Ten.



We'll see more film directors coming to Nashville and shaping a movie soundtrack around some of the mainstream music here. Maybe the more edgy mainstream,' says producer Tony Brown, bottom right. From top left: Garth Brooks, Steve Earle, Dwight Yoakam (Redfern) and Alison Moorer edge towards the Hollywood hills

Thanks to their unlikely bedfellowship with Hollywood, Nashville was now able to cross over two whitebread divas to rival Dion and Mariah Carey in the pop market.

This year sees no less than five significant movie tie-in CDs with a distinct Nashville aroma. The critically-acclaimed *The Apostle*, starring and directed by Robert Duvall as a southern preacher, features a gorgeous mix of gospel, country, and contemporary Christian music, with Johnny Cash, the Carter Family and Emmylou Harris among those credited. *Block Dog*, starring Patrick Swayze, Randy Travis and Meat Loaf, boasts an album of hard-driving trucker songs from the likes of Steve Earle, Patti Loveless and exciting newcomer Chris Knight.

The forthcoming DreamWorks big-budget drama *Prince of Egypt* has two "music inspired" albums out later in the year. One is R&B, the other features multi-platinum country heavyweights, including

Vince Gill, Reba McEntire, Wynonna, Clint Black and Randy Travis - a significant figure he was the first signing to the new DreamWorks Nashville record label.

Travis has around 20 movie acting credits, and his deal with DreamWorks Nashville prompted suggestions that the firm's Hollywood connection was a major reason for his signing. To date, both camps have denied this, and Travis maintains that there's no mention of movie work in his DreamWorks contract.

Hope Floats is a sugary-sweet, romantic, smalltown drama starring Sandra Bullock and Harry Connick Jr, due for release here in October. Don Was might have been the executive co-producer but his songs for the most part, with the 15-song soundtrack bookended by Garth Brooks and Trisha Yearwood. However, in America, it's spent almost two months at the top of Billboard's country chart.

By far the best of the five is *The Horse*



Whisperer

which opens in the UK today. Although its soundtrack is not in the same commercial league as the *Hope Floats* cheese, its story reveals plenty about the relationship between Nashville and Hollywood. In essence, it's a mix of Nashville's best mavericks, overseen in hands-on style by the film's star and director, Robert Redford, who sought to pay tribute to what he calls "the uniquely American sound of traditional western music". Some artists, such as Dwight Yoakam and the avuncular Texan yodeller Don Walser, covered classics from yore, while others wrote new material in fitting with the movie's sentiment. Steve Earle turned in "Me and the Eagle", one of the best songs he's ever written. Another standout track on the album is by Lucinda Williams, whose career was dormant for the best part of a decade; her track on *The Horse Whisperer* certainly helped to raise her profile sufficiently to

make her new album easily her biggest record ever.

The most incredible, indeed Hollywood-like, story involves newcomer Alison Moorer, who is the only artist to actually perform in this love story set in Montana. Until last year, Moorer's extraordinary voice was being used only for harmony back-ups (most notably on the alternative country classic by Lonesome Bob). According to Tony Brown, MCA Nashville chief and one of the movers behind the soundtrack: "For Alison to get an opportunity to have her first release on a soundtrack and also get to sing in the movie - I mean, this is like an artist development dream. And guess what: we didn't hustle it."

Brown did, in fact, half hustle it. Redford had asked for a Joe Ely track and, according to Moorer, Brown just stuck on her song at the end. The reply from the Redford camp was "yeah, we like the Ely song, but who's the girl?". The rest will soon be

history as Moorer is heavily tipped to be the first girl from the wrong side of the Nashville musical alley to make it big in the country charts and possibly beyond.

It's the kind of thing that would probably bring a smirk to the face of the double-dealing protagonists in Altman's *Nashville*. This year has also seen a Nashville delegation going to LA to show the film world what they've got on offer. Brown reckons we'll see more directors coming to Nashville and shaping a movie soundtrack around some of the mainstream music here. Maybe the more edgy mainstream". The edgier the better, really.

While *The Horse Whisperer* is an excellent conceptualized compilation, there's still the likes of *Hope Floats* around and if, say, Tim McGraw or Faith Hill, the crassest country pairing Nashville has or current offer, get a foothold, then even the horrible *Urban Cowboy* deal would not have seemed too bad.

Moving, but little commotion

POP

LLOYD COLE
DINGWALLS, LONDON

IT IS AN incessant beat. Hands clap and feet march on the spot, shoulders knock despite the deserted bar area. After a long show of audience anticipation, the stage is still empty. Lloyd Cole turns up, puts down his can of brew, picks up a harmonica and does a passable Bob Dylan rendition, struggles with some chords, forgets a line and looks suitably strained. But this was the encore. Thirty seconds earlier, he had taken a breather after a longer than usual - and almost immaculate - set.

Back in 1988, the singer-songwriter left Lloyd Cole and the Communions

after three acclaimed albums in as many years. Alongside The Smiths and The Cure, Cole's memorable one-liners and the Communions' melodies that refused-to-end-with-the-chorus were the perfect combination for an off-kilter pop experience. Add scintillating subjects, believable narratives dealing with intoxicants, depression and weird relationships and these were clever and modishly ironic takes on popular culture.

Which appealed to the critics. They compared Cole to Lou Reed and the band to the Velvet Underground. The final album was the most successful in terms of reviews, yet Cole decamped to America, where he has spent the last 10 years working on a solo career. The resulting three solo albums have been largely ignored.

Which explains why he spent half of the evening at Dingwalls playing either cover versions or songs from the Communions era. It was a long time before the triumphant encore that Cole declared the remainder of the set would be

made up of his solo efforts. Hearing the two sets of songs together it is a wonder why these have not received equal amounts of praise - they certainly sound remarkably similar.

The melodies benefited from a simple, acoustic set. With only former Communion Neil Clarke accompanying Cole, the absence of a hand made the slithering of his fast-fingered chords more notable. Furthermore, the gentleness of the arrangements suited Cole's languid intonation, ensuring that his eloquent lyrics registered with greater clarity. Cole's songwriting can still be provocative; for instance

the strong, neat, witty descriptions of a cycle of alcohol abuse: "I had one glass of red wine/It was self-fulfilling" ("These Days").

At worst, some of the solo songs are lazy - repetitive and clichéd rather than droll. Cole is highly gifted, but this carelessness, also implied by the indolent rate at which he has released material since his defection to America, puts Lloyd Cole closer to Shane MacGowan in the songwriters' hall of fame than is perhaps comfortable for him.

JENNIFER RODGER

THE FIRST SLEEVE NOTES

THE FIRST details have emerged of Alanis Morissette's long-awaited follow-up to 1996's *Jagged Little Pill*. It is pegged for a US release in November on Warner Bros Records with the title, *Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie*. Not only is her writing partner from *Jagged* and veteran producer Glen Ballard still in tow, but it seems the album will have more of her autobiographical *Angst*. MTV's preview of some titles from the album suggest as much: "Sympathetic Character", "Are You Still Mad?" and "Ba Ba".

OASIS' *Be Here Now* was criticised for a sound that draws heavily - too heavily

SLEEVE NOTES

getting on the soapbox. Sean Lennon is to perform a song in *Melrose Place*, one of America's Dallas-style soaps which has been showing on Channel 5.

THE MUSIC paper *NME* has announced the line-up for the fourth annual *NME Film Festival*. The following premières will be at the NFT 1-3 October: Portishead live at New York's Roseland Ballroom; a Patti Smith, Metallica and Neil Young retrospective; the first ever Lou Reed documentary; Embrace at Abbey Road Studios; a documentary on the genesis of

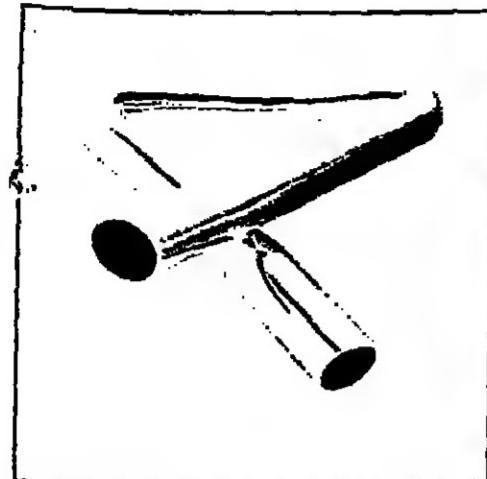
Creation Records and Skint Records' videos. Keep an eye on *NME* for more details.

EARLY ACID house act The Shamen release a new single on 1 September. The group produced a few seminal tracks until going into hiding after the huge crossover hit, "Eh-e-e-eh Goode". However, The Shamen have deliberately disqualified "Universal" from the singles charts. It will only be available in 12-inch format, in response to recent regulations creating a separate chart for 12-inchers. The Shamen say this will "penalise independent dance bands".

Jennifer Rodger

THIS WEEK'S ALBUM RELEASES

REVIEWED BY ANDY GILL



MIKE OLDFIELD
Tubular Bells III
(Warner Bros 3984 243492)

THE COVER says it all: just a pale, grey-white background with that familiar twisted tube floating all alone, removed now even from the hint of horizon. No name, no pack drill. It fits the product perfectly, for *Tubular Bells III* has rather less to do with music than with successful branding – and few brands are more recognisable than the Oldfield franchise, particularly in the European market where a good logo speaks louder than a snappy new title.

And given Oldfield's way with titles, perhaps that's for the best. Mike's spent several years searching for a new audience prepared to accept tracks with titles such as "Serpent Dream" and "The Inner Child", and believe he's found it amongst the raver-davey summer immigrants to Ibiza. So, for the opening and closing tracks of *TB3*, he's lashed a few dance beats to old *Tubular Bells* melody lines, re-vamped them with impulsive modern keyboard tones, et voilà, his accountant can sleep happily again.

As can the rest of us who encounter the largely featureless, soporific *TB3*. There's a terrible irony in the way it spies the vapid Euro-techno of such as Robert Miles, a genre Oldfield effectively invented 25 years ago. It's as if he's copying a copy of himself. The best (or worst) that can be said about the apparently endless project is that Oldfield is, by his own hand, stuck at exactly the same place as when he began his solo career. So how's that for progressive rock?

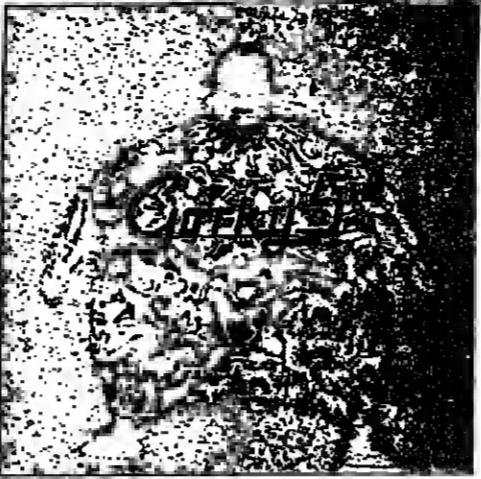


THE BEACH BOYS
Endless Harmony
(EMI 496 3921)

ANOTHER YEAR, another Beach Boys compilation – this one being the soundtrack to a two-part television documentary showing over the next couple of weeks. It's not, in all honesty, that vital a purchase, though fans will appreciate many of the cuts and off-cuts included, particularly the version of "God Only Knows", on which Brian Wilson does the French horn parts vocally, engineer Stephen Desper's long mix of "I'll Die", which features a complete instrumental run-through before the vocals come in, and a demo of "Heroes And Villains" on which Brian, still fascinated by pet sounds, impersonates the chickens which he originally envisaged at one point in the song.

Most of the other tracks are less revealing: there are a few decent live cuts, a smattering of trivis and radio ads, and work-in-progress versions of tracks such as "Break Away" and "Do It Again" which offer further evidence of Brian's painstaking perfectionism – in the case of "Help Me, Rhonda", capturing him midway between the original album version and the final single version, juggling mixes, vocals and instrumental overdubs as he struggled to alchemise another of his "pocket symphonies".

This is a worthwhile enough release, but it is not really worth considering until you have got both the Good Vibrations and Pet Sounds box sets in your possession, on which, to misquote John Lennon, genius is plain.



GORKY 5
Zygotic Mynd
(Fonzana 558 822-2)

FIVE ALBUMS into their career, and still Gorky's Zygotic Mynd teeter on the perilous cusp of success and disaster: too flimsy and unassuming to make a convincing assault on the nation's pop consciousness, but too mild and likeable to be consigned to the pit of failure.

Gorky 5, like last year's *Boreofundle*, has a certain whimsical charm though perhaps significantly there's nothing here as engaging as the "Patio Song" which marked their closest attempt yet on the singles charts. It's almost as if, wearied by such proximity to popularity, they've drawn in their wings for this album.

Or perhaps that should be their fins: there's a pervasive watery theme to *Gorky 5*, with tracks having titles as "Tsunami", "Only The Sea Makes Sense" and "The Tidal Wave". Even the music to the instruments! "Not Yet" rolls over and over like the swelling sea. Although this is not such a bad thing in itself, this aquatic ambience has had the unwelcome side-effect of dissipating such tentative shape and definition as Euro-Childs' songs possess in the first place.

What all this results in is that while the band's Welsh rock colleagues, such as Catatonia and the Manic Street Preachers, have scored heavily by simplifying their approach, Gorky's Zygotic Mynd's already subtle whimsy has been diluted beyond the point of buoyancy.



GRASSHOPPER AND THE GOLDEN CRICKETS
The Orbit Of Eternal Grace
(Beggars Banquet BBOCD 201)

GRASSHOPPER is Sean Mackiwak, the multi-instrumentalist musical prankster with Mercury Rev, whose own forthcoming *Deserters' Songs* is one of the albums of the year. This stop-gap spin-off features he and Rev-fanatic Suzanne Thorpe pursuing a few of the directions which wouldn't fit on the Rev album – which, considering their penchant for eccentric modes, gives some impression of the variegated weirdness involved here.

The closest the album gets to the parent group is probably "New York Avenue Playground", a relatively fluffy pop outing present in solo demo and more fully-rounded forms. But it's the exception here. Most of *The Orbit Of Eternal Grace* features more densely-textured soundscapes involving a bizarre menagerie of instruments like melotron, metal pipes, micromog, EML synkay, clavinet, reverb generator, and a slew of stylistically-delinquent keyboards including "humming top organ" and "hockey rink organ".

The results are diversely reminiscent of every one from Kraftwerk (the title-track) and early Pink Floyd ("Sketches Of Satyr") to late Nine Inch Nails (the more assertive "O Ring"), and never less than intriguing. And in the swirling eddies of sub-aqua sound that is "The Ballad Of The One-Eyed Angelfish", they manage to employ water as a metaphor for imagination with far more conviction than the entire *Gorky* album.



BOB MOULD
The Last Dog And Pony Show
(Creation CRECD215)

AS THE soul-tortured helmsman of Husker Du and subsequently Sugar, Bob Mould certainly laid the groundwork for most American rock of the '90s, being the acknowledged grandfather of grunge through his influence on bands such as the Pixies and Nirvana.

Since the break-up of the Huskers, however, his periodic episites of pain have grown successively more solipsistic, as Bob rakes over the dying embers of his relationships. Here, it's arguable whether anyone but Bob really needs to go through this piteous parade, which rivals Morrissey for its level of sheer self-obsession. As he sings in "Vaporub", he "never knew a person who could understand my words/why I chose to share them, I will never know". Which, frankly, makes two of us.

Mould plays everything on *The Last Dog And Pony Show* except for the drums (and the cello on a couple of tracks), layering sheets of guitar over each track until all chiaroscuro is concealed by drab, grey riffing. It's a sound that's hard to love, and his gibb attacks at such barn-door targets as computer-gamer ("some foetal attraction to a fatal contraption") and porno performers just sound grumpy and ill-tempered. The knee-jerk reactions of a man whose underlying problems perhaps have something to do with the reverence in which his earlier proclamations have been held. He needs to change, and fast.

The Eileen Drewery of jazz

JAZZ

LISA EKDAHL AND PETER NORDAHL TRIO LONDON

IF YOU think of Isabella Rossellini singing "Blue Velvet" in David Lynch's film, and then imagine the role as it might have been played by Jessica Rabbit, you can begin to understand the extraordinary appeal of Lisa Ekdhäls.

The Swedish jazz vocalist has a fragile, yearning, little-girl-lost voice that suggests deep wells of emotional distress. But her cool beauty and austere poise signal that everything is under control, whatever the lovesong lyrics of the songs may say.

Though the volume of this debut Rose above the conversational, it fairly shoudled star quality from the rooftops. It brought to mind Graham Greene reviewing the international screen debut of Ingrid Bergman and noting a highlight gleaming on her nose-tip as if she had quite literally twinkled into stardom.

Ekdahl began with the title-song from her album, "When Did You Leave Heaven", a gloriously soppy standard she gleaned from a Johnny "Guitar" Watson LP. Intoning the words at no more than whisper-level, while the trio shuffled somnolently behind her, the spell was cast immediately. As she sang, she stood as still as a statue while, in the audience, hairs on the back of necks prickled and forkfuls of

pizza suspended in mid-air. The trio with Nordahl on piano, Patrik Roman on double bass, and the American expatriate Ronnie Gardiner on drums, are, for a vocalist, a dream of a band. The snare-drum is brushed almost lovingly; cymbals tick with quiet exactitude; the bass alternates between satisfyingly muffled thumps and expressive glissandi, while the spare piano chords are full of space and time.

The material was almost all down-tempo standards, so familiar as to risk disdain: "But Not For Me", "Tea For Two", "My Heart Belongs To Daddy", "Love For Sale", etc. But Ekdhäls' real gift lies not so much in the originality of her interpretations as in the way she allows the essence of the songs to come through. Like the Eileen Drewery of jazz, she's a medium.

Her voice and delivery suggest numerous antecedents: there's Chet Baker and Jimmy Scott, Blossom Dearie, Betty Boop and even Björk; and a touch of Eartha Kitt's feline charm. But the result is entirely her own, and entirely adorable. Whether her innate charm will work as well in larger venues remains to be seen, but Lisa Ekdhäls is twinkling into stardom.

PHIL JOHNSON

Lisa Ekdhäls and the Peter Nordahl Trio continue until Saturday: Pizza Express, W1, 0171 439 8722. The album "When Did You Leave Heaven" is on RCA Victor



Lisa Ekdhäls – a jazz medium David Sinclair

RIFFS

THE FIRST AND LAST RECORDS ROUGHT BY MUSICIAN JULIA FORDHAM

First Record: Pink Floyd's "Dark Side Of The Moon"

I BOUGHT this because the boy I liked at the time was a big Floyd fan and I thought it would be a connection.

"Dark Side Of The Moon" wasn't without its charms, although I did think that it was boys' music at the time. I remember being impressed by the women wailing on "Breathe". I was really blown away, thinking: "wow, this is real singing". Somewhere between their lyrical content Joni Mitchell's sound seeped into my consciousness and had some effect.

At the same time I bought an album by the Osmonds. This was 100 per cent peer-

group pressure because all the girls had a crush on Doury and I needed to find out why. The irony is we didn't even have a record player at the time and I don't recall playing the Osmond records.

Between the ages of 12 and 14 I made a definite leap to follow my own tastes. Musically from then on I didn't fit in, I liked stuff from another era – Paul Simon, Joan Armatrading and Joni Mitchell. I didn't belong with the girls. I bravely stepped out on my own journey.

Last Record: Zephyr Voices Choral Band's "A Choir Of Angels: Mission Music"

I live in California and most people think of Baywatch, but from San Francisco onwards there are these absolutely beautiful, original mission buildings set up by Christians. The reason why I bought this album was because the proceeds literally go towards funding these museums. I really wanted to do something to support keeping their story and history alive.

The record is beautifully executed. It is sung by an LA-based choral group, and the ironic thing is that the music was written by the resident padre. It is classical choral. I put it on during Sunday mornings when I feel the need to be inspired

spiritually. And it is beautifully sung. I think it is important that we keep these stories alive. Of course we now realise just how much the native American Indian taught us rather than what we tried to impress upon them. Although it was a noble dream on behalf of the Spanish Christians, ultimately it was completely destructive to the native American Indians. It wiped out a culture that was rich in so many ways.

Julia Fordham releases "Happy Ever After '98" on 9 September.

INTERVIEWED BY JENNIFER RODGER

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THE CHARTS	
TOP 10 UK ALBUMS	
TITLE & ARTIST	
1 <i>Talk On Corners</i>	The Corrs
2 <i>International Velvet</i>	Catatonia
3 <i>Blue</i>	Simply Red
4 <i>Postcards From Heaven</i>	The Lighthouse Family
5 <i>Savage Garden</i>	Savage Garden
6 <i>Life Thru A Lens</i>	Robbie Williams
7 <i>Desireless</i>	Eagle-Eye Cherry
8 <i>Version 2.0</i>	Garbage
9 <i>Let's Talk About Love</i>	Celine Dion
10 <i>Jane McDonald</i>	Jane McDonald

TOP 10 US SINGLES	
TITLE & ARTIST	
1 <i>The Boy Is Mine</i>	Brandy & Monica
2 <i>My Way</i>	Usher
3 <i>Adia</i>	Sarah McLachlan
4 <i>Never Ever</i>	All Saints
5 <i>The First Night</i>	Monica
6 <i>You're Still The One</i>	Shania Twain
7 <i>Crush</i>	Jennifer Paige
8 <i>Make It Hot</i>	Nicole & Mocha
9 <i>Too Close</i>	Next
10 <i>Cruel Summer</i>	Are Of Base

Still at No 1, The Corrs' "Talk On Corners" (prompting the thought How long before the Nolan sisters reform?) Stateside, greedy Monica fights a boy with Brandy and waxes lyrical about that first night.



Under its Finnish conductor, Esa-Pekka Salonen, LA's local orchestra is trying to take its music to the masses. By Rob Cowan

Los Angeles, traditionally a bed of celluloid dreams, has a local philharmonic orchestra with an enviable artistic pedigree. Otto Klemperer conducted it, so did André Previn and Carlo Maria Giulini. And now the gifted 40-year-old Finn Esa-Pekka Salonen traces a seamless line through a wide range of repertoire, from Bruckner and Strauss to his own *LA Variations*, which he conducts at the Proms on Monday night.

"It's a 20-minute orchestral piece written specifically for my players," he told me in his Spartan Hollywood Bowl dressing room. "I tried to compose something that was more musically challenging than just a show-case; but I admit that I am very interested in instrumental virtuosity, and I enjoy the energy that 105 talented people create when they court danger in performance."

Fresh as Nordic air but with a

'Even those who do not consume classical music thank me for what I am doing for the city'

laser-like intelligence, Salonen charts the precise position that the Philharmonic has secured in LA's cultural life. "Being the artistic director of a symphony orchestra in a place like Southern California is a bit like being part of a contraculture," he confesses. "If I was active in, say, Boston or Munich, I would definitely be part of the cultural mainstream. Here, 'mainstream culture' is very clearly the entertainment industry, and it is for that reason that we have a lot of support from the people. We represent the 'other' LA. It's the kind of image that local people like to give to the rest of the world – in other words, more intellectually ambitious than the movie theatres."

A relentless publicity campaign has made Salonen something of a local celebrity. "People stop me in the street," he admits, with more pragmatism than pride, "and even people who do not consume classical music in any form thank me for what I am doing for the city. They feel that this is a constructive process. Music doesn't cannibalise anything the way the entertainment business does, and classical repertoire has the potential to heal, to unite." Salonen enjoys what he calls the "flexibility of thought" in Los Angeles, the lack of prejudice and the "welcoming" quality of the people who live there. "A film in this culture is something

World series of classics overflow the Bowl



As artistic director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Esa-Pekka Salonen is following in the footsteps of Otto Klemperer and André Previn David Weiss

rather odd," he ponders, "and it took me many years to get used to certain aspects of it. The wordiness, for example. Finns usually don't say much unless it's something important, but here you have to communicate all the time just in order to exist. But I've got used to it now; in fact, I really enjoy it."

Salonen sees no basic conflict between the music and the people. The problem is always about access and opportunity. And sometimes, things happen that are very moving. Last

spring, we held a concert in San Pedro, a fairly depressed harbour town between here and Long Beach. The townspeople had cleared the entire city and renovated an old theatre just for our visit and, after the concert, held a fiesta where everybody was invited. I was completely overwhelmed by their response to what we played. It seemed so important for them – not only as a concert, but as a symbol: they were suddenly elevated to the ranks of 'real cities'. It's incredible how cer-

tain things work in every culture here. Beethoven always gets across somehow, I mean, his feel for freedom, the battle and victory of the constructive over the destructive. There's a basic dialectic in Beethoven's music that transmits itself to people who don't necessarily have any previous experience of serious music."

Down town at the Philharmonic's head office, Willem Wijnbergen, the orchestra's current executive vice-president and managing director

takes a slightly different view. "We have to do much more than play a great Beethoven symphony," he says emphatically. "Our role, first and foremost, is to reach a diverse community, explain ourselves to them, help them appreciate, and hope that we can grow them into a natural audience for what we have to offer." Wijnbergen's film-star looks and unstoppable enthusiasm are very much the stuff of Hollywood, but he too has an impressive pedigree, principally a successful six-year

start a Sunday 'World Music' series. I've found a programmer who can come up with concerts of Cuban, Armenian and Gypsy music. The sky's the limit, not only because of our cultural diversity, but because there is so much money here; great ideas get support and people have no preconceptions about keeping things the way they are."

Wijnbergen's strategy is striking but simple. There will be a jazz series at the Bowl, with pre-season concerts in surrounding neighbourhoods, "even the rough neighbourhoods". The idea is to lead black Americans into the "Philharmonic family", "bring them to the Bowl, make sure we put on a great show and give them a feeling of belonging". But what about all the other minorities? No problem. "We'll

'The sky's the limit. People here have no preconceptions about keeping things the way they are'

start a Sunday 'World Music' series. I've found a programmer who can come up with concerts of Cuban, Armenian and Gypsy music. The sky's the limit, not only because of our cultural diversity, but because there is so much money here; great ideas get support and people have no preconceptions about keeping things the way they are."

But what if these cultures are not interested in the Philharmonic or the Hollywood Bowl? Easy. "Right now, I'm building mobile stages for the orchestra. All we have to do is go into a neighbourhood, pull out the track, put the Philharmonic on it, and give a concert!" By 2002 there will be a third option in the glitzy new Frank Gehry-designed Walt Disney Concert Hall, currently on show in miniature at the Music Centre. Even the Bowl itself will transform. "We'll change it back to the way it once was," Wijnbergen announces, strolling towards a large plan on his office wall. "At the moment, it's a patchwork of styles. But we'll strip away the patchwork and build a new shell. It'll be a streamline style, back to American Art Deco. I want it to be the most beautiful place in Southern California!"

The LA Philharmonic under Esa-Pekka Salonen appears at the Proms on Monday 31 August and Tuesday 1 September

Familiarity breeds a note of discontent

ALFRED SCHNITTKE, who died earlier this month, composed *The Ritual* in 1984, and its inclusion in the programme was in memoriam. His friend and champion Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducted it and his compatriots - the St Petersburg Philharmonic - played it.

It wasn't much: two notes on a pin-prick from the lowest lows to the highest highs, a mid-life crisis of identity marked out in one of those Gothic, organ-buttressed climaxes Schnittke loved so much.

But as the air, and with it the sounds, thinned and vapourised in the closing pages, glockenspiel and triangle playing catch with the same two notes as if marking time until one or other dropped the ball, the child in Schnittke once more congealed the adult.

The piece was composed to order - to commemorate the liberation of Belgrade 40 years previously - but somewhere in that cheekily indecisive ending was the last laugh.

Speaking of indecisive endings (and beginnings, for that matter), it once again does not say much for the casual indifference of Rozhdestvensky's conducting technique that an orchestra of the calibre of the St Petersburg Philharmonic should flounder so badly on basic matters of ensemble in a piece they live and breathe on almost daily basis: Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet*.

At last year's Proms, Valery Gergiev all but reinvented it with the "other" St Petersburg Orchestra - the Kirov. Rozhdestvensky, by contrast, took every bar for granted,

PROMS
ST PETERSBURG
PHILHARMONIC
GENNADY ROZHDESTVENSKY/
YURI TEM' KANOV/
EVGENY KISSIN
ROYAL ALBERT HALL,
LONDON

That which is so familiar was too familiar, lacking fibre, drama, heat. Even those marvellously instinctive St Petersburg strings seemed reluctant to outreach themselves.

Puppet love fared better; the personable St Petersburg woodwinds claiming Stravinsky's *Petrushka* for their own. The solo flute effected a graceful mime, the contra-bassoon grunted flatulently and a bruiser of a trumpet struttied his stuff. Even the indiscretions were endearing.

Rozhdestvensky dispensed encouragement from the sidelines. But who was pulling his strings? Deliberate tempi sometimes make it harder, not easier, to articulate this music. Articulation and intonation were, somewhat embarrassingly, problematic for the maestro's son, Sasha Rozhdestvensky, in Prokofiev's *Second Violin Concerto*.

Should he have been there at all? Not at this level. He has too much work still to do - bolding a tempo, defining rhythm, lending shape and purpose to the pyrotechnics, watching the pitch in those ecstatic high positions. I say ecstatic, but until his technical hitches are sorted (and even then I am not so sure the natural instincts are in place), such



Evgeny Kissin played Prokofiev and demonstrated what it takes to be world-class

lofty pursuits will remain way beyond his reach.

Nothing, of course, is beyond the reach of Evgeny Kissin. As it to underline what it takes to be world-class, Kissin took the same composer: the same attitudes, the same wild and wonderful contradictions (and the same numeral – this was *Piano Concerto No. 2*), and made perfect musical sense of every last desperate demisemiquaver.

The fractured personality of the concerto assumed the distorted logic of a cubist self-portrait:

Prokofiev the limpid lyricist, the mordant mechanical, the mighty industrialist.

To see and hear Kissin's right-hand negotiate the tumultuous cascades of the first movement cadenza was to see and hear and not quite

on account of Temirkanov's rousing respite between each of the earlier pictures.

The orchestra sounded like a more disciplined and distinguished body under Yuri Temirkanov, but the St. Petersburg Philharmonic of old was only sporadically of old. Rimsky-Korsakov's *Golden Cockerel Suite* was absolutely in character straight out of the story book. But our promenade around Mussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*, as orchestrated by Ravel, was halting, to say the least – and not just

on account of Temirkanov's rousing respite between each of the earlier pictures.

His is an eccentric technique (at times a little like an aircraft safety demonstration) but not even that excuses the dodgy chording of the brass. So *The Great Gate of Kiev* was not so great after all.

EDWARD SECKERSON

Smudged tone pictures impair the vision

CLASSICAL
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quietly restrained was his delivery. But this was a gamble to engage the ear more closely with the argument, for Zimmermann's sense of line and continuity never faltered, and his vision of the work encompassed its three linked movements.

The poised and flowing *Andante* shifted to its more impassioned middle section with a raising of temperature well sustained by the orchestral strings. The *finale* was a delight, fulfilling the elfin sense of the first *Allegro*, but brought by Zimmermann to a triumphant close.

The world premiere of Berthold Goldschmidt's last work, his *Dear Nocturnes*, concluded a long tale of frustrated promise, neglect, and late flowering that was the biography of this composer. Written in 1995-6, when he was in his early 90s, these songs belied no diminishing energies, but reflected a mind still youthful and strong. The soprano, Rosemary Hardy, well versed in new music, gave useful readings, though equally welcome would have been a voice more steeped in earlier German repertoire. For Pierre le Moyne's 16th-century verse for the first song, "Judith", Goldschmidt drew on his contrapuntal skills and unfailing command of the orchestra.

The Biblical heroine's emotions were portrayed by means of a dialogue with her guardian angel prior to the murder of the enemy general Holofernes. More ethereal, "Rondel" was a surreal lullaby to words by Tristan Corbiere, where the textures strove upwards to the singer's conclusion, her highest note, before a whimsical yet valentine coda.

NICHOLAS WILLIAMS

An embarrassment of operatic riches

With its focus on Verdi and Schiller, the Edinburgh Festival has at last proved it is a worthy home to lyric theatre. By Raymond Monelle

IF OPERA is the flagship of any international festival, as we are told, then Edinburgh is now in good shape after almost ceasing to exist a few years ago. This year there are six operas (three in concert performance) featuring works by Verdi and Smetana.

The Verdi theme arose from the Royal Opera's ability to offer three works based on plays by Schiller. Why not present these operas, together with performances of the Schiller plays that form their background? In the event, to *Don Carlos*, *I masnadieri* and *Luisa Miller* was added a scratch performance of *Giovanna d'Arco*, so there was a complete inventory of Verdi's Schiller operas.

Don Carlos stood out as a staggering achievement. It ran for almost five hours, but every minute was enthralling. Luc Bondy's Covent Garden production was nimbly revived by Patrick Young, and the stately, colourful Karita Mattila as Elisabeth dominated the scene. Julian Gavin, as Carlos, fielded a boyish, vulnerable tenor balanced by the vast bass of Ferruccio Furlanetto as King Philip and the heroic baritone of Thomas Hampson as Rodrigue. Bernard Haitink conducted a beef-like, sonorous Royal Opera Orchestra, enjoying the miraculous acoustic of the Festival Theatre.

I masnadieri, by comparison, is musical bokum, but it was convincingly staged by Elijah Moshinsky, with picture-postcard costumes and slightly abstract sets by Paul Brown. In this adaptation of *The Robbers*, the dominant figure was the Russian singer Dmitri Hvorostovsky as the wicked Francesco, a classic sneering baddy, his dark tone flowing with prodigious abundance.

Sometimes a concert performance can free the artists to give more than is possible when they are gesturing, sitting, embracing or fighting; everyone faces front and has the support of a score, and there is no producer's blocking to remember. *Luisa Miller*, given, in concert, was totally electric. The overall vitality came largely from Mark Elder's spirited conducting,

but the commanding Paata Burchiladze as Walter and the light-toned, agile Fiorella Burato as Luisa kept the excitement high. The tenor Ignacio Encinas as Rodolfo became too excited and sang occasionally sharp, but it almost seemed like a good fault, a sign of the sparkling effervescence which permeated everything.

To complete the Schiller canon, Richard Armstrong with the Scottish Opera Orchestra, the Festival Chorus and a mixed assortment of soloists gave a concert version of one of Verdi's rarely-heard early works, *Giovanna d'Arco*. It had, perhaps, been put together in a hurry. Anthony Michaels-Moore was a warm and sincere Giovanna, but the firm-toned Zvezelina Vassileva as Joan of Arc was sometimes flat, and the Carlo (the tenor Jean-François Monvoisin) had a synthetic, tightly-focused sound which proved trying to the ear. The chorus were lukewarm and dreary. A pity, this, for *Giovanna d'Arco* contains some of the young Verdi's best music.

The linking of Verdi and Schiller is just the kind of thing you can do at a big festival, and two of these performances were of real festival standard, benchmarks for any opera company in the world. Equally festive were the two concerts by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra at the Usher Hall.

Even if it lacked Bryn Terfel, who was forced to withdraw at the last moment, Beethoven's mighty "Choral" Symphony plucked sounding glory from the fury of battle. Claudio Abbado made no attempt to seek out the levels of sadness and defeat which can sometimes be found hidden in this gigantic score. On the other hand, the maestro's reading of Brahms' Third Symphony was absolutely supreme. The capacious breadth with which the violins swept into the first movement, the sad beauty that closed the slow movement, the songful mezzo-voce of the Allegretto – these were simply not human, but divine. Some, however, this special orchestra managed to dissolve its army of temperamental generals into a union of perfect discipline.



Ferruccio Furlanetto as King Philip and Thomas Hampson as Rodrigue in the Royal Opera's staging of 'Don Carlos' at the Festival Theatre

Graeme Lewis

Mendelssohn incites aural storm

CD REVIEW

MENDELSSOHN: SYMPHONY NO 3; SCHOENBERG: VARIATIONS; DEBUSSY: LA MER
BERLIN PHILHARMONIC / MITROPOULOS
RECORDED 1960
ORFEO/CHANDOS
C 488961 B

Veritable stampede. No other recorded version is as exciting, and even Mitropoulos's own long-deleted New York Philharmonic

LP is but a pale reflection of this superb Berlin concert performance. One senses a free spirit manipulating a magnificent instrument, not so much for beauty of tone, as for the sake of his special vision.

Thirty-two years earlier, in 1928, the same orchestra prompted both anger and consternation when Wilhelm Furtwängler premiered Schoenberg's then-baffling *Variations for Orchestra*. Mitropoulos makes the same territory sound as natural as a

Brahms symphony, though when it comes to Debussy's *La Mer*, strong currents and bullying crosswinds prevail and the music assumes – or seems to assume – a mind of its own. Here Mitropoulos appears more victim than victor, a play thing of the waves, destined for shipwreck – though, again, careful listening reveals an unfamiliar incident. There is no better Mitropoulos memorial and the single-channel recording reproduces with great clarity. Unmissable.

ROBERT COWAN

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The days of age discrimination in the work place could be numbered. By Alison Clarke

Older workers start fighting back

This is a grey area of the law," says Fraser Younson, head of employment law at the law firm Baker & McKenzie, on the subject of age discrimination. "There is no legislation such as there is for sex or race discrimination. So most 'ageism' claims are brought through the back door, claiming discrimination on the basis of gender."

That grey area in employment law is likely to persist for the foreseeable future. In February 1996, Ian McCartney, the then opposition employment spokesman, promised that an incoming Labour government would introduce "comprehensive" legislation to make age discrimination illegal. But earlier this month, at the launch of *Action on Age*, a report on age discrimination by the Department for Education and Employment, the Government made it clear that although legislation had not been ruled out, it now favoured a voluntary approach.

It fell to employment minister Andrew Smith to explain the change of heart. He argued that because more than a quarter of the workforce will be over 50 by the year 2006, employers would not be able to continue to discriminate on the grounds of age indefinitely. In line with this new voluntary approach, he announced that the Government was introducing a non-statutory code of good practice on age discrimination for employers, and a ban on age limits for jobs advertised in Job Centres.

Despite these exhortations to others, the Government has so far failed to do anything about its own statutory ban on the rights of workers over 65. When James Nasb was dismissed from his job last year as a warehouse manager after 27 years' service, he was told that because of his age, he had lost the right to bring a statutory claim for unfair

dismissal and redundancy. The same happened to four school bus drivers working for Wandsworth Council in south London, who filed claims for unfair dismissal and age discrimination in July this year.

"I was devastated when the company wrote and said that I should retire," Mr Nasb says. "But then I found out that because I was over 65, the law said that I had no rights. I brought a claim because I wanted the right to be heard."

To the surprise of Isabel Facer, employment rights worker at the Camden Tribunal and Rights Unit which is supporting Mr Nasb's claim, the industrial tribunal found in his favour: it agreed that the upper age limit of 65 stipulated in domestic legislation was indirectly discriminatory against men and therefore contrary to European law. So far the Government has made no public comment, but may find that it is joined at the party to the case when the employer's appeal is heard later this year.

Because this was the first successful claim against age discrimination, all other applications – such as that of the Wandsworth Four – are likely to be adjourned pending the outcome of the appeal by Mr Nasb's employer, the Mash/Roe Group Ltd.

No one knows how many claims have been lodged in total, but Isabel Facer has seen "a steady increase in queries". She expects that the appeal tribunal will refer the matter to Europe when, she says, "it will be down to this Government to objectively justify the legislation which results in people over 65 losing all their employment rights." One referral has already been made to Europe by a tribunal in Bedford, involving a claim for statutory redundancy pay by a 67-year-old woman.

Despite a climate in which age discrimination is allowed to flourish, two recent reports have found a re-



One foot in the grave: old dogs are increasingly demanding the right to learn new tricks

duction in the number of job advertisements applying an upper age limit. The Industrial Society found that, of 850 organisations, only 3 per cent always applied a limit, with 10 per cent saying that they did so sometimes.

Equal Opportunities Review, a specialist publication, looked at more than 10,000 job adverts and found that only one in 10 now uses age limits, compared with three in 10 five years ago. But instead of a crude numerical ceiling, it found that some organisations used coded language, clearly designed to deter the older worker.

Enter Linda Perham, MP for Ilford North and author of a private member's Bill to outlaw age discrimination in advertisements, which failed earlier this year. For her it was a personal campaign. "I was

elected to Parliament a few weeks before my 50th birthday, but no one said I was too old to get a new job," she says. "The injustice of the situation just struck a chord with me. The Government says it would be too complicated to introduce a law against age discrimination, but there has been a law in the US since 1987, along with a number of other European countries where the ban can be found either in their legislation or their constitutional rights."

The Bill did not succeed because it failed to attract Government support, but Ms Perham insists that recent Government announcements can be attributed to the campaign for her Bill. She still believes that legislation against age discrimination is preferable to a voluntary approach, so that "employers will know where they stand".

Her argument is supported by a finding in the recent report in *Equal Opportunities Review*. Co-editor Gary Bowker said nine out of 10 respondents to their survey agreed that legislation is needed against age discrimination in employment. "Although the results may not be all that surprising because the majority of respondents were human resources practitioners," Mr Bowker said, "it is still interesting that almost two-thirds of the people who said 'Yes' were people who may be the recruits for their organisation."

Lawrence Davies, a solicitor at the North Lambeth Law Centre who is acting for the Wandsworth Four, agrees. "If employers in the US can cope, then why can't we?" he asks. "A voluntary code will have no effect because the worst employers will just ignore it."

An end to sound-bite ideas of what makes a family

OUR LEARNED FRIEND



MARTIN BOWLEY

In support of "traditional family values" is the implicit assumption that the only valid family unit is the nuclear one of mother and father and 2.4 children. Not many would deny that providing a stable background for bringing up children is an important aspect of family life. Certainly it must never be underestimated. But to imply – as many do – that procreation is an essential prerequisite for a family and family life must be wrong.

There are many social units where procreation does not, or cannot, take place, but which would all be widely recognised as families: the single parent and children; the elderly parent dependent on a single adult child, a married couple who cannot or do not wish to have children, even perhaps a same-sex couple in a committed relationship. The question is more what

From the outset it is important to recognise that marriage, as an institution, is constantly evolving and changing.

Compare the late Victorian family, which was extended in terms of members but very narrow geographically, with the contemporary family which is extended geographically but narrow in numbers.

It was refreshing to hear

one of the Home Secretary's junior ministers, Lord Williams of Mostyn, speaking in the House of Lords last December, articulating in the case for diversity. He said: "We are not in the business of preaching or prescribing. Families in our society vary infinitely. We live in a diverse society. People are entitled to diverse views about the way in which they wish to run their lives. It is not for me or the government to define precisely what is a family unit. The mark of a civilised society is to accommodate diversity in others."

I would commend to political and religious leaders and social commentators the highly erudite minority judgment of Lord Justice Ward in *Fitzpatrick v Sterling Housing Association* 1997 where he said: "I would not define a familial nexus in terms of its structure or components. I would rather focus on familial functions. And then see where we get to from there."

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Martin Bowley QC is a barrister at 86 Bedford Row, London WC1.

Picking up stalkers by the breaches

One year after new stalking laws comes a more effective solution for the undeterred. By Linda Tsang

WHAT DO a Pamela Anderson lookalike, TV weatherman Bill Giles, and actress Kate Winslet have in common? Like the late Princess of Wales, they have all been victims of stalkers.

The first anniversary of the death of Diana almost coincides with that of the anti-stalking law which was introduced to deal with the prying of intrusive journalism and other highly publicised stalkers.

One year on, according to Harry Fletcher, assistant general secretary of the National Association of Probation Officers, the Act has provided only limited protection for women against stalkers. Only one in 10 complaints to police under the Act has been prosecuted, and one in 20 has resulted in a conviction.

But what is considered – at least in theory – a more effective remedy for victims of harassment is about to become available from 1 September. Under sections 3 (3) to (9) of the Act, any stalker who breaches an injunction under the Act will commit a criminal offence and be liable to a five-year prison sentence. This is the first time in English law that breach of an injunction will be a criminal offence.

Barrister Neil Addison, who specialises in such cases, says: "The weakness of the present law is that if someone breaches an injunction under the Act, the plaintiff would have to go back to court at their own expense and apply for an order that the defendant is in contempt of court. That could attract a prison sentence, but it is a complicated and expensive way to proceed."

"But, for example, a case in point is that of last week's so-called Pamela Anderson look-alike Perry Southall. If she applied for an injunction under the Act after 1 September, and the stalker/defendant then breached it by contacting her, then the police could arrest him for that breach, and he could be put in prison for up to five years."

Addison has written a book with solicitor-advocate Timothy Lawson-Cruttenden, *Harrassment Law and Practice* – to be published in October.

He predicts that the new provisions could lead to an upsurge in the number of injunctions being applied for. "Once the changes come into force, it will be the only injunction where the police automatically have a power of arrest if there is a breach, so it is more than likely that more people will want to use it. In cases such as neighbour disputes, racial harassment and disputes between partners in same-sex relationships, the plaintiff will only have to prove, on the balance of probabilities that the offending behaviour is unreasonable and amounts to harassment and should be stopped by an injunction. And breach of that injunction will then automatically involve the police."

The Act covers a wide spectrum of behaviour, apart from the stalking cases which hit the headlines. It also covers harassing telephone calls – barrister Robert Abbotts was convicted under the Act in June after bombarding a former woman friend with telephone calls at home and at work. It is also thought, by extension, to include harassing E-mails and bullying at work.

But there are more controversial areas where the Act has already been used, such as against animal rights demonstrators.

Another area of concern, Addison adds, is that the change will also allow harassment injunctions to be taken out against juveniles (under 18 years of age). He argues that "to make breaking an injunction under the Act a criminal offence is evading the issue. Instead of criminalising conduct which would be better dealt with in the civil courts, a better solution would be to tighten-up the weaknesses in enforcing civil injunctions in the civil system – that would prevent branding children as criminals."

CLASSIFIED

Legal Notices



NOTICE UNDER SECTION 12 (2) OF THE RAILWAYS ACT 1993

The Rail Regulator ("the Regulator"), pursuant to section 12 (2) of the Railways Act 1993 (C.23) ("the Act"), hereby gives notice as follows:

(1) In respect of the non-passenger and network licences held by Railfreight Distribution Limited ("the licence holder") under section 8 of the Act, he proposes to make three modifications to Part II by inserting two additional definitions;

(2) adding a new condition relating to the provision of information annually to the Regulator in respect of goods wagons, locomotives and prices charged to customers and;

(3) adding a new condition relating to the provision of cross-overs and other facilities by the licence holder and any affiliate or related undertaking.

(4) The first new Condition requires the licence holder to provide an annual statement of the goods wagons and locomotives owned by it and of prices charged to its customers in each case in a manner and in a form acceptable to the Regulator in the condition divided into categories specified by the Regulator.

(5) The second new Condition, by requiring certain transactions to be at arm's length, establishes the buying by defined businesses of the assets of other credit unions or to receive of any credit union from any affiliate or related undertaking. This will ensure that the Regulator can obtain the relevant information from the group.

(6) A copy of the draft proposed modifications can be obtained (free of charge) from the Regulator or by telephone 0171-200 0077 or 0171-200 0043. E-mail: info@railreg.org.uk

(7) Any representations or objections to the proposed modifications may be made in writing on or before 25 September, 1998, to Martin Brammer, Director, Freight Regulation at the Office of the Rail Regulator, 1 Waterhouse Square, 138-147 Holborn, London EC1N 2ST.

Dated 28 August 1998 John Swift QC

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Picking up stalkers by the breaches

By Linda Tsang

THE FRIDAY REVIEW
The Independent 28 August 1998

LISTINGS/21

NEW FILMS

APRIL STORY/FRIED DRAGON FISH (NC)

Director: Shunji Iwai

Starring: Takako Matsui, Kaori Fuji (April Story); Miyuki Yoshimoto (Fried Dragon Fish)

April Story is a wistful drama about love and friendship centred around a teenager beginning university. *Fried Dragon Fish* is a tongue-in-cheek cop thriller. Both demonstrate a lack of imagination and a tendency to fall back on the mannerisms of their respective genres. West End: ICA Cinema

THE HORSE WHISPERER (PG)

Director: Robert Redford

Starring: Robert Redford, Kristin Scott Thomas

Robert Redford's over-long and deeply indulgent film of Nicholas Evans' novel is a textbook lesson in the narcissistic allure of cinema. Redford has never directed himself before, and we should be grateful - the love-affair on screen between Robert Redford and Robert Redford is one of the most intensely unsettling ever seen. He plays Tom Booker, a Montana farmer who specialises in equine psychology. A New York magazine editor (Kristin Scott Thomas) whose daughter has been traumatised in a riding accident brings her daughter and the girl's horse to Booker, hoping for them to be cured. The picture is efficiently acted, but it's despicably shallow. West End: ABC Tottenham Court Road, Barbican Screen, Chelsea Cinema, Clapham Picture House, Hammersmith Virgin, Notting Hill Coronet, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Leicester Square, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Plaza, Ritzy Cinema, Screen on Baker St, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End

MIR NICK GUY (15)

Director: Sam Hung

Starring: Jackie Chan, Richard Norton, Miki Lee This largely disappointing addition to Jackie Chan's oeuvre does have its moments. But the combination of comedy and adventure doesn't gel; it may be the first Chan film that wouldn't even look good if you were plastered.

West End: Virgin Trocadero

THE REAL HOWARD SPITZ (PG)

Director: Vadim Jean

Starring: Kelsey Grammer, Amanda Donohoe See *The Independent Recommends*, right. West End: UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Trocadero

THE PROPOSITION (15)

Director: Lesli Linka Glatter

Starring: Kenneth Branagh, Madeleine Stowe Historical drama unavailable for preview at time of going to press. West End: ABC Panton Street

THE SPANISH PRISONER (PG)

Director: David Mamet

Starring: Campbell Scott, Steve Martin See *The Independent Recommends*, right. West End: Gate Notting Hill, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Phoenix Cinema, Ritzy Cinema, Screen on the Green, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Haymarket, Warner Village West End

LOCK, STOCK AND TWO SMOKING BARRELS (18)

Director: Guy Ritchie

Starring: Dexter Fletcher, Vinnie Jones

Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels follows the lead of Quentin Tarantino, by mixing deadpan humour with cold brutality, but the film's defining characteristic is its resilient morality. The picture is peopled by thugs, both amateur and

Ryan Gilbey

GENERAL RELEASE

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (U)

A perfect antidote to the bombast of *Armageddon* can be found in Michael Curtiz's merry and inventive romp, one of the greatest swashbucklers ever made. West End: Clapham Picture House

ARMAGEDDON (12)

This deeply stupid film purports to be a tender love story, a meaty action adventure and a global disaster movie in which a meteor is on a collision course with Earth. Every moment is carefully engineered to include something for all the family, yet its jumble of styles will end up pleasing no one. West End: ABC Tottenham Court Road, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Plaza, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End

GODZILLA (PG)

The team which cooked up such blockbusters as *Star Wars* and *Independence Day* is generally very adept at constructing enjoyable adventures. Unfortunately, here their light touch has deserted them. West End: Empire Leicester Square, Odeon Camden Town, UCI Whiteleys

HANA-BI (18)

Director-star Kitano picked up the Golden Lion at last year's Venice Film Festival with this violent yet elegiac portrait of a brutal Japanese society pushed over the edge by his traumatic personal life. West End: ABC Shaftesbury Avenue, Clapham Picture House, Metro

THE LITTLE MERMAID (U)

This sprightly adaptation of Hans Christian Andersen's story began a string hits for the newly rejuvenated Disney Studios. Pleasantly jazzy holiday fare. West End: Odeon Kensington, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Ritzy Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End

BARNEY'S GREAT ADVENTURE (U)

Feature-length exploits for the big, jolly dinosaur whose blend of nursery rhymes, Day-glo colours and moral lessons makes him ideal for the more understanding pre-school viewer - but an endurance test for anyone else. West End: UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Trocadero

LE BOSSU (15)

Sumpuous swashbucklers are fast becoming French cinema's stock-in-trade. This effort doesn't break much new ground, but is acted and shot with such magnificent bravado that its lack of originality is never a problem. West End: Curzon Mayfair, Richmond Filmhouse

THE CASTLE (15)

When his family home is threatened with demolition to make way for an airport, truck driver Darryl Kerrigan (Michael Caine), together with his family and friends, decides to fight back and stand up for his rights. West End: Empire Leicester Square, Odeon Swiss Cottage

THE DAYTRIPERS (15)

Worried that her publisher husband (Stanley Tucci) may be having an affair, Eliza (Hope Davis) confides in her parents, only to find that the whole family insists on accompanying her to Manhattan for the day to confront him. Writer-director Greg Motto charts the tensions of the family car journey with unerring wit. West End: Odeon Camden Town, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Haymarket

DAROLLE DOLITTLE (PG)

Within the restrictions of a PG certificate, Eddie Murphy shows that his talents are more pliable than they might first have appeared. West End: Elephant & Castle Coronet, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End

THE WEDDING SINGER (12)

A shamelessly dumb but very winning comedy about a hopelessly romantic wedding singer who falls in love with a waitress (Drew Barrymore). West End: Warner Village West End

THE X-FILES (15)

David Duchovny and Gillian Anderson reprise their roles as FBI agents Mulder and Scully and, for their first big-screen outing, get a meaty conundrum to chew on involving a shifty secret government and a deadly virus from outer space. Duchovny and Anderson are most engaging; though little dialogue and even less facial movement they manage to convey great tenderness. West End: ABC Baker Street, ABC Shaftesbury Avenue, Clapham Picture House, Elephant & Castle Coronet, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Haymarket, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Odeon West End, Ritzy Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero

FIREFLIGHT (15)

Starchly 19th-century melodrama starring Sophie Marceau as a Swiss governess who bears a child for the wealthy aristocrat Stephen Dilane, and then devotes the rest of her life to finding the girl. West End: Curzon Minerva

ADAM DILLO (15)

Stephane, a young Parisian, journeys through rural Romania on a quest for Nora Luca, the gypsy singer whose music he discovered through his father. There is a warmth and humour to the storytelling and an integrity which pushes this film way beyond mere sentimental travegue. West End: Renoir

professional. Young Eddy (Nick Moran) falls into the former; but Hatchet Harry, to whom he owes £500,000, is an old-school pro.

Ritchie's direction is showy to the point of distraction, but, beneath the cruel violence and coarse humour, this is a nostalgic piece, as hinted at by the closing nod to *The Italian Job*. West End: ABC Tottenham Court Road, Elephant & Castle Coronet, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Plaza, Ritzy Cinema, Screen on Baker St, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End

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Ryan Gilbey

CINEMA

THE INDEPENDENT RECOMMENDS

Film Ryan Gilbey

IN DAVID MAMET'S intricate thriller *The Spanish Prisoner* (left), Joe Ross (Campbell Scott) develops a top-secret formula. His boss (Ben Gazzara) is demanding his signature to secure loyalty. Meanwhile, an enigmatic new acquaintance (Steve Martin) warns Joe that he is about to be swindled. Whom should he trust? This is a playful exercise in twisting plausibility and expectations - there is a scientific

detachment about the way Mamet explores every permutation of a scenario which ping-pongs between the Kafkaesque and the Hitchcockian. While Mamet's paranoid fantasies retain a sinister edge, they have the vitality of new fairytales; they are about seeing the world over again, through other eyes.

On general release

THE REAL HOWARD SPITZ is a sharp and sunny family comedy. Kelsey Grammer (Frasier) plays a failed crime novelist who turns to writing children's books, only to find his hatred of children a slight disadvantage.

On general release

Theatre Dominic Cavendish

GARETH ARMSTRONG'S dramatic monologue, *Shylock*, looks at attitudes towards Jews and Jewishness down the ages through the prism of *The Merchant of Venice* - a tour de force which will enrich your understanding of Shylock as a lasting measure of anti-Semitism.

Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh (0131-226 2428) 1.20pm

The European premiere of *Hamlet* (right), directed by Yukio Ninagawa, opens tonight for eight performances only. Although it is performed in Japanese, that should be no obstacle to enjoyment. His *Zen-garden: A Midsummer Night's Dream*, seen at the Merman Theatre in 1996, showed that Ninagawa has got Shakespeare down to a very fine art indeed.

Barbican Theatre, London EC1 (0171-638 8891) 7pm

CINEMA

WEST END

ABC BAKER STREET

(0171-933 2772) ◆ Baker Street Psycho 1.20pm, 3.40pm, 5pm, 8.30pm, The X-Files 2.20pm, 5.30pm, 8.20pm

ABC PANTON STREET (0171-930 0631) ◆ Piccadilly Circus The Big Lebowski 1.20pm, 3.40pm, 6.30pm, Jackie Brown 1.30pm, 4.40pm, 7.50pm Live Flesh 1.40pm, 4pm, 6.20pm, 8.40pm The Proposition 1.10pm, 3.40pm, 6.30pm

ABC PICCADILLY (0171-437 3561) ◆ Piccadilly Circus Looper 1.20pm, 3.45pm, 6.20pm, Love And Death On Long Island 1.25pm, 3.40pm, 6.10pm, 8.40pm

ABC SHAFTESBURY AVENUE (0171-636 6279) ◆ Leicester Square/Tottenham Court Road Hana-Bi 1.30pm, 3.40pm, 6.10pm, 8.25pm The X-Files 1.25pm, 3.45pm, 6.25pm, 8.45pm

ABC SWISS CENTRE (0171-439 4470) ◆ Leicester Square/Piccadilly Circus Deconstructing Harry 1.10pm, 3.20pm, 6.10pm, 8.40pm The Gingerbread Man 3.55pm, 8.40pm La Grande Illusion 1.10pm, 3.40pm, 6.10pm, 8.30pm The Thief 1.15pm, 6.30pm

ABC TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD (0171-636 6148) ◆ Tottenham Court Road Armageddon 1.45pm, 5.30pm, 8.45pm Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 1.10pm, 3.15pm, 6.10pm, 8.25pm

ODEON CAMDEN TOWN (0181-315 4229) ◆ Camden Town Armageddon 1.30pm, 4.45pm, 7.50pm, 10.15pm Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 1.15pm, 2.55pm, 6.15pm, 8.30pm, 10.30pm The Spanish Prisoner 2.10pm, 4.30pm, 6.50pm, 8.55pm, 10.45pm The X-Files 1.20pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.15pm

ODEON HAYMARKET (0181-315 4212) ◆ Piccadilly Circus The X-Files 1.15pm, 4pm, 8pm

ODEON KENSINGTON (0181-315 4214) ◆ High Street Kensington Armageddon 1.45pm, 5.30pm, 8.45pm, 10.30pm The Horse Whisperer 1.20pm, 3.15pm, 6.15pm, 8.30pm

ODEON MARBLE ARCH (0181-315 4216) ◆ Marble Arch Armageddon 1.30pm, 4.45pm, 7.50pm, 10.15pm Dr Dolittle 2.10pm, 4.20pm, 6.30pm, 8.40pm The Daytripper 1.40pm, 3.55pm, 6.20pm, 8.30pm The Proposition 1.10pm, 3.20pm, 6.30pm, 8.45pm

ODEON LEICESTER SQUARE (0181-315 4215) ◆ Leicester Square The Horse Whisperer 1.45pm, 4.45pm, 7.50pm, 10.15pm

ODEON LONDON WALL (0181-315 4216) ◆ London Wall The Horse Whisperer 1.20pm, 3.15pm, 6.15pm, 8.30pm

ODEON LEICESTER SQUARE (0181-315 42

HAMPSTEAD
ABC [0870-9020413] \oplus Belize Park Armageddon 7.50pm Dr Dolittle 1.30pm, 3.45pm, 5.40pm The Horse Whisperer 12.30pm, 4pm, 7.35pm The X-Files 2.15pm, 5.25pm, 8.15pm

HARROW
SAFARI [0181-426 0309] \oplus Harrow-on-the-Hill/Harrow & Headstone DR Se 1pm, 4.30pm, 8pm, 1pm Gruam 11pm Major Sabs 7.45pm

WARNER VILLAGE [0181-427 9009] \oplus Harrow on the Hill Armageddon 11.40am, 2.50pm, 6pm, 8.40pm, 9.10pm, 11.40pm The Avengers 7.40pm, 9.50pm, 11.45pm Barney's Great Adventure 10.40am Dr Dolittle 10am, 12.20pm, 2.20pm, 4.20pm, 6.10pm, 8.30pm, 11pm Godzilla 10.30am, 1.15pm, 3pm, 5.50pm The Horse Whisperer 10.10am, 1.40pm, 5.20pm, 8.50pm The Little Mermaid 11.20am, 3.10pm Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 11.30am, 1.50pm, 4pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm, 12.20pm, 2.15pm Space 12.50pm, 3.50pm, 6.40pm, 9.20pm, 11pm The Magic Sword: Quest For Camelot 1.10pm, 5.10pm The X-Files 10.20am, 10.50am, 1.30pm, 3.40pm, 4.10pm, 6.20pm, 6.50pm, 9pm, 9.40pm, 11.50pm, 12.10am

HOLLOWAY
ODEON [0181-315 4213] \oplus Holloway Road/Archway Armageddon 2.25pm, 6pm, 9.10pm The Avengers 10.15pm Barney's Great Adventure 12.45pm Dr Dolittle 1pm, 4.40pm, 3.05pm, 3.45pm, 5.20pm, 6.05pm, 7.25pm, 8.10pm Eve's Bayou 7.20pm, 9.50pm Dr Godzillia 2.35pm, The Horse Whisperer 4.15pm, 7.40pm, 11.45pm Barney's Great Adventure 12.20pm, 2.20pm, 4.20pm, 6.10pm, 8.30pm, 11pm Godzilla 10.30am, 1.15pm, 3pm, 5.50pm The Horse Whisperer 10.10am, 1.40pm, 5.20pm, 8.50pm The Little Mermaid 11.20am, 3.10pm Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 11.30am, 1.50pm, 4pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm, 12.20pm, 2.15pm Space 12.50pm, 3.50pm, 6.40pm, 9.20pm, 11pm The Magic Sword: Quest For Camelot 1.10pm, 5.10pm The X-Files 10.20am, 10.50am, 1.30pm, 3.40pm, 4.10pm, 6.20pm, 6.50pm, 9pm, 9.40pm, 11.50pm, 12.10am

ILFORD
ODEON [0181-315 4223] \oplus Gants Hill Armageddon 1.20pm, 4.30pm, 7.50pm Barney's Great Adventure 11.40am Dr Dolittle 12noon, 2.20pm, 4.40pm, 6.40pm, 9pm The Horse Whisperer 1.10pm, 5.20pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm, 11pm Godzilla 12.45pm, 2.45pm, 4.50pm, 6.50pm, 8.50pm The X-Files 2pm, 5.30pm, 8.30pm

KINGSTON
ABC OPTIONS [0870-9020409] BR: Kingston Armageddon 7.45pm, 9pm, 1.15pm, 3.45pm, 5.45pm Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 1.10pm, 3.35pm, 6.05pm, 8.35pm The X-Files 2pm, 5.30pm, 8.30pm

MUSWELL HILL
ODEON [0181-315 4217] \oplus Highgate Armageddon 8.45pm Dr Dolittle 1.10pm, 3.45pm, 5.15pm The Horse Whisperer 12.50pm, 4.10pm, 7.40pm The Magic Sword: Quest For Camelot 12.20pm, The X-Files 2.10pm, 5.50pm, 8.30pm The X-Files 2pm, 5.30pm, 8.30pm

PECKHAM
PREMIER [0181-235 3006] BR: Peckham Rye Armageddon 2.05pm, 5.05pm, 8.10pm, 11.15pm Barney's Great Adventure 10.45pm Dr Dolittle 2.15pm, 4pm, 5.20pm, 7.35pm, 9.45pm, 11.55pm The Magic Sword: Quest For Camelot 12.10pm Paulie 12.30pm Soul Food 12midnight The X-Files 1.25pm, 4pm, 6.35pm, 9.10pm, 11.45pm

PURLEY
ABC [0870-9020407] BR: Purley Armageddon 7.40pm Dr Dolittle 1.25pm, 3.25pm, 5.25pm, 7.50pm The Little Mermaid 12.25pm, Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 1.20pm, 3.45pm, 5.45pm, 7.50pm, 9.50pm, 11.50pm Godzilla 2.10pm, 4.20pm, 6.30pm, 8.30pm, 10.30pm

RICHMOND
ODEON [0181-315 4218] BR: \oplus Richmond Armageddon 7.40pm Dr Dolittle 1.20pm, 3.45pm, 5.15pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm The X-Files 1.10pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7.15pm, 9pm

SIDCUP
ABC [0541-355131] BR: Sidcup Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 7pm, 10pm The Horse Whisperer 1.45pm, 5pm, 8.45pm The X-Files 1.15pm, 4pm, 6.45pm, 9.30pm

RICHMOND LIBERTY
ODEON [0181-315 4219] BR: \oplus Richmond Armageddon 1.50pm, 5.30pm, 8.50pm Barney's Great Adventure 12.10pm Dr Dolittle 1.20pm, 3.40pm, 5.40pm, 7.45pm, 9.45pm George Of The Jungle 10.30pm Godzilla 2.15pm, 5.10pm The Horse Whisperer 1.10pm, 3.40pm, 5.40pm, 7.45pm, 9.45pm The Little Mermaid 12.30pm, Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 1.20pm, 3.45pm, 5.45pm, 7.50pm, 9.50pm, 11.50pm Gang Related 1.10pm, 3.40pm, 5.40pm, 7.45pm, 9.45pm The Magic Sword: Quest For Camelot 1.10pm, MouseHunt 10.30am Paws 10.30am Star Kid 10.30am The X-Files 12.15pm, 2pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 6.15pm, 8.15pm, 9pm

ROMFORD
ODEON [0181-315 4220] BR: Romford Armageddon 4.45pm, 7pm Dr Dolittle 1.20pm, 3.45pm, 5.15pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 2.10pm, 4.30pm, 6.40pm, 8.30pm The X-Files 2.15pm, 4.20pm, 6.30pm, 8.30pm

RIVERSIDE
ABC [0870-9020408] BR: \oplus Riverside Studios Crisp Road 100pm, 4.30pm, 6.40pm, 8.30pm The Avengers 2.10pm, 4.30pm, 6.40pm, 8.30pm The X-Files 2.15pm, 4.20pm, 6.30pm, 8.30pm

ROTHMANS
ODEON [0181-315 4221] BR: Rothmans The Horse Whisperer 1pm, 4.30pm, 6.40pm, 8.30pm The X-Files 1.10pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7.15pm, 9pm

PUTNEY
ABC [0870-9020401] BR: Putney Bridge/British Army Armageddon 9pm Dr Dolittle 2.15pm, 4.30pm, 6.45pm The Horse Whisperer 1.45pm, 5pm, 8.45pm The X-Files 1.15pm, 4pm, 6.45pm, 9.30pm

READING
ABC [0870-9020409] BR: Reading Armageddon 7.40pm Dr Dolittle 1.20pm, 3.45pm, 5.15pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm The X-Files 1.10pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7.15pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020410] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020411] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020412] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020413] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020414] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020415] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020416] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020417] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020418] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020419] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020420] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020421] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020422] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020423] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020424] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020425] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020426] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020427] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020428] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020429] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020430] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020431] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020432] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020433] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020434] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020435] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020436] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020437] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020438] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020439] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020440] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020441] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020442] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020443] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020444] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020445] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020446] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020447] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020448] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020449] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020450] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020451] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020452] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC [0870-9020453] BR: Reeds Dr Dolittle 1pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7pm, 9pm

REEDS
ABC

FRIDAY RADIO

Radio 1
(97.6-99.8MHz FM)
6.30 Kevin Greening and Zoe Ball.
9.00 Simon Mayo. 11.30 Radio 1 Roadshow. 12.30 Newsbeat.
12.45 Jo Whiley. 3.00 Clive Warren. 5.45 Newsbeat. 6.00 Pete Tong's Essential Selection.
8.30 Radio 1 Dance Party. 10.30 Westwood - Radio 1 Rap Show. 2.00 Fabio and Grooverider.
4.00 - 7.00 Emma's B.

Radio 2
(88.9-92.2MHz FM)
6.00 Alex Lester. 7.30 Sarah Kennedy. 9.30 Ken Bruce.
12.00 Jimmy Young. 2.30 Ed Stewart. 5.05 John Dunn. 7.00 Glamorous Nights: The Novel Story. 7.30 Friday Night Is Music Night. 9.30 Saturday Night and Sunday Morning. 9.30 Listen to the Band. 10.00 David Jacobs.
10.30 Sheridan Morley. 12.05 Charles Nove. 4.00 - 6.00 Jackie Bird.

Radio 3
(90.2-92.4MHz FM)
6.00 On Air.
9.00 Masterworks.
10.30 Proms Artist of the Week.
11.00 Edinburgh International Festival 98.
11.30 Colin Bell Invites.
11.50 Concert, part 2.
1.00 Proms Composer of the Week: Sibelius.
2.00 BBC Proms 98. (R)
3.40 Songs without Words.
4.00 Voices and Vols.
4.45 Music Machine. (R)
5.00 In Tune.
7.30 BBC Proms 98.
8.30 Defining Moments: Death.
8.50 Concert, part 2: Brahms: Symphony No 3 in F.
9.50 Postscript. Five programmes this week in which Adrian Mitchell looks at the poems and songs of Bertolt Brecht. The readers include Maria Friedman and Harold Pinter. 5: To Those Born Later: The legacy of Brecht's poetry. (R)
10.10 London Sinfonietta.
11.30 Take Me Back to New Orleans.
12.00 Proms Composer of the Week: Rachmaninov. (R)
1.00 - 6.00 Through the Night.

PICK OF THE DAY

MARK LITTLE'S news-based improv game RTTF having finally been put out of our misery, we can look forward to topical comedy with some bite and sophistication: The News Quiz (6.30pm E4) returns, having gained a new lease of life since that pint-sized firebrand Jeremy Hardy became a regular. Like most Radio 4 programmes this month, tonight's episode was

recorded at the Edinburgh Fringe. And the return of another old favourite: Nick Ross (right) is back, chairing a new series, The Commission (8pm R4) - a kind of practical version of *The Moral Maze*, in which the panel takes evidence from experts, and then tries to come up with solutions to big political problems. Tonight's poser is "Care in the Community". ROBERT HANKS

RADIO 4

(92.4-94.8MHz FM)
6.00 Today.
9.00 Desert Island Discs.
9.45 Speak after the Beep. (R)
10.00 NEWS: Women's Hour.
11.00 NEWS: Three Sisters. (R)
11.30 Mad Man Blue.
12.00 NEWS: You and Yours.
12.57 Weather.
1.00 The World at One.
1.30 The Write Stuff.
2.00 NEWS: The Archers.
2.15 Afternoon Play: Legal Affairs. (R)
3.00 NEWS: Check Up.
3.30 Kit and the Widow Wander about the Edinburgh Festival.
3.45 Feedback.
4.00 NEWS: Open Book.
4.30 The Message.
5.00 PM.
5.57 Weather.
6.00 Six O'Clock News.
6.30 The News Quiz. See Pick of the Day.
7.00 NEWS: The Archers.
7.15 Front Row, John Wilson presents the nightly arts programme.
7.45 Dear Jayne Brown.
'Chemistry' by Maggie Allen. Young Jayne's mission to educate a naive young soldier has terrible consequences. With Jill Balcon, Stella Conet and Jonathan Firth. Director Celia de Wolff (5/5).
8.00 NEWS: The Commission. Nick Ross invites a panel of public figures to hear expert evidence on an issue of current concern and to suggest

resolutions to the problem at hand. 1: "Care in the Community". With Genie McIntosh, Rosalind Miles and Professor Vernon Bogdanor. See Pick of the Day.
8.45 Letter from America.
9.00 NEWS: The Friday Play: Do I Know You? By Bill Taylor. Helena's passionate holiday romance is highly unusual - she is convinced that her lover is her ex-husband Peter, who disappeared without trace three years earlier. Despite her denial, she becomes obsessed with proving his 'real' identity. With Michelle Holmes and John Lloyd Fillingham. Director Michael Fox Harris.
10.00 The World Tonight.
10.45 Book at Bedtime: Like Water for Chocolate. By Laura Esquivel, abridged by Pat McLoughlin, read by Mia Soteriou (10/10). (R)
11.00 Late Tackie. A special hour-long edition of the late-night sports chat show, presented by Sue Mott. From Scotland.
12.00 News.
12.30 The Late Book: Rolling Thunder Logbook.
12.48 Shipping Forecast.
1.00 As World Service.
1.30 World News.
1.55 Shipping Forecast.
1.45 Inshore Forecast.
1.45 Prayer for the Day.
1.47 Leisure Report.
1.55 - 6.00 Weather.

Radio 4 LW
(198kHz)
9.45 - 10.00 An Act of Worship.



11.00 Test Match Special. 12.00

News Headlines: Shipping Forecast. 12.04 - 1.00 Test Match Special. 1.13 Test Match Special. 5.54 Shipping Forecast. 5.57 - 6.30 Test Match Special.

6.00 Daybreak. 6.30 Good Morning Scotland. 8.45 Long Weekend. 10.00 News. 10.03 Fair Deal. 11.00 News. 11.03

The Scottish Connection. 11.45 Storyline at the Edinburgh Book Festival. 12.00 News. 12.03 An Open and Closed Case. 12.30 News After Noon. 1.05 Head Lines. 2.00 News. 2.03 Mr Anderson's Fine Tunics. 4.00 News. 4.05 Movies and Shakers. 4.30 Newsdrive. 6.00 News. 6.15 An Open and Closed Case. 6.42 Fun and Games. 7.00 News. 7.03 The Brand-New Opry. 9.00 Out of Doors. 10.00 News. 10.10 Scotland's Choice Cuts. 11.00 Suspect Cabaret. 12.00 Lafferty Out Loud. 1.00 - 6.30 As World Service.

Virgin Radio

(1215, 1197-1260kHz MW 105.8MHz FM)
6.30 Chris Evans. 9.30 Bobby Hair. 1.00 Nick Abbot. 4.00 Mark Forrest. 7.00 Johnny Boy's Wheels of Steel. 11.00 Janey Lee Grace. 2.00 - 6.00 Howard Pearce.

Radio Scotland

6.00 Daybreak. 6.30 Good Morning Scotland. 8.45 Long Weekend. 10.00 News. 10.03 Fair Deal. 11.00 News. 11.03 The Scottish Connection. 11.45 Storyline at the Edinburgh Book Festival. 12.00 News. 12.03 An Open and Closed Case. 12.30 News After Noon. 1.05 Head Lines. 2.00 News. 2.03 Mr Anderson's Fine Tunics. 4.00 News. 4.05 Movies and Shakers. 4.30 Newsdrive. 6.00 News. 6.15 An Open and Closed Case. 6.42 Fun and Games. 7.00 News. 7.03 The Brand-New Opry. 9.00 Out of Doors. 10.00 News. 10.10 Scotland's Choice Cuts. 11.00 Suspect Cabaret. 12.00 Lafferty Out Loud. 1.00 - 6.30 As World Service.

World Service

(198kHz LW)
1.00 Newscast. 1.30 From the Weeklies. 1.45 Britain Today. 2.00 Newscast. 2.30 Stories from the Afterlife. 2.45 Short Story. 3.00 Newsday. 3.30 Crime and Punishment. 4.00 World News. 4.05 World Business Report. 4.15 Sports Roundup. 4.30 Weekend. 5.00 Newsday. 5.30 Outlook. 5.55 - 6.00 Spotlight.

Classic FM

(100.0-101.9MHz FM)

6.00 Nick Bailey. 9.00 Michael Mappin. 12.00 Requests. 2.00 Concerto. 3.00 Jamie Crichton. 6.30 Newsnight. 7.00 Smooth Classics at Seven. 9.00 Evening Concert. 11.00 Alan Mann. 2.00 Concerto. 3.00 - 6.00 Mark Griffiths.

Radio 4 LW

(198kHz)

9.45 - 10.00 An Act of Worship.

INDEPENDENT PURSUITS

CHESS

WILLIAM HARTSTON

THERE ARE two ways to play against a computer: you can either ignore the fact that it is a machine and just treat like any other opponent, or you can adopt a specifically anti-silicon strategy against it. Generally the second strategy is more successful, as the following two games from the Lippstadt tournament attest.

Both feature the new star on the computer scene, a beast called Zugzwang, which finished third in the tournament with a performance that included this victory over the winner of the event.

White: Zugzwang
Black: Luke McShane
Lippstadt 1998

1 e4 c5	13 Nf3 Bxf3
2 Nf3 d6	14 Qxd5 Qxe5
3 d4 cxd5	15 Qxb7 Rdb8
4 Nxd5 Nf6	16 Rfe1 Qd5
5 Nc3 a6	17 Nfd5 Nxd5
6 Bg5 Nbd7	18 Bxd5 c5
7 Bc1 b6	19 b4 Qa3
8 Bxf5 Nxf6	20 Qc6+ Rd7?
9 Qe2 f5	21 c3 e5
10 0-0 Qg5+	22 Rxe5+ dx5
11 Kf1 g5	23 Be6 Be7?
12 e5 Bg4	24 Qc8+ resigns

After playing a slightly unusual opening (6...Nbd7 is rarely seen) Black's strategy led to just the sort of dynamic, open position in which

White: Zugzwang
Black: D. Pavasovic
Lippstadt 1998

1 e4 e5	13 g3 Rg6
2 Nf3 Nf6	14 Qb5 Bg4
3 d4 Nc6	15 Qd5 h5
4 Nc3 d5	16 Ne3 Kb8
5 Nxd5 Nxd5	17 Ng4 Qd5
6 Bg5 Nbd7	18 Bxd5 c5
7 Bc1 b6	19 Qd7 h4
8 Bxf5 Nxf6	20 Nd7+ Ka9
9 Qe2 f5	21 Re1 Rg8
10 0-0 Bd6	22 Qe6 hxg3
11 Qg5+ Kf7	23 f3 g5
12 e5 Bg4	24 Qh5+ resigns

White's Zugzwang was completely lost.

White: Zugzwang
Black: D. Pavasovic
Lippstadt 1998

1 e4 e5	13 g3 Rg6
2 Nf3 Nf6	14 Qb5 Bg4
3 d4 Nc6	15 Qd5 h5
4 Nc3 d5	16 Ne3 Kb8
5 Nxd5 Nxd5	17 Ng4 Qd5
6 Bg5 Nbd7	18 Bxd5 c5
7 Bc1 b6	19 Qd7 h4
8 Bxf5 Nxf6	20 Nd7+ Ka9
9 Qe2 f5	21 Re1 Rg8
10 0-0 Bd6	22 Qe6 hxg3
11 Qg5+ Kf7	23 f3 g5
12 e5 Bg4	24 Qh5+ resigns

White's Zugzwang was completely lost.

BRIDGE

ALAN HIRON

obstructively to Two Spades. South and West passed and North (wishing that he had bid on the first round) reopposed with a double. His partner's response of Three Clubs did not cheer him but he decided to pass rather than covert to diamonds.

West started with three top spades against Three Clubs and declarer ruffed. Now came a trump finesse, losing to the king, and East returned a heart. After taking his ace, West continued hearts and it was all over.

East was annoyed: "Couldn't you see that when you got in with ♠A a fourth spade gives declarer a ruff and discard that cannot help him? Wherever he ruffs, I come to a second trump trick!"

Well, that was certainly true, but East could have made it a lot easier for this partner if he had simply allowed the trump finesse to win. The difference is that, if declarer perseveres with trumps, East takes his king on the third round. Then, with no trumps left on the table, it is much easier for West to play a fourth round of spades when he is in with ♠A.

At the table I watched, West opened One Spade. North cautiously passed and East raised

TNT

9.00 WCW Nitro on TNT (14031705). 11.30 Cool Breeze (14042205). 12.55 Slim* (05735639). 2.45 Petey Williams (05735639). 3.45 Pat Garrett and the Kid (05735639). 5.00 Close

Living

6.00 Tiny Living (0596003). 9.00 Roland (022257). 9.50 Jerry Springer (0596003). 10.41 Men and the Restless (044109). 11.30 Mysteries, Magic and Miracles (044109). 12.00 The Price (044109). 12.35 Special Bulletin (044109). 1.00 Return (022176). 1.30 Ready Steady Cook (042577). 2.05 Petey Williams (05735639). 2.55 Living It Up! (0596003). 3.55 Jerry Springer (0596003). 4.45 Teampet (047225). 5.35 Ready Steady Cook (05735639). 6.30 Jerry Springer (0596003). 7.00 Rescue 911 (05735639). 7.30 Mystery, Magic and Miracles (05735639). 8.00 Murder Call (05735639). 9.00 Film Hosts Advances: the Jerry Ellison Show (05735639). 11.00 Sex File II (05735639). 12.00 Close

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